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High Times

June 1976

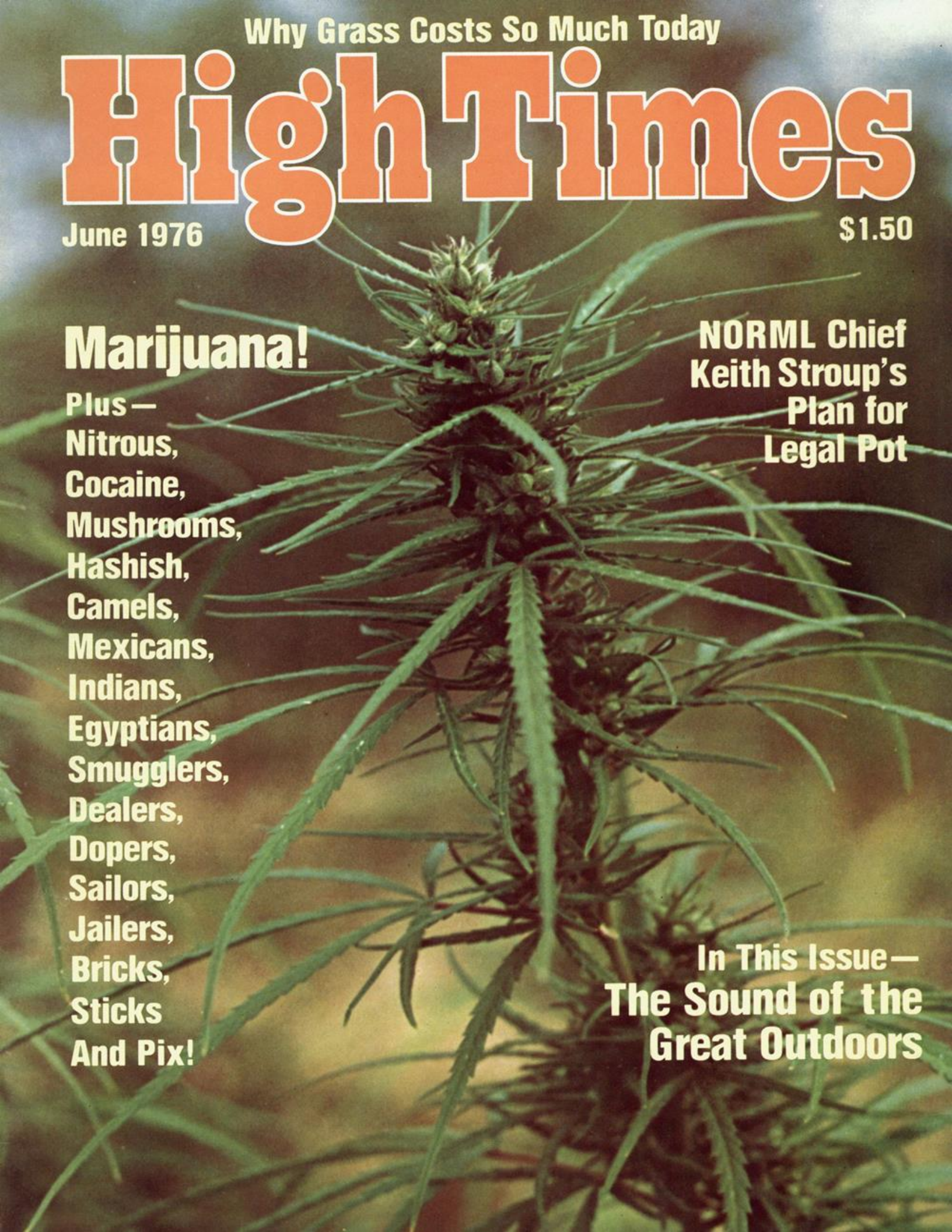
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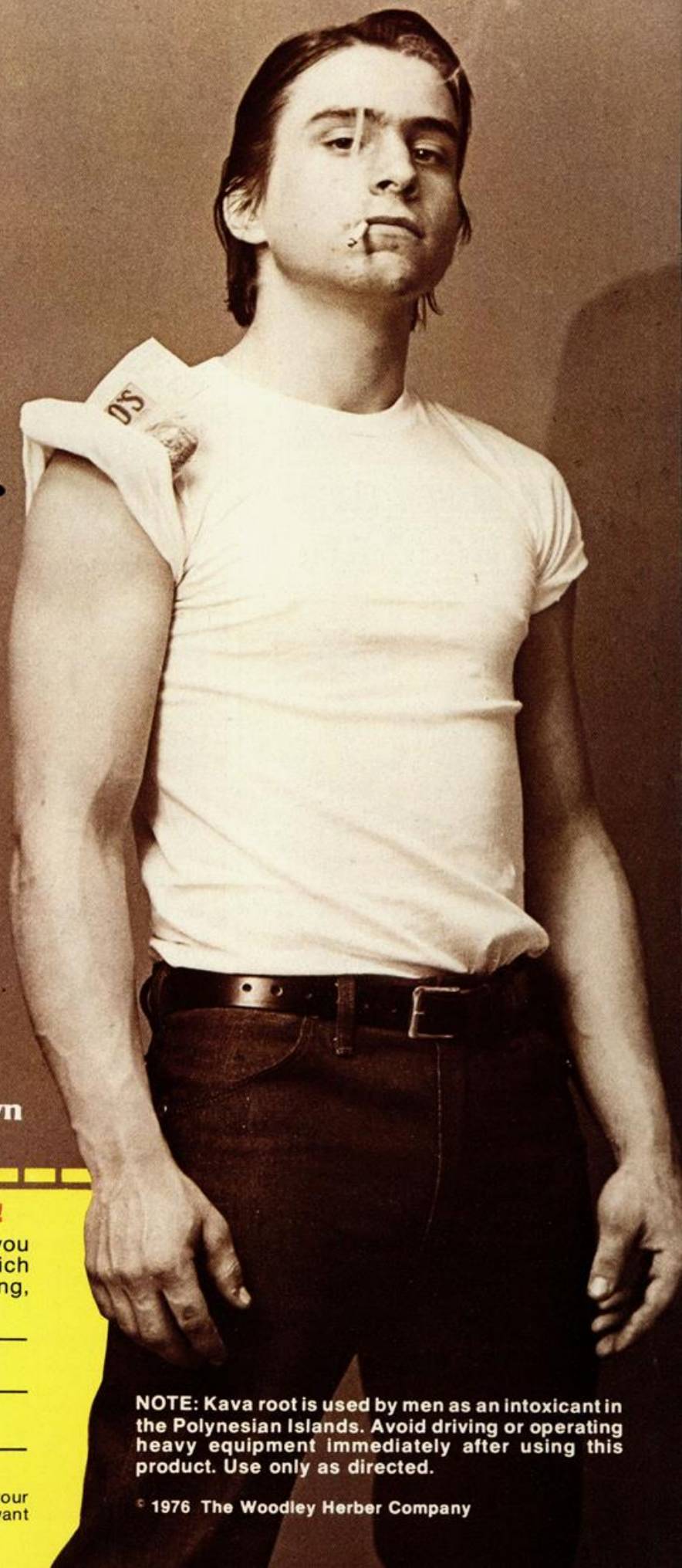
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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

June 1976, No. 10

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Lines

The Rising Cost of Getting High

In Mazatlán, a pound of primo tops wholesales for \$25. In Tucson, it changes hands for \$175. In Boston, the same weed costs \$250; in all, a 1,000 percent markup from the producer's price and a rise of 50 to 100 percent above the top prices of five years ago. This is no exception, but the rule—and signs point to worsening dope-dollar inflation in the years to come.

What causes dope inflation? A recent article in the New York Times—they quoted us, so they must know—credited the price rise to the growing purchasing power of those people who, a decade ago, began to get high in high school or college. Today, thousands of these smokers are affluent doctors, lawyers and professionals in every profitable field. Experienced connoisseurs, they can and will pay top dollar for high-quality weed. Even younger consumers are prepared to pay for the status of high-priced dope. And of course, most people would rather pay the price asked than go home dopeless.

The affluent alone are not to blame for the price rise. Essentially, the dope market is one in which demand now exceeds supply. The decriminalization victories won in seven states haven't eased this situation, either. With more people smoking more grass more openly, thousands of new dealers have entered the field, but only a few venture into smuggling, where the risks remain federal and fierce. Escalating pressure by the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) on bureaucrats and police in the dope-exporting countries has brought terror to the fields abroad and tension to the lines of supply at home. Our pages are filled with reports of fertile foreign soil laid waste by American agents, independent vessels boarded and their cargoes seized by narcs at sea, and pot-laden aircraft blown out of the sky by DEA pursuit planes. For the resourceful smugglers who make it through, the risks justify profits within reason. But while the forbidden flyboys see to it that dope enters the country in bulk that rivals our wheat and grain shipments to Russia, a national guaranteed stash based on current stockpiles would not exceed one roach per capita per day.

Finally, the same inflation that has shaken the economy of the western world to its roots has produced a new generation of dealers—in reality, a new generation of middlemen whose risks are minimal in contrast to the profits they can make. But even this new breed does not justify the slanderous rumors of unscrupulous conspiracies among dealers to sit on warehouses full of weed to drive prices up. The fact is, few dealers are that cooperative or trusting, and most of them don't dig ripoffs. It's a rule of thumb in the black market that it is better to take a lower price than to get caught with the goods.

Despite the cries of widows and orphans whose savings and pensions have been wiped out by the high cost of weed, the fact remains that your dope dollar often buys a better high today than it ever did in the past. Thai, Colombian, Hawaiian, Afghani, Lebanese, Congolese, cherry and honey hash oil—these smokes were not to be had for love nor money at the height of the Summer of Love. Who wants to return to the days of the \$15 oregano-cut, short-weighted Mexican ounce, when you can have the whole world at the end of your roach clip?

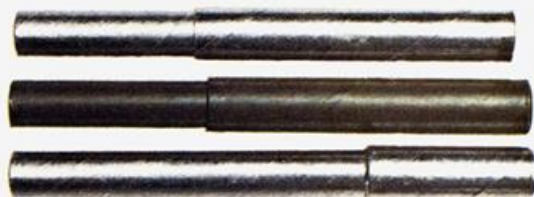
Speaking of the high cost of weed, we'd like to speak directly to a question that's become a serious problem for many dealers and consumers with overactive imaginations: Does High Times fix dope prices through the Trans-High Market Quotations? (And thanks again, by the way, to all those who take their price information seriously enough to share it with us.) The truth is, we publish the Trans-High Market Quotations because they are news, and news sells magazines. We're in the magazine business, not the dope business. If somebody comes along with a more accurate price list, cancel your subscription. In the meantime, High Times will continue to report the dope marketplace to the best of our knowledge and ability, without fear or favor. If we could fix prices, we'd fix them down—it takes a heap of highs to make a High Times. ■

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Chief Boo Hoo Denies Divinity

I'd like to clarify a potential misunderstanding that may have arisen in the minds of those who read the introduction to our conversation in your March issue. Contrary to your overzealous explanation of my claims, I am not and never have been God except in the sense that everybody is a god. That's the difference between me and those goddamn Svengali bastards like Maharaj Ji.

Victory Over Horseshit.

— Art Kleps, North Troy, Vt.



Dope Degree

Well, I finally got my degree in cannabinology. It took a lot of hard work and study, but it was well worth it. That beautiful four-month-old, female plant in the picture is the product of my learning. As for the rifle, one of the first things they taught me in school was how to keep unwanted visitors away. — J.C., Vista, Ca.



Pulling Our Legume

While cleaning a pound of Colombian I noticed a small yellowish-tan seed quite unlike the multitude of cannabis seeds in

the pound. Being mildly interested, I planted the strange seed, but thought no more of it. About two weeks after planting, an unusual (to me) plant began to grow. It's been a few months since its inception, and now I am wondering what I might do to reap any benefits from this unusual plant. I have enclosed some photos of what I believe to be Erythroxylon coca. In any event, I am ready to start chewing. How does one go about preparing oneself and/or the plant for ingestion?

— R.G., Bethesda, Md.

Your mystery plant is definitely not coca. I can't identify it from the photograph but would guess that it is a member of the legume (pea) family. Many tropical legumes are very toxic; therefore, I would advise you not to eat it in any quantity.

Coca seeds are long and dark. They are not likely to turn up in Colombian grass. Also, they remain viable for only two weeks or so after maturing. If you do find one in your Colombian, it will not germinate. Sorry.

For information about how to prepare and chew coca leaves, see my article in this issue of *High Times*.

— Andrew Weil, Contributing Editor



My Thai

These six pounds of Thai sticks just arrived from Laos. This picture was taken on an Air Force base in Thailand just before send off to the U.S. of A.

Credit for the gig goes to the Luv Brothers of Wisconsin.

— W.O., Big Ford, Mont.

The Sweet Truth

I would like to correct a monumental trivia mistake that appeared in the Oct./Nov. issue of *High Times*. The article "The Deep Dark Secrets of Chocolate" referred to the Baby Ruth candy bar's being named in honor of baseball's "Sultan of Swat." Baby Ruth was named after a sheik's daughter, who was born while he was in the United States visiting President Franklin Roosevelt. The sheik named the baby Ruth. A newly formed

candy company picked up the cue and named its product Baby Ruth. All clear?

The article was right about one thing. Baby Ruth is one of the five worst chocolate candy bars. — R.A.B., Chicago, Ill.



Hooked

How about this as a Bicentennial symbol? It's the fruit of 144 hours of rug-hooking labor. The design for the leaf came from a specimen picked in my very own garden. — T.S., San Diego, Ca.

Cat's Bag

My name is Cat Olsen. Recently I attempted a bizarre bank robbery in Greenwich Village. I spoke to some of your people while performing downtown in the bank. There is nothing I wanted more than to have some of your people come in to join me for a nice long chat and friendly smoke-in.

But alas, the Man was most uncooperative. He wasn't letting anyone in—sorry. I love to smoke, smoke, smoke, and take pure acid (LSD 25) and silver needle crystal mescaline. And let's not forget hashish—a unique euphoria.

So, to bring you up to date: they charged me with First Degree Kidnapping and Possession of Weapons—none of which I would ever have used; they were merely theatrical props. Anyway, my lawyer says I can get either the minimum (15 years to life) or the maximum (25 years to life). It appears to be a long time right now here on Rikers Island, where I have been since October 8.

If you'd like to come and see me, please
be my guests any day of the week, 9:00
A.M. to 4:00 P.M., or Saturdays if you like.

— "Cat"

Rikers Island Penitentiary,
New York, N. Y.



Texas Towers

Here's a photo of what Texas dirt and weather will do for weed seeds. The folks in Alaska should have it so good!

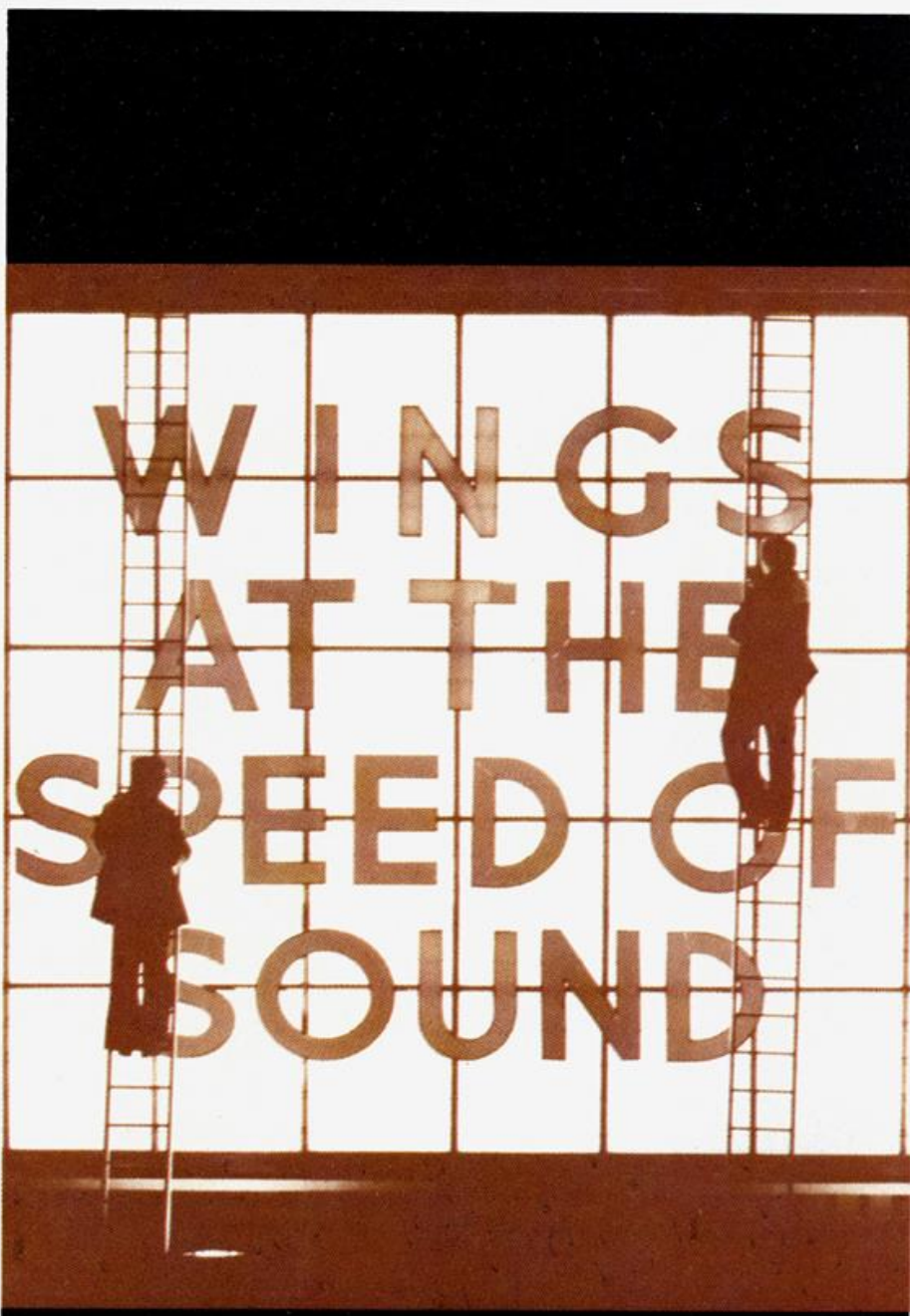
By the way, we extracted the "Lopium" from lettuce as you described the process in your Spring '75 issue—it was lots of fun, but very little potency.

—S.P., San Antonio, Tex.


Horsetail or Horseshit?

I read with great interest the letter in the Oct./Nov. issue regarding a drug that enables one to read the thoughts of another. Being a psychic myself, I decided to do a clairvoyant reading to obtain information on the stuff. Here is what I discovered:

Its name appears to be Oxyconmethyl Hydroxide; the discoverers may abbreviate it to $nTCH_{13}$ or possibly $nCON$. The key substance involved in producing it is silicic acid, which is found in considerable quantity in a common natural herb known as Horsetail (*Equisetum arvense*). It may be somewhat more expensive to manufacture than, say, LSD and possibly the procedure is a little more involved. As I lay in self-induced hypnotic state receiving this information, I was acutely aware of its "symptoms." I felt pressure on my forehead and temples—

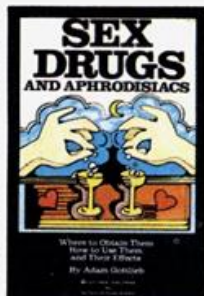


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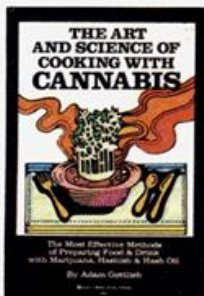


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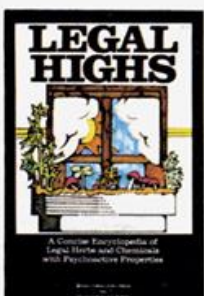
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right in the vicinity of the psychic "Third Eye"! It felt a bit like a slight headache that affected only the front of the head.

Now we go into dosages and possible side effects. Correct dosage appears to be one to ten milligrams, with one to four milligrams being most common (probably varying from person to person). At this stage in the game, I would caution against doses that are too large or too frequent. If used to excess the drug may cause a form of cancer either in the bloodstream or the abdominal area. Its forms, by the way, are pill, tablet and (right out of the lab) liquid.

Is the government trying to bust people and invade their privacy with this clandestine concoction? Damn straight! But they won't get away with it, because the psychic/spiritual nature of human beings has a built-in protective device. If people's thoughts are being read against their will, their subconscious minds will issue an order to the attackers' subconscious minds to cease and desist. If the attackers persist, despite feeling that they had better stop, they will probably have horrible nightmares and feel depressed, tense, anxious and sick. By this time, nine out of ten narcs will stop. The remaining cop will probably get physically ill or suffer a nervous breakdown.

I would be delighted to meet a chemist or dealer, with the equipment, who might want to give it a go here in Philadelphia. Attention, narcs and other devils: My psychic abilities are for the good of humanity and give me a decided advantage over Oxyconmethyl Hydroxide in the hands of spiritual degenerates. I can know where your head and heart are at faster than you can show your badge.

—Dan Jackson, Psychic
1300 Pine Street #9
Philadelphia, Penn.



The Grass That Made Milwaukee Famous

Ever hear of Columkee Bushes? Well, that's what I call the plants in this picture. Why? I used Colombian seeds and grew them in my backyard in Milwaukee. Don't laugh; these Columkee Bushes produced almost four pounds of dynamite weed.

—R.M., Milwaukee, Wis.



Randall's Handle

Randall the Vandal here in Ann Arbor, the dope capital of the midwest. To my left and right, in an Ypsilanti suburban back yard, we have the lovely "Kona" sisters from Hawaii.

I love them both, but we're not getting married... we're just good friends.

—Randall, Ypsilanti, Mich.



Highwail

Hawaiian grass seems to be reaching new heights of popularity, so I thought I'd send you a photo of a prime bud. My friends and I swear by the stuff. Volcanoes aren't the only things that smoke out here in the Pacific.

—D.C., Kealakekua, Hawaii

Correction

The May 1976 "Paraphernalia" department featured a handmade wooden pipe with a self-contained pocket lighter ("Dispoza-lite") from the Stone Pfactory, Newport Center, Vt. 05857 that retails for \$14.00, not \$25 as incorrectly reported. Also, the pipe was described as "coming in three models—Hard to Use, Doesn't Work and Burns Your Hand Up to the Elbow," which is incorrect. The pipe is available in one model only, either in cocobola or rosewood, and it is an excellent product in the opinion of the editors of *High Times*. All paraphernalia described in the "Paraphernalia" are subjected to painstaking scrutiny—none are recommended by us unless we find them to be of excellent quality and value to the consumer. ☐

Piss Poor

Q: When I was in Colombia a native told me that in his country they prepare weed for export by urinating upon it. Is there any truth to this? The only thing I can figure out is that the smugglers are trying to cover up the smell of pot with piss.

— Jim De Rauio, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

A: Like all dope myths, this south-of-the-border fancy has passed into belief because it has an element of truth. Some very potent varieties of grass have an odor similar to ammonia. To some noses, this smells very much like urine, so that's probably where the confusion started. Treating weed with urine might be feasible for a couple of pounds, but it would take a legion of pissing compañeros at least a week to saturate one of the multi-ton shipments that arrive from Colombia periodically. In addition, the most active ingredient in piss is uric acid, which can cause blood poisoning if taken internally. High Times does not recommend pissing on your weed for any reason.

Cool Khat

Q: Every once in a while I hear about some mysterious African leaf called Khat, but I've never been able to find anyone who knows exactly what it is—or even if it really exists. Can you enlighten me?

— Emma Corona, Montpelier, Vt.

A: Khat is for the Abyssinians and Arabs of Yemen what coca is for the Indians of the Andes—a means of overcoming hunger and fatigue and banishing despair. Khat comes from a bush called *Catha edulis*. The tips of fresh twigs are chewed or used to make a tea. Upon ingesting Khat or drinking Catha tea, one initially feels a stimulating euphoric rush much like a coke high, after which a mild hallucinogenic effect may be experienced. The active components of Khat include dextrodine and ephedrine, both effective stimulants. Khat quickly loses its zing with storage, so it must be used fresh. Thus, couriers bring it down at night from plantations in the mountains to the major market centers of Harar, Tigre, Hodeida and Aden. Drinking Catha tea has become an important social pastime for many Africans, similar to our coffee break—but, as with most drugs, there are some undesirable side effects. Khat greatly reduces sexual drive (which may partly account for its popularity in bachelor-crowded Yemen), and

prolonged consumption can result in various cardiac disorders from overstimulation of the heart.

Food for Pot

Q: The grass in my hometown has gotten a little too expensive for me, so I've decided to put my green thumb to work, and I need a few tips on growing. Are chemical fertilizers safe? Do animal fertilizers help?

— G.D.C., Pikeville, Ky.

A: The first piece of advice to all beginning gardeners is to make sure you grow your weed where the cops can't see it. Having said that, we can get on to other matters. Chemical fertilizers are safe when used properly. The plant doesn't care whether it gets its nutrients organically or chemically—just that it gets them. The danger from chemical fertilizers is that overuse can toxify the soil, making it worthless for cultivation. Cow and horse manure are the most popular fertilizers with growers because they provide the plant with all the necessary nutrients in one application, without any danger of toxifying the soil. The fiber content of manure actually improves the soil texture.

Piping Hot

Q: I have a very sensitive throat—so sensitive that it gets sore after a few tokes. I have always heard that a water pipe will take the harshness out of smoke, but it doesn't seem to help. I've tried substituting wine for tap water, but that doesn't make any difference either. In fact, sometimes I think my water pipe is doing me more harm than good. It might be my imagination, but I often have the feeling the grass loses something after the smoke has gone through the water. Is it me or my pipe?

— Jim Bayade, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
A: Don't give up. There's still hope for heads with sore throats. Try using hot water. The THC in grass vaporizes in hot water, cleansing the smoke of impurities and making it easier on the lungs. The hot water technique also reduces the amount of water-soluble nonpsychoactive components of cannabis smoke. The psychoactive components don't dissolve in water, so the resulting hot-water-washed smoke should give you more THC per toke. Passing the smoke through cold water tends to condense some of the desirable components. Also, since the

majority of cannabinoids (including THC) dissolve in alcohol, the use of alcoholic beverages in a water pipe will give a less potent smoke.

Fish Story

Q: A friend of mine claims to have eaten a fish that causes weird dreams. Have you ever heard of such a creature? (I mean the fish, not my friend!)

— Tim Trout, Sacramento, Ca.

A: Yes indeed. The "dream fish"—*Kyphosus fuscus*—is found off the coast of Norfolk Island in the South Pacific. It supposedly contains the hallucinogenic substance bufotenine (also found in certain toads) and does produce weird dreams. According to a skeptical reporter for National Geographic: "I ate a dream fish supper myself. I found it tasty, but strong flavored, like mackerel. I told myself not to dream. But no. I dreamed I was at a party where everybody was nude and the band played 'Yes, We Have No Pajamas.'"

Lighththeaded

Q: There seems to be some disagreement among dopers and farmers on the merits of those grow lights used to grow pot plants indoors. Some people claim the lights are superior to good old-fashioned sunlight. Others swear by the sun. What gives? And what part does light play in determining the quality of grass?

— Cheeks & Gang, Austin, Tex.

A: Potency is determined by the variety of grass more than anything else. In other words, when your plants reach maturity they will be similar in potency to the marijuana from which you chose your seeds. Of course, light is critical to cultivation, but it will have very little effect on the final quality of your crop. If you're growing grass outside, make sure your plants get as much sunlight as possible—the more the better. Indoor gardeners shouldn't worry about which type of grow bulbs to use. Just make sure you use enough of them—a minimum of 20 watts per square foot.

Speed for Lovers

Q: Several dealers I know have recently been unloading tabs of MDA, promising terrific trips to those who buy. Strangely enough, none of the dealers can tell me

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exactly what MDA is. Can you? What are these guys pushing?

—Hal Merchant, Passaic, N.J.

A: MDA, known on the street as "speed for lovers," belongs to a class of compounds known as substituted amphetamines. Some other members of this class are STP and DMA. There have been no extensive studies done on the effects of MDA on humans, but limited studies show that its effective dose level lies between 120 and 150 mg. and that the drug's effects usually last about eight hours. The MDA experience is generally devoid of hallucinations, but it does result in an intensification of feelings, increased perception, much soul searching, and a desire to be with, talk to, and get it on with other people. Interestingly, some people exhibit amnesia of the MDA experience. MDA is classified as a Schedule 1 substance, which to narcs means that, like heroin, LSD, mescaline and psilocybin, it has a high abuse potential and no known medical use.

Making Sense of Sinsemilla

Q: Sinsemilla has me going in circles. Is it a Mexican strain of cannabis, as many people assume, or merely a female plant that hasn't been pollinated? Can you straighten me out?

—Dinton Tidworth, Los Gatos, Ca.

A: Sinsemilla is any batch of grass made up of seedless (unpollinated) female flower clusters. The reason you probably don't see too much sinsemilla around is that farmers can lose money by growing it. After all, seeds add to the weight of a shipment of grass, and weed is sold by weight. Money aside, growing sinsemilla is a painstaking task. All the male plants have to be culled and the seedless buds picked by hand.

High-Rising Rose

Q: I came across an advertisement in High Times for baby wood-rose seeds. Just what garden of delights is contained in these seeds? And is it really legal to buy and sell them?

—Jerry Graves, Torrance, Ca.

A: Wood rose is not really a rose, but belongs to the same family of plants as morning-glories. Both contain similar active hallucinogens—a mixture of amides of lysergic acid. As far as we know, there aren't any federal statutes restricting the sale of Hawaiian wood rose. But an embargo has been placed on its importation into the continental United States—apparently in response to growing use of the seeds on the West Coast.

All questions about getting high will be considered for "Forum," and those of most interest will be answered. Be as specific as possible for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. □

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Visible Rolling Papers No Grounds for Search

Police may not search a vehicle and its occupants merely because they see cigarette rolling paper in the car, the Appellate Division of New York State Supreme Court has ruled. The decision overturned the misdemeanor guilty plea of one Lloyd Baldon on the grounds that the lower Court of Claims should have granted an earlier defense motion to suppress as evidence a bag of marijuana found in the defendant's pocket.

Baldon was arrested after two policemen approached a car illegally parked on a sidewalk, and while inspecting the license and registration of the driver, they saw cigarette rolling paper on the auto's seat. The officers ordered three other men out of the car and found a bag of grass on Baldon when they frisked him.

In a four-to-one ruling, the Appellate Division said that "the fact that a police officer has knowledge that marijuana is often used in connection with cigarette rolling paper" does not justify a search.

"Cigarette rolling paper is a commodity that is openly bought and sold in the marketplace," the court said in a written memorandum opinion. "That it also may be frequently used in the furtherance of an illicit scheme" does not give "probable cause" for a search.

"Thus," the court concluded, "the officer's observation of cigarette rolling papers in the car, although arguably suspicious, is susceptible of various innocent interpretations."

Associate Justice Reid S. Moule of Buffalo dissented: "The facts here are sufficient to give rise to more than a mere suspicion in the police officer's mind that marijuana might be found. Circumstances which would lead a reasonably prudent police officer to believe that a crime has been or is in the process of being committed justified the search."

Idaho Schools Threaten Search and Seizure

Public school students in Idaho now face the prospect of what would be "illegal search and seizure" for adults, according to a decision by Idaho Attorney General Wayne Kidwell. Under a new rule, school administrators will be allowed to conduct warrantless body searches of high school students. The Kidwell opinion says officials may search a student's body, locker or car—if it is parked on school grounds.

The attorney general cautioned that such a search can be conducted only if "reasonable grounds" exist for believing "a search will result in seizure of contraband, particularly drugs."

Police Dog to Testify in Pot Case

Buddy, a U.S. Customs—owned German shepherd, has been subpoenaed to testify in a marijuana smuggling case in New Orleans. Buddy cannot legally acknowledge receipt of the subpoena, so Edward Newton of U.S. Customs accepted it for him.

The case originated when Nicholas Doyle, 31, and J. C. Davenport, 45, were arrested at the Union Passenger Terminal in New Orleans last July. The men were booked for possession with intent to distribute 250 pounds of marijuana which allegedly was placed in El Paso aboard an Amtrak train bound for New Orleans.

An Amtrak agent in El Paso spotted four traveling lockers and became suspicious when he noticed white powder spilling from them. He contacted Customs agents in New Orleans, who set up a surveillance team with federal and local narcs in New Orleans. U.S. Customs brought in Buddy.

When the dog was turned loose, he immediately went to the trunks, which, police said, indicated the presence of narcotics. A search warrant was obtained; the pair was arrested. Police claim the white powder was used to camouflage the odor of the weed. But it didn't fool Buddy.

Pharmacists Seek Federal Protection

The nation's pharmacists have failed to win legislation making it a federal offense to rob controlled substances from a drugstore. Since 1970, the Justice Department and the Drug Enforcement Administration have opposed such legislation, but have been unable or unwilling to propose a satisfactory method of combatting the problem.

Congress has relegated to the individual states most of the responsibility for enforcing provisions of the Controlled Substances Act of 1970 that apply to community pharmacies. In three cases—when state authorities request assistance, or when a pharmacy is either selected as part of a survey documenting abuse of a particular drug or the subject of a specific complaint—

the DEA will occasionally conduct a "compliance investigation." This frequently involves detailed inventory analysis of controlled substances and records pertaining to their dispensation by the pharmacist.

Many of the nation's pharmacists wish the government would take as much care when investigating robberies involving the same controlled substances.

Britain Prepares for Tea Time

Britain's Institute for the Study of Drug Dependence, a London-based government panel composed of prominent scientists, doctors, police officials and lawyers, has prepared a report on how marijuana could or should be marketed through the British Isles. The panel suggests that synthetic 10 mg. joints, estimated at twice the strength of a "potent" U.S. reefer, could be manufactured for about the same amount—or less than—it costs to import natural weed.

The report focuses on cannabis drinks in addition to marijuana cigarettes. The panel sees marijuana's becoming the major new cash crop for British farmers and suggests that the production of exotic cannabis drinks might grow into a new industry to rival Britain's traditional ale manufacture.

Bible-Quoting Judge Overruled

An Alabama man is free on appeal after being sentenced to 15 years in prison for selling one ounce of pot to an undercover agent.

John C. Mullins, 20, was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment by Lee County Circuit Court Judge L. J. Tyner. Mullins's attorneys then filed a writ of habeas corpus challenging the propriety of Tyner's remarks during the trial. Tyner had quoted the Bible and contrasted the passage containing Jesus's monologue on Caesar with this case. He concluded that Mullins had disobeyed the law of the land—or, Caesar.

The judge also refused Mullins probation without having ordered a probation report, and at one point stated that no one in his court convicted of the sale of dope would ever receive probation.

U.S. District Judge Robert E. Varner, who heard the appeal, noted that Tyner's comments "may have breached the court's role as an impartial observer and placed the defendant in the position of having to argue against the court..." ☐

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Health

Gov't Report Dismisses Pot Threat

The fifth annual report on marijuana prepared by the National Institute on Drug Abuse is one of the most even-handed "official" reports on the effects of grass yet published. Dr. Robert L. DuPont, director of the institute, reports that research conducted during 1975 failed to confirm several beliefs about marijuana, including those that smoking leads to genetic damage, impotence and lower fertility rates.

Although the NIDA report tends to favor legalization, DuPont added that he would like to have more scientific data on what he termed "marijuana intoxication." He asserted that the long-range effects of marijuana use are not yet known, and that heavy users of grass develop a physical dependence on it and a tolerance to its effects.

Killer Speed Spreading

The University of Oregon Drug Information Center has confirmed reports that illicit amphetamines circulating in that state contain brucine (dimethoxystrychnine), strychnine and ephedrine. All three substances have been found in the white-cross brand of underground ups commonly used by students and drivers. Brucine and strychnine can be lethal in dosages anywhere from 15 mg. to over 60 mg., depending upon the tolerance of the user. Ephedrine adds to the danger because it is known to potentiate the effects of both these drugs. In fact, prescription antihistamines—many of which contain ephedrine—should not be taken with white crosses until the illicit dope has been analyzed and received a clean bill of health.

Reports of uppers containing strychnine have also come from Florida, and there is some concern that the toxic tablets are being widely circulated.

Smokers' Breath Debated

A study conducted by a UCLA research team found minor breathing impairments in subjects who smoked two to ten joints a day for eight to ten weeks. The study, directed by Dr. Donald P. Tashkin and part of a \$1.2 million federal program investigating the effects of marijuana, was conducted in a closed hospital ward and lasted 94 days. Impairment was found in such functions as the amount of air subjects could exhale and the rate of air flow. The curious thing about the report is that it contradicts other studies suggesting that grass is a bronchodilator and can be used to treat asthmatics.

Overdose Victims Take Castor Oil Cure

A Canadian doctor reports that castor oil may be the saving grace for people who overdose on sleeping pills.

Dr. Michael Diamond claims that "hearty doses" of castor oil absorb excess drugs in the body and not only save lives, but bring the patient back to consciousness quicker. Diamond says that five overdose patients he treated with 500 mg. of castor oil twice a day recovered consciousness in 24 hours. Other patients, who weren't dosed with the venerable cure-all, slept for at least five days.

Probe Caffeine—Birth Defect Link

Coffee may cause birth defects. That's the warning issued by a Washington, D.C.—based consumer group, in a letter to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The Center for Science in the Public Interest is attempting to draw attention to a study of caffeine's dangerous effects on pregnant animals exposed to moderately high levels.

The Center says that, while there are no conclusive studies on the possible relationship between caffeine and human birth defects, experiments have suggested that as few as 11 cups of coffee a day can cause cleft palates, missing digits and malformed skulls in animals.

Doc Links Dope to Headaches

A five-man team in Memphis, Tennessee, has published a report that links marijuana smoking to headaches—ostensibly the result of damage done to the fourth cranial nerve by medium to heavy use of marijuana.

Dr. James H. Coleman said that the headaches—mostly temporal and frontal ones—afflicted a study group of 20 young persons, aged 16 to 34, who were culled from people entering the University of Tennessee optometry clinic in Memphis and complaining of headaches. The only common denominator in the group, aside from pain, was daily use of marijuana.

Bravos for Bottled Bliss

Dr. George Lolli, first director of the Yale University Plan Clinic and considered an expert on alcoholism, believes booze is one of the "world's greatest blessings."

Lolli, who is 70 years old, claims he has been drinking since he was three. "The big thing is to drink sensibly," he says. "Alcohol in moderation can be one of the most successful relaxers known." ■

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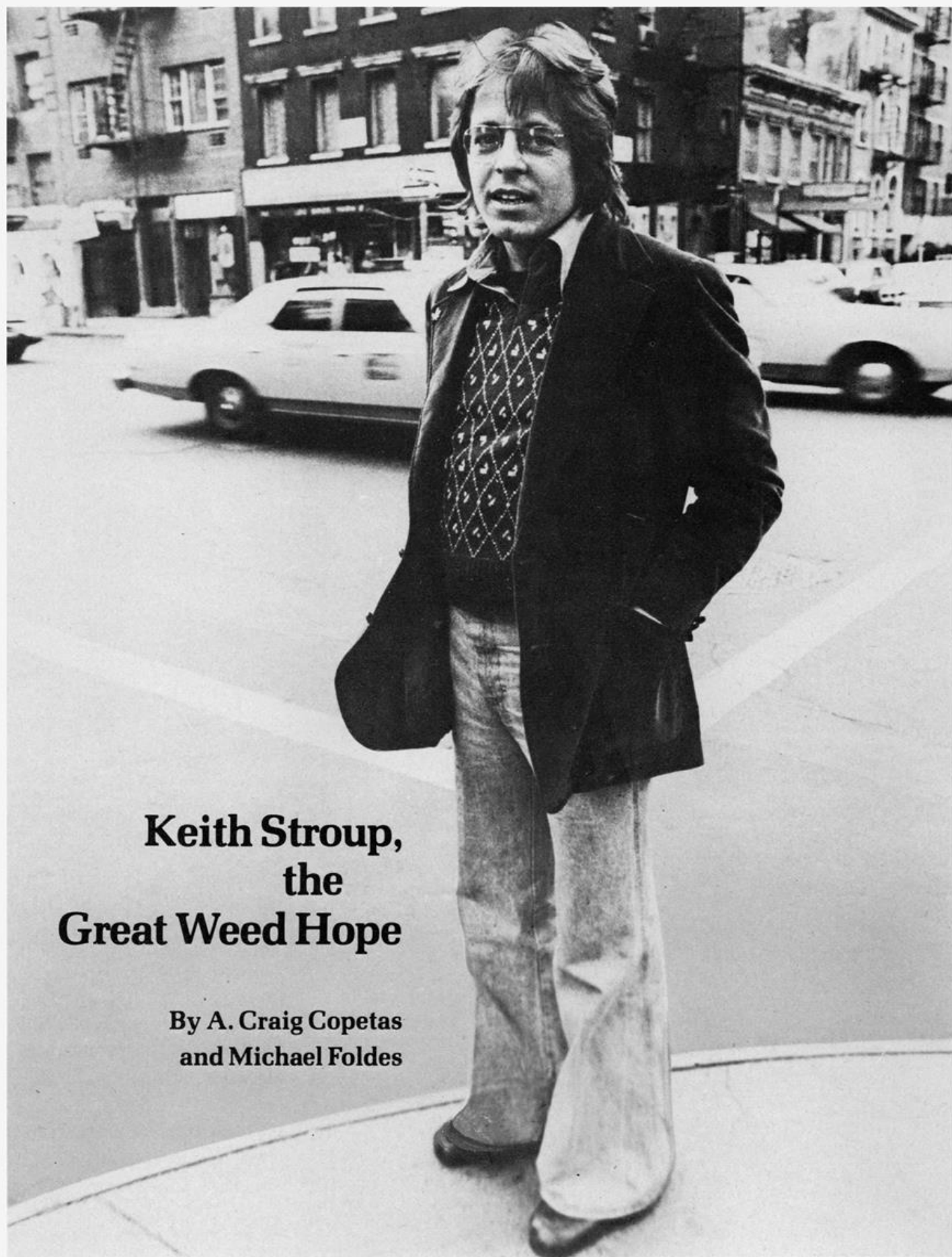
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Keith Stroup, the Great Weed Hope

By A. Craig Copetas
and Michael Foldes

He was once a Washington curiosity, invited to cocktail parties because of his controversial brand of politics. Now, with eight states, 40 million-plus marijuana smokers and a parade of presidential hopefuls supporting the decriminalization of *Cannabis sativa*, the toothy grin of 32-year-old Keith Stroup has become the outrage of the nation's capital.

Stroup is a farm boy from Dix, Illinois (population 200). He heeded the call of the activist Sixties and became a public-interest lawyer on graduation from Georgetown Law School in 1968. But then Keith Stroup got really stoned. Gathering together law school friends and concerned colleagues, he founded the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) and began his assault on the U.S. Congress as a registered lobbyist for the marijuana consumer.

Stroup speaks quickly and with the assurance of a veteran power broker. He is sure that the marijuana lobby must first persuade judges that present grass laws divert police power from the job of hunting real criminals, and also that these laws are not only unconstitutional, but a hindrance to police officers and law courts with more important chores to perform. He lets vote-conscious politicians know that 13 million citizens are regular pot smokers, and that the federal government is blowing its chance to tax over \$4 billion worth of legal marijuana every year. Stroup can weave

words into blazing orations, and he also knows the issues that affect everyone who's ever smoked a joint. However, most people don't know about Stroup's constant lack of funds and NORML's dependence on grants and ad space donated by the Playboy Foundation and *High Times*.

Keith Stroup and his seven-year-old daughter, Lindsay, live in spartan quarters on the third floor of NORML's storefront headquarters in northwest Washington. From there he orchestrates the eventual legalization of marijuana, churning out NORML newsletters, T-shirts, frisbees, gold marijuana-leaf pins and tiny green buttons that proclaim, "I Support NORML."

Stroup makes frequent trips around the country to educate legislators, judges, police and rural townfolk to the dangers of America's archaic marijuana laws. In the five years since he began NORML, the young liberal has evolved into a political tactician. He has constructed a sophisticated network of advisors that includes, among others, New York Senator Jacob Javits, Xerox magnate Max Palevsky and General Motors heir Stewart Mott. Stroup knows the moment any politician starts thinking marijuana.

During his interview at the Washington NORML office, Stroup summed up his motivations for *High Times* news editors Michael Foldes and A. Craig Copetas. "The marijuana smoker gets a bum deal," declared Stroup, "and I want to change that."

High Times: When did you first get stoned?

Keith Stroup: I first turned on in 1967. A few friends and I had gone on a ski weekend to Seven Springs, Pennsylvania, and one guy brought some grass along. We tried the whole weekend to get high. Well, either the dealer had sold him rat shit or we just didn't know how to smoke it, but we never got high. So it was really disappointing the first time. But a few months after that I really got stoned and scared the shit out of myself.

High Times: How many years elapsed between the time you first got stoned and when you started NORML?

Keith Stroup: Three. When I got out of Georgetown Law School I went to work for the National Product Safety Commission, which was a presidential commission. Smoking was not a very big part of my life then. The other lawyers and I would get together on the weekend and smoke.

High Times: Did that have to do with the germination of NORML?

Keith Stroup: Oh yeah. I had my grass consciousness raised when a good friend of mine got busted—the guy who turned me on, in fact. My office was in this old CIA building across from the Russian embassy in Washington, and he used to really get off going down to the Product Safety Commission to sell me weed. In any event, some time later he got busted and wanted me to help him out. It was

clearly a case of harassment, so I got the charges dropped. In the process, I noticed that there was nobody doing a fucking thing about the grass issue. That's where NORML came from.

High Times: What were your initial resources?

Keith Stroup: A \$5,000 grant from the Playboy Foundation in January 1971. I had contacted the New World Foundation, the Stern Family Fund and the Philip Stern Fund, but they all turned me down. Then Ted Jacobs, Nader's administrative assistant, turned me on to the fact that there was the Playboy Foundation—I'd never heard of it. We went through some negotiations and they ended up flying me out to Chicago to meet Hugh Hefner. So I was frankly expecting that if we got the money, we were going to get big money. We really had our sights set high. Then they offered me \$5,000. Can you imagine? I was making \$18,000 a year at the Product Safety Commission. I was married, I had a kid, I had just bought a house. "Five thousand dollars," I said, "you must be crazy." But *Playboy* said, "We don't mean that's all you'll get. We just mean that we'll give you \$5,000 now, and then play it by ear." So I quit my job and started NORML.

High Times: In what state did NORML first become an effective voice for the marijuana smoker?

Keith Stroup: Texas. Of course, we got slaughtered a few times. I took three

different press tours through the Texas prison system in 1971. Nobody could believe it. Decent young kids in jail for nine and a half years for simple possession of marijuana. Every time we got slaughtered, the newspapers were reporting that there were 700 people locked up for smoking grass. The more they kept repeating that, the more people were going. Whew, hold it!

High Times: Did NORML have any stronghold in 1971?

Keith Stroup: Besides our Austin office, we had little groups in Phoenix, New York City and Washington, D.C.

At first we didn't know how the hell to go about getting equal rights for the marijuana smoker. We had so few resources, it was sort of a big country and they were all against us. The battles came when the Amorphia people started in California, about the same time we did.

They were trying to do a very similar program, but perhaps aimed slightly more at the counterculture. We were all friends at first; we got together and discussed the possibilities of a freak lobby on the left and a straight lobby on the right. Of course, NORML would be the straight lobby and Amorphia the freak. But there was a period of a year or so when it was anything but friendly. It became deadly competitive, and finally it got to the point where not only did we not work together, but we used to try to do each other in.

High Times: What were the disagreements between your group and the other legalization groups?

Keith Stroup: I used to publicly chastise the Amorphia people for practicing too much street theater. It seemed to me that they were reinforcing the very image NORML was trying to do away with—that of the crazy freak in the street. But I realize Amorphia had every right to do this. Now, with some hindsight, I see our conflicts as an inevitable fight for limited resources.

High Times: Has NORML attempted to form an alliance of the various groups?

Keith Stroup: Most of the people who now work for NORML represent factions of various organizations that have dropped by the wayside. Our California contingent used to be Amorphia. Our New York group was the Lawyers' Committee to Legalize Marijuana. What we have gradually done is incorporate into NORML all the groups from around the country that were doing serious work on the marijuana issue.

Although all the early marijuana reform groups talked about consolidating forces, no one was really willing to give up the turf. We all agreed there might be an advantage in having a countercultural lobby and a straight lobby. We figured it might sell better. But we became competitive because there wasn't much money available—you couldn't keep the organization going unless you got credit for accomplishments, so we all took a lot of credit for the slightest little achievement. Everyone was stepping on each other's egos.

High Times: NORML now functions as a collective of 50 "distinguished" individuals, including the national advisory board. Isn't there a danger that with so many people in policy-making positions, diverse viewpoints could politically cripple NORML?

Keith Stroup: At the early stages I had some honest concerns about that happening. But now I'm quite satisfied with NORML's overall make-up. I prefer it this way because it makes sense to have many people involved. The collective structure is no longer a stumbling block. It's to our benefit to have a broader perspective.

High Times: Was it your idea to set up NORML as a collective?

Keith Stroup: As NORML got rolling, I got to know a group of young lawyers in New York and California. We became a coalition out of necessity and simple strategy. There were Guy Arcter and Frank Fioramonti in New York and Gordon Brownell on the West Coast.

High Times: Why were young lawyers getting involved with the marijuana issue?

Keith Stroup: It was an era when law school graduates were inclined to do public interest-type work, but by the time I got out of law school there was a tendency to look around for new minor

issues. No one had stumbled onto grass. In different parts of the country a number of us got the same idea at the same time. We never felt that we were "bright young men."

High Times: How much do you make?

Keith Stroup: As director, I'm the highest-paid person in the organization and I now make \$13,500 a year.

High Times: Do you have an expense account?

Keith Stroup: No expense account. When I travel it is almost always paid for by a school as a lecture fee. If not, if it's business travel, NORML picks it up. But I can't take people out to dinner.

High Times: Who receives the fees?

Keith Stroup: All the lecture fees go to NORML. My gross income for the year is \$13,500. I was making \$18,000, but we all took 25-percent pay cuts a few months ago when we really were in a bind. The lowest-paid worker in the organization makes \$8,000. We didn't make the low people adjust. We cut back on the people making above ten grand, and so everything was squashed down.

High Times: What was your founding date?

Keith Stroup: We say October 1970. But

"The only way you are going to get pot legalized is with some government controls."

that's because the earliest stationery we could dig up in the files was 1970. We didn't have real letterhead then, so we typed NORML on the top of blank paper. We didn't file actual corporate papers until February or March of 1971. Shit, there was no need to. I mean, why spend the 30 bucks or whatever? After I was handling a few thousand bucks I thought I'd better incorporate.

High Times: How does NORML go about selecting members for the national advisory board?

Keith Stroup: We select nominees from all ranks of people interested in the marijuana issue. This year we added 13 members and we'll probably continue to add them, because I don't see any reason not to.

High Times: How does the national advisory board function?

Keith Stroup: It's kind of like the ankle and the shinbone song. Ultimate policy is made by the board of directors. The directors delegate authority to the national policy committee. That is made up of five people, including myself, who sit simultaneously on the board of directors, the 33-member national advisory board and the 13-member executive commit-

tee. The executive committee is made up of our most active regional coordinators. The result is that the 50 people most active in the marijuana issue end up deciding who is added or subtracted from the national advisory board.

High Times: Does NORML have ambitions to form a Marijuana Party Congress?

Keith Stroup: That would really be fine with us. No, that's not true. We couldn't go too much farther. We do get rid of people for inactivity. There's a revolving process. But what is important is that the national advisory board establishes our policy.

High Times: What is NORML's policy on cocaine?

Keith Stroup: It doesn't have one. I personally feel all drugs should be decriminalized, and this includes cocaine. But NORML doesn't deal with other drugs. From what I've read, cocaine seems to be a reasonably safe drug. It may be habituating, but very few people can afford to have enough coke around for them to become habituated. The medical, physiological evidence doesn't show much danger other than a minor irritation to your nose. Birth control pills are more dangerous than that.

High Times: Is NORML financially solvent at the moment?

Keith Stroup: Well, we're not about to close down. But we're also riding out a six-month temporary support period. Both *High Times* and *Playboy* will soon be looking over their own financial situations to see if they can continue to give us money. Right now, with full-time offices working in California, New York and Washington, our national budget is between \$17,000 and \$18,000 a month.

High Times: Have you received favorable responses to your ads in *High Times* and *Playboy*?

Keith Stroup: We've never paid one cent for advertising since we've been in business; it's all always been given to us. It's a big country and NORML could use ten times more advertising and money. But if we did lose our *Playboy* Foundation money and the free ad space in *High Times*, we'd still exist as a lobby in Washington, but about all we would do is send literature out.

High Times: What kind of work does the national office do?

Keith Stroup: My legal counsel, Peter Meyers, works full time coordinating our constitutional challenges, our DEA action in D.C.

We've also got suits in California and Illinois. Larry Schott does the newsletter, all the publications, any kind of communications, and he edits my stuff. Then there's Frank Fioramonti in New York and Gordon Brownell on the West Coast, both of whom work full time.

High Times: What is the nature of NORML's federal court battles, and how are you faring?

Keith Stroup: We have a challenge currently pending in the D.C. circuit. We're trying to get the Alaskan privacy decision—involving the public's right to possess marijuana—adopted at the federal level. Ramsey Clark, the former U.S. Attorney General under Lyndon Johnson, was originally our chief counsel on this case, but now he's running for Jim Buckley's Senate seat in New York. When we got held up by a stay order, he left the case. The stay order has recently been lifted, so we are proceeding. If the D.C. circuit, which is probably the most liberal in the country, denies us a favorable ruling, we will take our appeal to the Supreme Court.

In our DEA action we are trying to get the courts to force the agency to reclassify marijuana so it can be used and prescribed by doctors.

High Times: When will NORML be obsolete?

Keith Stroup: Not until the marijuana question—and I don't just mean decriminalization—has been settled to the satisfaction of the consumer. I think that the industry will take care of itself. Certainly the cigarette industry has hundreds of millions of dollars available to invest. Once decriminalization is over, they will get in on the act.

High Times: What are the Washington tobacco lobbies doing about the coming decriminalization of grass?

Keith Stroup: Whatever they're doing, they're being very careful and very private about it. I'll bet that some of the last holdouts to approve any kind of legal marijuana will be those senators and representatives from the tobacco states. The companies will hold us back as long as possible, and when they see they can't hold us back any further, they'll jump in and try to get their corner of the market. I hope *High Times* is going to be there to represent another aspect of that industry. And the government will certainly be involved. The one faction with no one around to speak for it is the consumer. I think NORML has a really strong obligation to continue work on this issue until we make sure that some kind of regulated market is set up to protect the interests of the consumer.

High Times: Is there any chance legalization may not happen at all?

Keith Stroup: I don't rule it out as a theoretical possibility, since the smoking public's attitudes might turn sour toward the prospect of commercialism. I think you know I am very much against the idea of commercializing the marijuana market. If consumer demands for a low-key commercial exploitation aren't heeded, they might stop at decriminalization and say, "The hell with you, I'll grow my own," or "I'll buy it on the black market; I don't want to deal with you." But I think that's unlikely. I think the more likely route will be some kind of legalized marijuana.

High Times: Will there be governmental controls if you are successful?

Keith Stroup: Well, the only way you're going to get pot legalization is with some governmental control. Personally I would favor no controls, an absolutely open market with no age controls, no street controls. That way we could avoid a lot of bureaucratic horseshit. Unfortunately, we are dealing with a real political body, and the government will eventually control the market.

But I am most concerned about protective devices. Instead of putting its resources into arresting people who smoke, I want to see the government put them into protecting people who smoke by providing grass that is pure, telling us how strong it is and giving us a choice of grass from different places. There are numerous things they can do to help us. They don't have to put energy into fucking us. The American government is now moving at an incredible rate for a government. Terribly slow for what we want, but there has been more progress in the last six months than in the previous six years. I think that is going to continue.

High Times: If NORML does continue to function, and legalization or decriminal-

"I see the marijuana issue as a consumer issue."

ization does come into effect, what do you foresee as your problems?

Keith Stroup: Mostly trying to avoid commercial exploitation.

High Times: How will NORML combat the commercialization of marijuana?

Keith Stroup: To the extent that I have any say in it, I would like to see NORML become the consumer lobby for the grass issue. Coming into this as a consumer product safety lawyer, I saw the marijuana issue as a consumer question, and I still see it that way. The consumers in this issue are the smokers, but we can't deal with their problems as long as we are in danger of being locked up. We are only now reaching the starting point. We're taking care of the gross inequity—that the government arrests us. After legalization, I want to see a good market. I'd like to have marijuana blends from a lot of countries. I'd like to have the same choice wine drinkers do. I'd like to have it pure. I'm sure *High Times* has developed some sort of scenario on its own.

High Times: You spoke about commercialization of grass before. Do you think NORML is contributing to this by selling T-shirts and frisbees?

Keith Stroup: We would probably appear more serious, perhaps more effective, if we did not sell T-shirts. We sell

them out of sheer necessity. We have stayed away from selling any marijuana-related paraphernalia because it could cost us most of our serious political support. We do feel, however, that NORML's logo on a T-shirt is a form of political expression.

High Times: Will NORML have anything to say about future government controls?

Keith Stroup: Absolutely. We will have spent so many years organizing the smoking constituency that it would be absolutely absurd for us then to let them just walk away with it. The moment decriminalization is appreciably accomplished, we will redirect as much of the coalition as we can maintain. Some people are going to drop off, because some of them don't want to go farther. The ones that stay together, we should redirect toward setting up a system of legal marijuana that the consumer can live with. It's not going to be perfect for us; there will be some taxation, some controls. I don't think NORML members would be hostile to the neighborhood dealer system, because we're principally smokers. But I don't think it's NORML's battle to fight, any more than it is to fight the tobacco industry battle.

High Times: If big tobacco went into marijuana full power, would you advise them?

Keith Stroup: We would not take money from the tobacco or alcohol industries. We want to be the marijuana smokers' consumer lobby. With that in mind, we've been fairly and openly hostile to those industries. Neither has shown very high social consciousness, and I'm not anxious to hand a \$4 billion-a-year industry over to them. We want to get grass to where we have a decent choice, an available market, and a fairly reasonable price. It has to be at least as low as the black market price at the time it's set up. If not, another black market will continue to thrive.

High Times: What problems do you foresee for legalization on the international level?

Keith Stroup: It won't be simple, because you have to motivate the international law enforcement machinery to forget about marijuana. And man, that is complicated. Those fuckers move slower than our home-grown politicians.

High Times: Is there really an international law enforcement conspiracy?

Keith Stroup: I think the international law enforcement conspiracy is frightening and incredibly sinister. It's the biggest threat going. Right now NORML is fighting Congress on the Psychoactive Drug Convention. It is designed to fill the gaps that the Single Convention Treaty of 1961 doesn't already fill—things like hallucinogens. If adopted, it would preclude decriminalization. What we're left with is a vestige of old-time international law

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Special Features:

You retain all rights to your song. It's used **only** in conjunction with our competition.

You could win in more than one music category.

You may select the Judges' Decision Option. This lets our judges place an entered song into an additional category where they think it may win (25% of the 1975 winners won in the category that was picked for them by a judge).

What you get when you enter . . .

The 1976 Music Business Directory. It contains an up-to-date listing of the top 100 record companies, the 250 most important music publishers, and 200 recording studios. (Regular \$4 value.)

The Songwriter's Handbook. It provides important information that every songwriter should know about the music industry (i.e., copyright information, music publishing, performing rights, mechanical rights, etc. Regular \$2 value).

The Final List of 1976 Winners. You'll get the complete results of this year's competition.

Feedback on Your Song. After the winners are announced, you may obtain a Judge's Assessment of each song you submit and for each category in which it is competing.

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The criteria for judging are: **originality, musical composition, and lyrical content** when applicable. The song is all that counts. Elaborate instrumentation, vocal arrangement or production will have no bearing upon the judging. (In fact, the simpler the production, the better. Many of last year's winning songs were submitted as simple home recordings, with only a vocal accompanied by a single instrument).

Entry Procedure

1. Record the song on your own cassette. Start recording at the beginning of the cassette. Rewind tape before submitting. Only one song per cassette. (If your song has already been recorded on a disk or reel-to-reel tape, we'll duplicate it onto a cassette for one dollar per song.)
2. Complete the attached entry form or a reasonable facsimile, paying particular attention to the following:
 - A. Write the **title** of your song on your cassette on the side on which you recorded your song.
 - B. **Song Categories** — You must designate at least one category in which the song is to be judged. The fee for entering each song in one category is \$13.85. To enter your song in **additional categories**, indicate so on the entry form and enclose an additional \$8.25 for each added

category. You do not have to send in another cassette as we duplicate cassettes.

C. If entering more than one song, obtain another entry form or produce a reasonable copy for each entry.

3. Wrap your check or money order and entry form around each cassette, and secure the package with rubber bands or string wrapped both directions. Place the bound cassette in a strong envelope or box and send to:

THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL
P.O. Box 57
Hollywood, CA 90028

Once we receive your entry, we'll have a postcard with an acknowledgement in the mail within one week.

JUNE 3RD IS THE ENTRY DEADLINE. We are accepting entries now. (It'll take awhile to process your entry. So the earlier you mail your song, the sooner, you'll receive the **Songwriter's Handbook** and the **1976 Music Business Directory**.)

4. **Copyrighting your song.** It is not necessary to copyright your song when entering the competition. ASF, Inc. acquires no copyrights in your song. You retain all rights.

1976 Rules and Regulations

1. Competition is open to any person except employees of the American Song Festival, Inc. (ASF, Inc.), or their relatives, or agents appointed by the ASF, Inc.
2. The entrant warrants to ASF, Inc. that the entry is not an infringement of the copyright or other rights of any third party and that the entrant has the right to submit the entry to ASF, Inc. in accordance with its rules and regulations.
3. No musical composition may be entered that has been recorded or printed and released or disseminated for commercial sale in any medium in the United States prior to 10/1/76, or the public announcement of the semi-finalists, whichever occurs first. All winners will be notified and all prizes awarded no later than 12/31/76. Prizes will be paid to songwriter named in item 1 of official entry form.
4. An entry fee of \$13.85, an accurately completed entry form, and a cassette with only one song recorded on it shall be submitted for each entry. Any number of songs may be entered by an individual provided that each cassette is accompanied by a separate entry form and entry fee.
5. The entrant **must** designate at **least one** category in which he wants his song to compete. Any song may be entered in additional category competitions by so designating on the entry form and including an additional fee of \$8.25 for each such additional category. Such additional category may be left to the judges' choice by selecting the "Judges' Decision Option" which permits the judges to place the song in the category in which in their opinion it is best suited.

6. The entrant shall (or shall cause the copyright proprietor of the entry if different from the entrant to) permit ASF, Inc. to perform the entry in and as part of any ASF, Inc. awards ceremonies, to record the entry in synchronism with a visual account of such ceremonies and to use the resulting account for such purposes as ASF, Inc. shall deem fit.

7. No materials submitted in connection with entries will be returned to the entrant, and ASF, Inc. assumes no responsibility for loss of or damage to any entry prior to its receipt by ASF, Inc.

8. Each entry shall be judged on the basis of originality, quality of musical composition and lyrical content if applicable. All decisions of the screening panels and judges shall be final and binding upon the ASF, Inc. and all entrants.

9. Cassettes with more than one song on them, cartridges, records, reel-to-reel tapes, or lead sheets are improper submissions and will invalidate the entry.

10. Recorded cassettes and accompanying material must be postmarked by June 3, 1976. ASF, Inc. reserves the right to extend this date in the event of interruption of postal services, national emergency or act of God.

11. For the purpose of ASF division selection, a professional is anyone who: (a) is or has been a member or associate member of a performing rights organization such as ASCAP, BMI, SESAC or their foreign counterparts; or (b) has had a musical composition written in whole or in part by him recorded and released or disseminated commercially in any medium or printed and distributed for sale. All other are amateurs.

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Official Entry Form

SEPARATE ENTRY FORM NEEDED FOR EACH SONG

1. SONGWRITER _____
(Print name)
2. ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
COUNTRY _____
PHONE: Home () _____ Office () _____
Area Code Area Code

3. TITLE OF SONG _____

4. CATEGORY SELECTION:
*Important: To determine whether you compete as an amateur or professional, see rules and regulations #11.

FIRST CATEGORY

Select at least **one** category by checking the box corresponding to your first choice (\$13.85 entry fee).

ADDITIONAL CATEGORIES

Often songs fit more than one category. You may have your song judged and compete in more than one category by checking the additional box or boxes you desire.

(Add \$8.25 for each additional category selected)

AMATEUR DIVISION*

- Top 40 (Rock/Soul) ☐ Folk ☐
Country ☐ Gospel/Inspirational ☐
Easy Listening ☐ Instrumental/Jazz ☐

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION*

- Top 40 (Rock/Soul) ☐ Country ☐
Easy Listening ☐

Judges' Decision Option

Check the box provided if you want our Judges to place your song in an **additional** category which, in their opinion, it best fits. ☐

5. ENTRY FEE:

FIRST CATEGORY \$13.85

EXTRA CATEGORIES OR JUDGES' DECISION OPTION

\$8.25 x _____ = \$ _____

Total Fee Enclosed \$ _____

6. Did you collaborate in the writing of this composition?

Yes _____ No _____

Collaborators' names _____

7. Feedback on Your Song: Check the box provided if you desire the judge's assessment of each song submitted. ☐

I hereby certify that I have read and agree to be bound by the rules and regulations of the American Song Festival which are incorporated herein by reference and that the information contained in the entry form is true and accurate.

SIGNED _____ DATE _____

Send entry to:  THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL
P.O. Box 57
Hollywood, CA 90028

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enforcement that's several years behind and totally irrelevant to our own domestic law enforcement in terms of politics. There's one rule in this country that seems to be solid—never allow domestic politics to be thwarted for very long by international rules. Never. We've done it all through history, and I'm sure we will do it with marijuana.

High Times: What is NORML's position on America's own narcs, the DEA?

Keith Stroup: I have a personal grudge against the DEA. The DEA recently concluded a year-and-a-half's worth of incredible harassment of Hugh Hefner. Now, I don't fight Hefner's battles; he's a big guy, and he's got teams of lawyers to fight for him. But Bobbie Orenstein, his personal secretary, was my good friend. She was really an exceptionally fine woman, 34 years old, never arrested, and not in any sense an enemy of the state. And the DEA, after a year and a half of harassment, millions of dollars wasted and my friend's suicide, announces that they can't find any evidence of hard drug use or sale in the *Playboy* empire. Well, I could have told them that to begin with.

High Times: As you said, that's very personal. How about the DEA's general operations in law enforcement?

Keith Stroup: I think the DEA is the dirtiest, most despicable government agency ever. There's no way that anyone who knows anything about the DEA could have anything but a very strong sense of hostility to them. All the CIA furor that's gone down, yet people still don't realize that 670,000 citizens were arrested in this country last year by the domestic version of the CIA. That's the DEA and their state cronies. And nobody makes a sound.

High Times: Isn't the figure closer to 450,000 marijuana arrests?

Keith Stroup: That's marijuana alone. The 670,000 figure is for total drug arrests, and as far as I'm concerned, the state has no interest in making drug arrests, period. No constitutional validity; the individual's right to privacy should cover all drugs.

High Times: Have you had any contact with the new DEA chief, Peter Bensinger?

Keith Stroup: Bensinger is a long-time friend of Senator Charles Percy. Percy has had a lot of influence in the whole DEA field because of his minority position on the government operations subcommittee. I just talked to Percy's staff man about Bensinger, and he considers Bensinger much more progressive than the previous directors. It could be that Bensinger is an honest, progressive law enforcement man, and if he is, then he should realize that the marijuana laws are a huge drag on law enforcement.

High Times: Are the nation's ongoing problems with the DEA to be laid to the DEA or the House on the Hill?

Keith Stroup: Blame the DEA. Any opposition to decriminalization from DEA is coming because of their own law enforcement interests. There are a lot of people in key positions on the Hill who would be most anxious to have the DEA director endorse decriminalization. Nevertheless, the DEA remains strongly opposed to it.

High Times: How will the upcoming presidential election affect NORML's goal?

Keith Stroup: In 1976, no politician is going to challenge the DEA's mission to cut off the supply of all illicit drugs. So, with the election coming up, we're finding out how effective NORML really is—what politicians are lending real support, what politicians are still sitting on the fence.

High Times: How does Gerald Ford fit into the marijuana picture?

Keith Stroup: Ford is really on the fence, and you can see why. He's had Reagan trying to take advantage of his family's honesty. Yet the president can't be too hostile to our position. Son Jack says he's a smoker, which obviously helps us. Wife Betty says if she were younger, she'd probably try it. The White House Domestic Task Force Report says the federal government should de-emphasize marijuana law enforcement. He's had every reason in the world to go our way, except for Ronnie Reagan.

"I think the DEA is the dirtiest, most despicable government agency ever."

High Times: Has NORML been able to use Jack Ford's confession that he has smoked dope in the White House?

Keith Stroup: I've been trying to figure out how to take that a step farther. I don't want to see 2,600 more blacks arrested in D.C. next year while Jack Ford sits stoned in the White House. And I don't mean anything personal against Jack. I'll be goddamned if we're going to sit here and let President Ford jerk us off while his fucking son smokes dope. I say, arrest his son first. I'm more than willing to do a little street theater.

High Times: Can a political candidate now win on a marijuana-reform platform?

Keith Stroup: Well, it seems to me there's no political candidate who needs to be hurt by endorsing marijuana decriminalization.

High Times: Whom is NORML going to endorse for president?

Keith Stroup: Because of our IRS classification, we're a "501C4" and not permitted to technically endorse a candidate. If we did, we would lose our tax-exempt status.

High Times: Do you feel your age is

relevant to your audience?

Keith Stroup: Well, I'm conscious of the fact that I'm no longer a kid. But millions of marijuana smokers have grown up.

High Times: Is there interest in marijuana rights among college students?

Keith Stroup: My overall appraisal of the college campus situation today is that the students seem to be internalized. I think the marijuana issue is one of the few issues that does have the potential to offer the frustrated college students of the Seventies some way to participate in policy making. And I hope a lot of them pick up on that.

High Times: When will you be running for Congress?

Keith Stroup: You sly bastard—I have no interest in running for office. I like politics, but I like the public-interest sphere of politics better because it's the only sphere where the person does not have to sell out. I've seen politics up close enough that it's not attractive to me in terms of running for office. Participating in the policy-making decision from the outside on projects like NORML is the only thing I really enjoy doing.

High Times: Before becoming marijuana's chief lobbyist, had you had any experience working with Congress?

Keith Stroup: I used to sign Senator Everett Dirksen's name to letters. My title was "staff member"; senators and congressmen always use a lot of law students to do that kind of thing. The sophisticated letters that required a real policy decision were sorted out and sent to somebody higher up on the staff. I only answered the simple letters and ran the franking machine.

High Times: Rumor has it that you're as good a poker player as Richard Nixon.

Keith Stroup: I've heard those rumors too. A group of lawyers and I get together once a week or so to get stoned and play poker. With all the dope, it's not a very competitive game.

High Times: Will success spoil Keith Stroup?

Keith Stroup: Not as long as they still define success as they do now. We sleep on mattresses on the floor of our office, and it's hard to get very spoiled when one is in that position. You know, I came from a poor family on a farm in southern Illinois, and I'm still poor.

High Times: When the battle is over and we're all able to buy quality grass at a reasonable price, will NORML stay solely concerned with marijuana?

Keith Stroup: Our immediate target for the organization for the next five years or so will probably remain marijuana, but I think you'll see us protecting the individual's right to privacy. Our interest is in public-policy change. We do not think that drug use generally should be considered a criminal matter. I think that, politically, NORML is probably most effective when we aim at marijuana and assume the principles will apply themselves. ■



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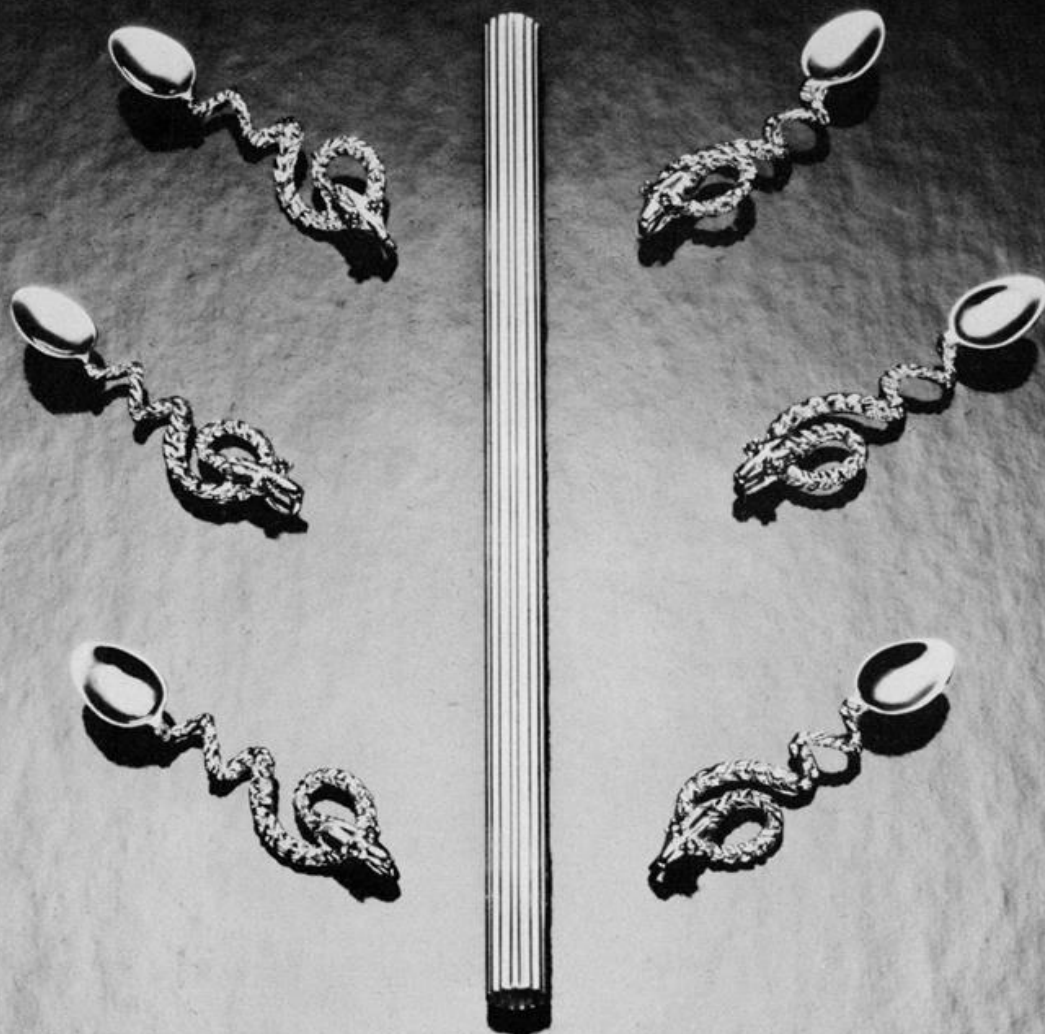
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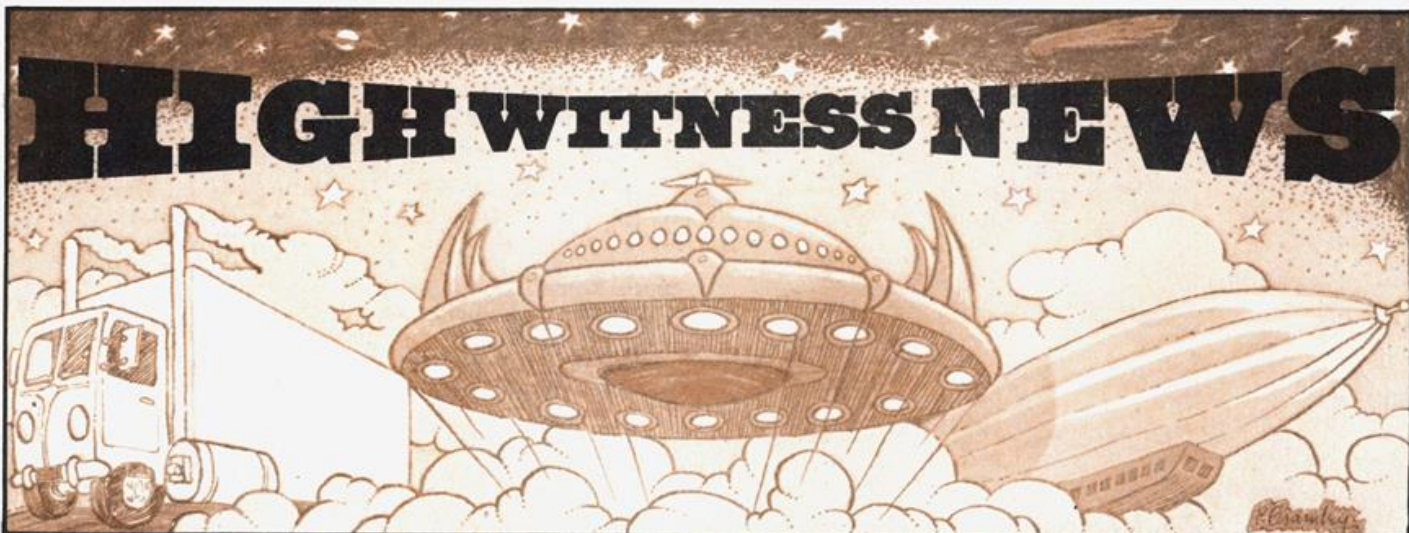
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June 1976

Number 10

Colombia Decriminalizes! Up to One Ounce O.K.

Guajira, Colombia, police chief José Ignacio Lara reported that in 1976 more farmers will be turning to cash crops than to the traditional maize, *frijoles* and *ajonjolí*.

The cash crop is marijuana, of course, and the farmers claim that they lose money by growing anything else.

Lack of government subsidies, technical assistance or credit is allegedly to blame for the increased illegal cultivations. But sources claim the few farmers who are favored with government monies from the national Institute of Agricultural Development are turning their acres over to grass.

Meanwhile in Bogotá, stating that local marijuana users are "sick" people and not delinquents, the Colombian government has announced that it will legalize the use of marijuana as well as the possession of up to 28 grams. Pablo Muñoz, Under Secretary of the Justice Ministry, said

that the government was acting upon recommendations from the National Drugs Council that possession no longer be a crime.

Hereafter, those caught with more than 28 grams will still be charged with drug trafficking. The legal limit will be for personal use on one occasion only.

Spy Curb Misses DEA

The Drug Enforcement Administration will not be affected by President Ford's recent reorganization of the American intelligence community. Nor has Congress yet instituted a permanent watchdog committee to oversee the agency's activities, despite investigations that have implicated DEA agents in cases of bribery, extortion, drug dealing and murder.

In the first major shake-up of the U.S. spy collectives since 1947, Ford has created an Intelligence Oversight Board to watch over the intelligence functions of and curb abuses by: the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency and the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research. The Board is headed by three powerful civilians who reputedly have no connections with the intelligence community: Robert Murphy, 81, career diplomat and troubleshooter for three presidents; Stephen Ailes, 63, former Secretary of the Army; and Leo Cherne, 63, of the International Rescue Committee.

The Ford plan also calls for the final decision on any questionable intelligence operation to be made



Wide World

America's Top Narc

Peter B. Bensinger, new chieftain of the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), says that although he will enforce all the laws against narcotics, his lowest priority is marijuana.

by the National Security Council, under the auspices of the President, the Vice President and the Secretaries of State and Defense.

"Intelligence management," a new term in Washington, will be conducted by a committee chaired by CIA Director George Bush.

Paper Ban Urged in Mass.

A bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts legislature that would require purchasers of rolling papers to sign a written promise with each "buy" stating they won't use the papers to smoke any unlawful material.

State Senator Arthur Tobin and Representative Thomas Brownell sponsored the bill, which also recommends banning the sale of rolling papers to minors and requiring that adults register their names and home addresses.

The proposed bill stipulates that the records be turned over regularly to police agencies.

Tobin says he got the idea from some undercover narcs who don't have enough leads as it is. The bill stands almost no chance of passing.

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High Crimes

Colombia may soon replace Mexico as the world's leading exporter of grass, according to a recently released report by the Colombian Central Office for Drugs and the Struggle Against the Narcotics Traffic. Entitled "The Menacing Green Spot," the study reveals that marijuana is now grown in half of Colombia's 24 provinces. As if to illustrate the report's accuracy, Colombian narcotics agents seized 80 tons of grass at an isolated ranch named La Sora outside the small town of Riohacha. The haul, possibly the largest in history, was personally directed by General Jose Joaquin Matallana, chief of Colombia's secret police (DAS).

The raid led to the arrest of 14 persons, including an unidentified American citizen, and netted, along with the grass, some sophisticated radio equipment. A clandestine airstrip discovered near the site of the bust fueled speculation that the ranch served as the headquarters for one of the world's largest marijuana smuggling combines.

The seizure of 13 tons of marijuana in Coral Gables, Florida, early this year led to the confiscation of ten more tons in a follow-up investigation.

Authorities arrested three Miami men in connection with the incident, which involved a Ryder truck completely packed with weed. The suspects were identified as Pedro Ramirez, 40, Evasio Hernandez, 26, both of Miami, and Norberto Acosta of Hialeah.

Police also seized a Cadillac, three sawed-off shotguns, two automatic pistols and some unspecified papers.

A twin-engine plane containing 2,200 pounds of marijuana crashed at an airstrip in Garland, Arkansas. Four hours later police arrested suspects allegedly at the site of the crash and found the plane loaded with one-pound bricks of reefer.

Witnesses said the plane struck

a tree, continued down the runway and struck another tree, breaking off both wings. Shortly thereafter, police received a report that small white packages were being unloaded from the wreck.

Further reports from informants stated that four men in three trucks met the plane at the airport, but when a crowd gathered, the men fled. The three men were not identified.

More than 50 narcs from 11 local, state and federal agencies took part in what was reportedly the largest pot bust in Mobile, Alabama's history.

Officials gathered ten tons of marijuana, the 120-foot freighter *Starfire* and two speedboats. Eighteen persons were arrested.

A DEA spokesman said the speedboats were seized four miles west of Bayou La Batre as the dope was allegedly ferried from the offshore freighter. The ship was flying a Panamanian flag.

Two Miami men, one an ex-cop, were arrested after their rented plane landed on a small airstrip near the Kissimmee River in Florida. The plane was allegedly loaded with 1,000 pounds of dope.

Joseph Salomone, 32, and James Bender, 39, were both charged with possession of marijuana with intent to sell.

Salomone, a former pilot with the Broward sheriff's department, had drawn suspicion to the caper while talking at the airport before taking off. The plane was tracked by radar and the men were arrested by narcs upon their return to the field.

A University of Nebraska student and his wife were arrested in connection with the seizure of 600 pounds of weed.

Gary J. Campiso, 23, of Omaha, and Judith Campiso were arrested in their camper at a motel parking lot in Tempe, Arizona.

DEA agents also confiscated a shotgun during the bust.

An Egyptian crew member was shot to death when he pulled a pistol from an Israeli soldier searching a sailboat off the Northern Sinai coast.

Half a ton of hash was found on the vessel. Its two owners, John G. Miles, 29, an American, and Robert M. Rohan, 28, from England, were held for questioning in the incident. The Egyptian had no documents and was not identified.

The boat had been sailing in Israeli waters when it was boarded.

Dr. Thomas A. Holeman, 39, of Oregon, pleaded guilty in U.S. District Court in Tucson, Arizona, to charges of smuggling 1,000

pounds of marijuana into that state.

Police reported having seen a small plane take off and land near Wickenburg, Arizona, and later finding Dr. Holeman driving a truck containing marijuana that police alleged was flown in aboard the aircraft.

The physician could receive up to five years. He was arrested once before in 1974.

Customs agents popped two men from Scottsdale, Arizona, and charged them with import and possession of 700 pounds of marijuana, with intent to sell.

Officials alleged that Charles L. Sivak, 20, and George A. Kelly, 28, dropped the dope at Tonopah Airstrip after flying in from Mexico. Customs personnel found a truck at the airport loaded with dope, but no driver. The pair was picked up after a flight from Tonopah to Scottsdale.

A Manchester, Connecticut, man was charged with possession of 1,000 pounds of grass, and received a suspended sentence in federal court in Hartford.

According to federal prosecutors, the dope had been flown in to a small airfield near Orlando from Colombia in 1974. Michael Coffey was allegedly recruited by two unidentified persons and asked to drive a van containing the pot from Florida to Hartford.

When Coffey was arrested, he jumped bail and remained a fugitive for over a year. Last fall he turned himself in to federal marshals.

A plane alleged to have been loaded with 715 pounds of ganja



Detective Sgt. Charles Durham of the Cordele, Georgia, police department was shocked to find five 125-pound bales of high-grade Colombian abandoned in a ditch alongside a local street—but not as surprised as when he found the converted B-26 bomber that brought the pot into the country double-parked at the Crisp County Airport.

Phil Tripp

HIGHWIT

was seized when it landed at Riverside Municipal Airport in California.

Air traffic controllers became suspicious when the pilot gave a phony call number while reporting in after a flight from Mexico.

Authorities arrested Richard H. Lambie, 48, of Riverside. He was booked for possession and smuggling of marijuana.

• In the largest bust to date in Alberta, Canada, 1,000 pounds of marijuana was seized and five persons were arrested.

Police identified the suspects as Jerry W. Dolsen, 29, Roberta R. Dolsen, 26, Mark J. Ikavalko, 25, Brenda A. Trute, 22, and Keren Persyko, 41.

Police also seized two trucks and an undisclosed amount of cash.



Narcs unload part of the ten tons seized on board the Panamanian freighter Starfire off the Alabama coast.

• Boulder, Colorado, police arrested three men reportedly in possession of 275,000 amphetamine tabs.

Charged with the sale of a dangerous drug and conspiracy were: John Engstrom 23, Ramond Coyne, 29, Jerry Hartvigsen, 36.

The bust was made after narcs claimed to have made a deal to buy two separate loads of the speed—one from Engstrom and another from Coyne and Hartvigsen.

• Mario G. Garcia and Frank Stanley were busted after a truck they rented crashed through a dock at Bodega Bay, California. Police say they found pot residue in the bed of the truck, and a further investigation led to a boat that had pulled away from the dock after the truck crashed.

The San Francisco Coast Guard chased and boarded the vessel that allegedly carried four tons of dope in her hold.

• Domingo Galvan, 29, of Corpus Christi, Texas, was busted and charged with possession of 1,000 pounds of pot in Nassau County, New York, after police found his pick-up truck allegedly loaded with grass in a motel parking lot. Galvan denied knowledge of the contents of the truck.

• Undercover agents in Long Beach, California, broke up what they termed a drug ring, and seized 1,000 pounds of grass.

Eight people were arrested and charged with conspiracy, sale and possession of pot. The bust, according to a DEA official, followed a lengthy investigation.

Among those nabbed were Edward S. Price, 40, Kenneth L. Freistat, 36, Steve R. Cook, 23, and Rhonda B. Jones, 24.

Federal and local agents in Chaska, Minnesota, confiscated an estimated 775 pounds of dope and arrested six people. Five hundred pounds were taken in a camper and another 275 pounds in the house that police raided.

Ronald Edward, 30, and Brenda S. Sherril, 30, both of Waco, Texas, and Jerry and Jeffrey Lewis of Chaska were charged in the raid. Police also confiscated \$68,000 in cash.

According to federal sources, the pot came in from Mexico.

• Five Texans were charged with possession of ganja in Austin, Texas, after police reportedly seized their 2,000-pound pot harvest.

The men and the grass were busted at a metal storage shed.

LOOK DEEP



INTO THE EYES OF FATE

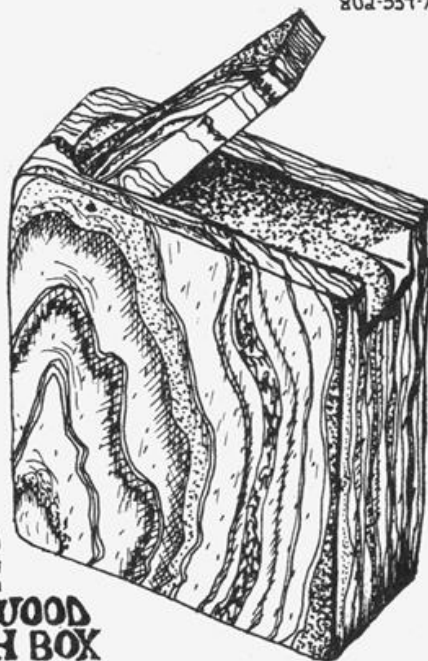
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Robot Plane to Police U.S. Borders



Remote-control planes such as this will soon be used to detect dope aircraft over the Mexican-American border.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is working on a small unmanned plane that will fly the U.S. borders and security areas to keep track of smugglers and saboteurs.

The "remotely piloted vehicles" — R.P.V.'s — would be equipped with sophisticated scanning equipment that is now used in satellites and manned aircraft, including infrared systems that enable them to "see in the dark." The Lockheed Missile and Space Company is working on the project.

If R.P.V.'s don't keep high flyers down, the U.S. Army has reportedly developed a laser weapon that is capable of slicing wings off planes from three miles away. Tests on the ultrasecret device are reportedly being made at the White Sands proving grounds in New Mexico.

The U.S. Navy is perfecting a laser weapon to be carried aboard ships, and the Air Force is attempting to mount the death ray in supersonic aircraft.

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Doctor's Reports Aid CIA?

The United States government is using civilian medical personnel, including doctors on administrative, advisory and independent technical missions, to provide information on indigenous dope situations in Third World countries.

Much of this information has been relayed by Dr. Peter G. Bourne, president of the Foundation for International Resources, Inc., who recently visited Thailand, Laos, Burma, Indonesia, Malaysia and Pakistan.

According to sources close to the National Institute on Drug Abuse, Bourne was invited to participate in the National Conference on Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, a Southeast Asian forum. The assembly participants concluded that communists are responsible for the growing dope problem in Indonesia, and that Southeast Asian countries with drug problems pose a threat to American security and are thus

subject to military

Bourne established FIR, Inc., after the Viet Cong victory in South Vietnam to provide international technical assistance in the areas of alcoholism and drug abuse. He acknowledged in correspondence with *High Times* that his company works closely with the State Department, the World Health Organization, the Colombo Plan, the Agency for International Development and the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

But at least two reports prepared by Bourne after his return from Asia were sent to Dr. Bernard Mulloy, director of the psychiatric division of the CIA. The papers present both Bourne's assessment of the drug abuse problems and treatment and rehabilitation programs in Golden Triangle countries, as well as an analysis of opium and cannabis use in Pakistan.

The reports are more than just medical assessments of so-called drug abuse problems in Asia. In Indonesia, U.S.-funded rehabilitation programs are run by a military staff that includes a four-star general, an admiral and a lieutenant colonel. Sources familiar with the Bourne reports say that they strongly recommend continued aid to the countries dealing with the endemic use of opium and/or cannabis.

HIGH WITH Reefer Reform

Pot is now as . . . you guessed it . . . "All-American as Miss America herself." With that in mind, the archconservative Oakland *Tribune* was the country's first major newspaper to endorse the complete and total legalization of marijuana. You might assume that legalization won't be long. There are still a few pockets of resistance among the leaders, but the general trend looks good:

- Minnesota has 'decriminalized' marijuana, thereby freeing another 3,800,000 potential heads from the awesome threat of criminal charges proceeding from arrest for simple possession of one and a half ounces of pot or less.

The new legislation, signed by Governor Wendell Anderson on March 4, reduces the penalty for simple possession from the status of misdemeanor to that of a petty misdemeanor punishable by a maximum fine of \$100, and enrollment in a drug treatment program at the judge's discretion. There will be no jail and no records kept for offenders.

Old penalties for simple possession misdemeanors brought jail terms of 90 days and fines of up to \$300.

- The South Dakota legislature recently voted to go ahead with a revised criminal code that reduces the charge for simple possession of less than a half ounce of marijuana to a petty misdemeanor punishable by a fine of up to \$25.

Coyote State lawmakers will have to sit through another session before the law becomes effective in April 1977, but according to Roger Merriman, head of the South Dakota Department of Drugs, "for all intents and purposes it's in effect now."

Possession of from one half to one ounce of pot is a simple misde-

meanor under the bill, punishable by a maximum \$100 fine and 30 days in county jail—not state prison, as was formerly the case. Possession of more than an ounce remains a felony.

In order to prove sale, prosecutors must prove something of actual value exchanged hands, so it will also be safe to share dope.

- The Board of Governors of the California Bar Association reluctantly agreed to support decriminalization in that sunny state. The association's proposal goes a step beyond California's new dope law, though—it would remove all penalties for cultivation or possession of marijuana.

- The West Virginia state senate killed a bill that would have increased from 15 to 30 grams the amount of marijuana in a person's possession before the crime became a felony.

There was no debate on the bill.

- State Representative Harold Katz said he favors reduced penalties for possession of marijuana in Illinois.

Katz made his remarks at the opening of a dope hearing in Chicago. "I favor a fine instead of jail. I don't favor imposing no penalty at all," he said.

Another speaker, Dr. Edward C. Senay, director of the Illinois drug abuse program, told the audience, "Marijuana use is so widespread in the state that it is being smoked by fourth-grade students." He is also in favor of reduced penalties for potheads.

- In Pennsylvania, a recent poll of district attorneys conducted by the Governor's Council on Drug Abuse and Alcohol Abuse indicated opposition to changing marijuana laws "until the legislature decides, based on public opinion, that it wants a change."

Big Wigs Debate Lids

There's a problem in Albany, New York, where legislators are trying to figure out just how many joints you can get from an ounce of grass. The dispute may hold up passage of a new dope law.

Estimates have run from 20 to 100 joints per lid, the high opinion being that of Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson.

Governor Carey, who proposed

legislation that would reduce penalties for possession of two ounces or less to a maximum \$250 fine, commented: "If Anderson says two lids will yield 200 marijuana reefers, he knows more about grass than I do."

New York ounce-owners will be well advised not to get themselves arrested with over 200 joints on their person.

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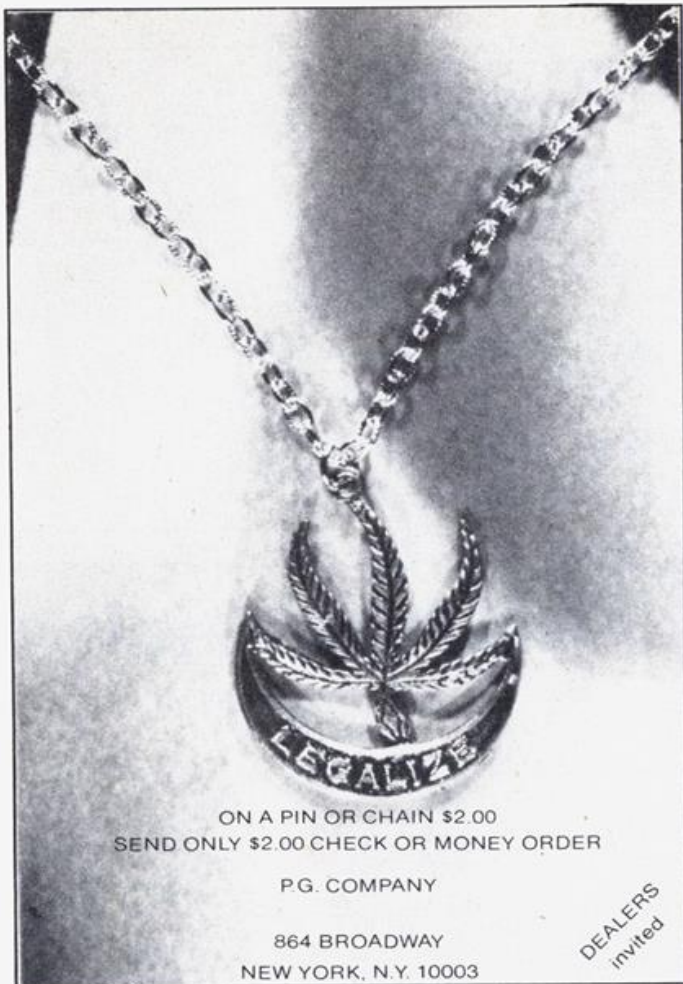
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HIGHWIT Who's High

American interests are changing—slowly, like most institutional change, but surely.

In a nationwide 1975 Harris poll of 1,394 adults, only 45 percent opposed "penalizing anyone having a small amount of marijuana with a small fine and no jail term." Seventy-one percent polled said they felt heavy drinking was a serious problem, while only 58 percent felt that way about marijuana. These statistics are almost the exact reverse of those tallied in 1969 when the same questions were asked.

Results of the sixth annual "Who's Who Among American High School Students" survey indicated that 23 percent think marijuana should be legalized, versus 42 percent last year.

Read on for more hard facts:

- A nationwide poll taken by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare reveals that more than half of all Americans between ages 18 and 25 have tried marijuana at least once.

The poll results, found in the fifth annual report to Congress by HEW, also indicate that scientists still aren't as convinced as dopers that there are no possible serious effects of long-term dope use on health and behavior.

Says the report: "In seven years what was once clearly statistically deviant behavior has become the norm for this age group."

- Dope smoking is still filtering down toward grammar school, according to a study by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA).

Dr. Ira Cisin of George Washington University in Washington, D.C., claims his study shows that 6 percent of 12- to 13-year-olds smoke or have tried marijuana, up from 4 percent in 1974.

- The English Home Office is holding back a report that shows British magistrates to be nearly as lenient in their attitudes toward dope as university students are. Home officials considered the report so controversial that it has remained unpublished until further notice.

The survey also indicates that some judges who previously perceived marijuana smoking as a dangerous offense have come to see it only as a nuisance—roughly equivalent to throwing a stone through a window.

The penalties, however, are

much more harsh for pot smoking: five years in jail, or an unlimited fine, while throwing stones can get you all of three months if the broken glass was worth \$250.

In 1969, Lady Wooten's House of Lords committee study of marijuana and drug abuse recommended more lenient penalties for smoking dope, including treating possession of small amounts as a minor offense. They also projected that one day pot would be legal, but there's nothing in the London air now that indicates when this might occur.

- A study conducted among 22,600 junior and senior public high school pupils shows that nearly 80 percent surveyed are drinkers and 30 percent smoke pot.

The study indicated that virtually everyone who had any contact with drugs also had experience with alcohol.

The report, entitled "A Survey of Substance Use Among Junior and Senior High School Students," shows that dope smokers are less inclined to mix drugs than are users of amphetamines, who often use two or more drugs at the same time.

- "Young criminals" polled in a southern California prison have indicated that alcohol is much more likely to cause violent or aggressive behavior than pot is, and that they like to smoke dope for its tranquilizing effect in stress situations.

Jared R. Tinkleberg, a member of the Department of Psychiatry of the Stanford University School of Medicine, who conducted the study, found that 59 percent of the youths reported having engaged in fistfights while under the influence of alcohol, while only 25 percent said they scuffled under the influence of reefer.

So much for the "reefer madness" aberration.

- Illinois teenagers who use marijuana are more active in school clubs and sports, date more and watch television less than non-users, according to a 1975 study by the Illinois Institute for Juvenile Research. The study team, which surveyed 600 boys and girls, ages 14 to 18, concludes that "the use of marijuana is coming close to being normal behavior for adolescents...."

- "I got up several hills, thanks to some good benzedrine." So says CIA Director William E. Colby, in

recounting his adventures behind enemy lines in WW II. The Director defends the CIA's use of drugs in operational situations.

• Increased drug use by teenagers seems to be associated with a decline in other forms of juvenile delinquency, according to a study that compared adolescents in 1967 with those in 1972. The directors of the study, Martin Gold and David Reimer of the Research Center for Group Dynamics of the University of Michigan, think that a certain proportion of adolescents tend to engage in deviant behavior, regardless of its type. Use of drugs, they claim, is a substitute for other forms of deviant behavior.

• The Federal Drug Administration has taken away Dr. Max Jacobson's registration number for prescribing and dispensing controlled drugs. The action was just a formality, as Dr. Jacobson's medical license had already been revoked by the state of New York. The doctor, who is 74 years old, came under fire for providing amphetamine injections to many people in the theater and the arts.

• The effect of decriminalization of marijuana may be greatest on older people. According to Lloyd Johnston of the University of Michigan, who directed a national survey of drug use sponsored by the White House Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention, young people already have had exposure and access to marijuana, while most older people have not.

• A national poll of 52,000 junior and senior high school students, conducted by *Scholastic Magazine*, found that 24 percent of those surveyed said they had been asked to buy or use marijuana. The percentage increased with grade, so that while only 12 percent of seventh graders said they had been asked, 63 percent of high school seniors said they had.

Dope Library Goes Up in Smoke

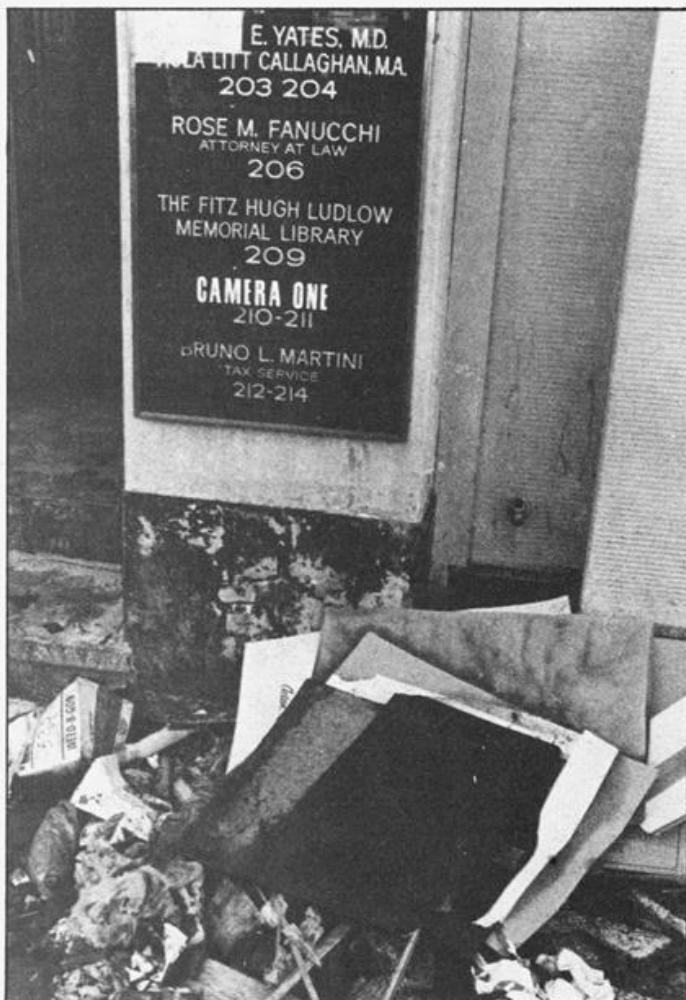
The Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library, the world's largest collection of dope literature, was destroyed in a fire in San Francisco's historic Cavalli Building. Damages were estimated at \$5,000 and arson is suspected in the blaze.

The Library contained over 10,000 books, records, pamphlets, journals, manuscripts, letters, engravings, posters and comic books.

Although most materials survived the fire, serious damage occurred to a first edition of Kerouac's *On the Road*, Allen Ginsberg's original Uncle Sam hat, a copy of Lenny Bruce's *Stamp Out the Pot Smokers* (the book Bruce himself suppressed) and Alice B. Toklas's original recipe for hash brownies.

Using 37 pieces of equipment, 170 firemen fought the five-alarm fire for over an hour. "Considering the fury of the fire," said library director Michael Horowitz, "it is miraculous that the books survived." The collection is being temporarily sheltered in the San Francisco Public Library until new facilities can be arranged.

Horowitz and his partners, Robert Barker and William Dailey, began the library seven years ago to serve "the needs of research scholars." "We've been collecting material on every aspect of psychoactive drug use for so long that it would be impossible to put together such a collection again," said Horowitz from the library's temporary headquarters.



Charred rubble litters the entrances to the once-proud Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library.

Sam Silver

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In the Senate, The Marijuana Control Act of 1975 (S.1450) has been sponsored by Senator Javits. In the House, Congressman Koch has introduced an identical measure (HR.6108).

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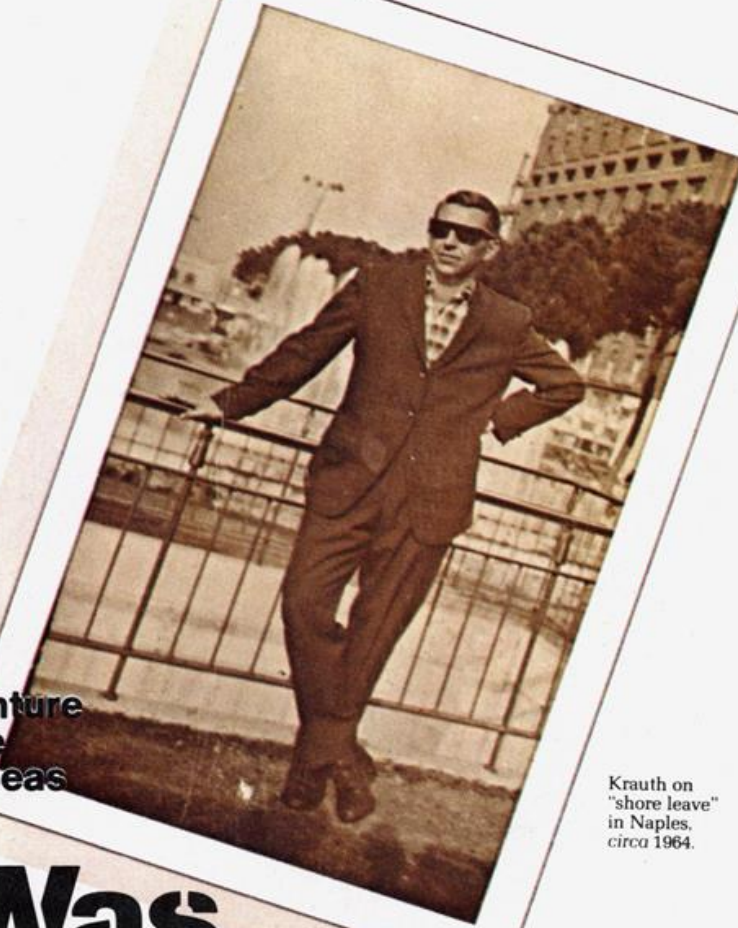
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on the
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Krauth on
"shore leave"
in Naples,
circa 1964.

I Was a Smuggler in the Merchant Marine

By Walter T. Krauth as told to Anthony Tuttle

His name is Walter T. Krauth, one of his many aliases, and he has the seasoned, squinty eyes of Charles Bronson—but you get a distinct leprechaun feeling from him, a leprechaun down on his luck. For 17 years, from 1950 to 1967, Krauth was an international smuggler of hashish, cocaine, gold and almost anything else your heart desired. Based in New York, he practiced his craft as a merchant seaman and earned "about \$75,000 a year, give or take \$75,000."

His marketplace was Morocco—"Don't ever buy hash in Morocco. Terrible stuff"—Beirut, Barcelona, Hong Kong, Havana and numerous South American ports. He remembers the Medina, the Arab section of Casablanca, with great affection. He supplied an elegant bordello there with cases of vodka, and favors were returned.

Krauth's world had nothing to do with consulates, the French riviera, swell U.N. parties, suave diplomats or massive amounts of money. It was the other side of that. It smelled of typhoons, oil in the bilge, ripoffs, the romantic stench of Tangiers, the taste of fear in his mouth when he stepped off his ship with crates of Zeus heads stuffed with hash and Customs was up there in front of him.

This is his story in his own words.

Once a year the big passenger ships, like the *Constitution* for instance, used to have what we called a "graveyard" cruise. This was perfect for the kind of smuggling I did. It was a ship full of old ladies living it up and spending their old man's money because he'd already croaked. Now this kind of ship, it was perfect. It would hit Egypt, Beirut, Israel, the Greek islands, Italy, Cannes, Spain and then come home.

But at the beginning, we'd go from New York to Florida first and in Florida you can go ashore and just walk into any hardware store and buy pistols. My man in Beirut, Jacques was his name, he was absolutely crazy for pistols. I would bring him pistols and he would load me up with hash. But it wasn't just Jacques who loved pistols. It seemed every Arab I ran into had a craving for one, so that's the way I'd start out. By loading up with pistols. I used to get these .38 Supers which are on a .45 frame, made by Colt, but they'd be faster and more powerful than the .45s. It took a .38 police positive-type bullet. I remember that once I brought Jacques a beautiful little snub-nosed .38 of my own. It was on an alloy frame, what they call a Colt Agent. But Jacques, he just didn't dig that. What he wanted was a big, bad-ass American pistol. "I like American gun," he used to smile at me. I could have gotten him a Star in Spain or Italy, but no, he wanted it to be American. And he'd say, "Bring me plenty of spherics," which apparently meant bullets. "Many spherics," he'd say. So, okay, I'd pull into the port city of Miami, take a cab into town and give the store a phony name and a phony address. I could get one gun and extra clips and, say, two boxes of ammunition for \$108. And for that he'd give me about \$300 worth of hash. Over there, it went for about \$60 a pound and when I got it back here, depending on the market, it would go for between \$600 to \$1,000 a pound. Now that's when I first met Jacques, before we really got into it. When I really got into it, I was into the kilo level, not one or two but how do you like 45? That's when he had it delivered to my cabin aboard ship.

It took quite a number of years, however, to get to Jacques's level. Before that, I used to have to buy from what we called pilots. They'd come to the side of the ship or sneak on and you'd buy these half-pies. They looked like apple turnovers. Or maybe I'd trade with them. Before we got there, I might have scored a lot of press-button stilettos. The Arabs and Egyptians loved those stilettos and I'd have maybe a gross of them, 144 press-button stilettos. And I'd trade them for hash. Or maybe I would buy a case of Scotch through the ship's chandler before we left and suddenly you're going through the Suez and up into, say, Bombay, India. Now Bombay was a dry city and man, was it hot! So to get out of the



I've looked under me from a top bunk and seen knives in the chest of the guy below.

heat while we were in port, the captain would hire two coolies to work in our places at two bucks a day, and we didn't have to come back to the ship till it sailed. Meanwhile, you'd stash your case of Scotch under the fold-down canopy of a little sulky carriage and haul it over, and you'd be set in that whorehouse for as long as you wanted. But this was at the very beginning, before I got into smuggling very heavily. The point was to try to go around the world and smuggle from port to port and never have to bring anything into the States.

Now before I went big time with Jacques, I still had to get the hash from his house back to the ship. And what a difference between big time and small time. Small time, he'd meet me at the ship in his Mercedes and we'd go up to his villa way back in the mountains and it was more of a social thing. I'd lay the pistols on him and he'd take a bar of hash, heat it to bubble the resin, and press it against my chest to show me how good it was. The more resin, the more it stuck, the better the hash. So I'd strap the stuff all around me, say goodbye to Jacques and go back to the ship. But I'd have to go through Customs first. Most countries, they don't bother you when you're leaving the country. But in Beirut in those days, they checked you out. So I'm walking down the dock and these two Customs men start walking toward me. I reached in my pocket and pulled out my passport and said nothing about the fact that I was a seaman. I had a suit on and looked very indignant that they were even stopping me, didn't even let them get close enough for them to pat me down. So they figured I was one of the passengers on the ship. Passports weren't usually issued to a seaman because of a fear of his jumping ship. But I always made sure I had mine, and would you like to know when I saw those two Beirut Customs men next?

It was when I was doing those 45-kilo

deals with Jacques. I remember saying to him "I'm a little bit worried about getting that much on board" but Jacques said not to worry, he'd have it delivered. To the ship? Yes, he said. Well, the Customs men delivered it right to my cabin, all 90 pounds. Polite as could be.

The way it worked was like this. I show up at this beautiful villa of his and he had this great big wardrobe with a secret panel in the bottom and he'd open it up and this drawer would slide open to about the size of a bed. Chock full o' hash! And he had great big scales and he would weigh out these kilos and bars.

Now I used to pay him in thousand-dollar bills. Before I left New York, I'd go to the Seamen's Bank for Savings and ask them if they had any; if they didn't, I'd go over to the Federal Reserve Bank. If they asked me what I wanted with thousand-dollar bills, I'd say, "I don't know. I just like to have them around." But what I was doing was covering myself. It is not a bright idea to bring \$5,000 aboard ship in small bills. I've looked under me from a top bunk and seen knives in the chest of the guy below me. So I brought in the money I needed in just five bills, which were very easy to hide.

Blam! Blam! Forty-fives sticking out of the window and poor Ali Wafa didn't know what hit him.

E SLIP

ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΚΑΤΑΣΤΑΣΗ
ΚΕΝΤΡΙΚΟΝ ΑΝΤΙΠΡΟΣΩΠΟΝ ΠΕΛΑΓΟΣ
ΑΙΜΕΡΙΝΗ ΚΑΤΑΣΤΑΣΙΑ Τ.Ε.Ε.Ε.

**ΑΔΕΙΑ ΕΞΟΔΟΥ ΕΙΣ
SEAMAN'S DOG**

1) Κεμιστρος Επώνυμο
BEARER'S NAME

2) Όνομα
CRISTIAN NAME

3) Ηλικία 28
AGE

4) Είδος Α.Β.
RATING

5) Έθνικότητα U.S.A.
NATIONALITY

Ημερομηνία
DATE

THE OWNER OF THIS CARD IS OBLIGED TO SHOW HIS MONEY TO THE COAST'S GUARD CONTROL AND CHANGE THEM AT THE BANK OF GREECE.

To be Fill

Name
(Repeat list
5-ETS
14 CAR
1 PA E
1 SHD

*The
Notice
Govt



of a bar of Maja soap. All the seamen used to bring back Maja soap, their old ladies would go wild about it, so I'd buy a little under a gross in Spain. Only about 25¢ a bar. If I'd bought a gross or more, I'd have had to get an importer's license, which wouldn't have been cool. Now I'd make an absolutely perfect mold of this bar of soap. The hash I got from Jacques usually came in these 12-ounce bars, so I'd cut them down to four-ounce blocks and go down into the laundry room late at night and make like I'm doing my laundry. We had a little steampipe down there that you could open up to boil water with. I'd put the water into a bucket, take a four-ounce bar of hash and put it into a baggie, and submerge it into the water until it was soft as putty. Then I'd put it into my plastic steel mold, clamp it together and it would come out a perfect impression of the bar of soap.

The next thing I'd do is paint each bar of soap with an acrylic paint I'd mixed up before I left New York. I'd lather each bar with a thin coating of the soap itself; lather it on with a shaving brush so that it had the exact smell and feel of the soap. Then I'd put it back in the wrapper, which I'd opened earlier, very carefully. No way you could tell it wasn't Maja.

A really funny thing happened once. My friend Nick, who used to be in on the deals, put up some of the money sometimes. He had a whole mess of these bars of soap lying around where he lived and one day he came home and his mother said, "Nicky, Nicky, what's wrong with this soap? I try to take a shower and, Nicky, it was no good. No lather. Nicky, no lather!"

"What did you do with it, Ma?"

"I threw it out, what do you think I did with it?" she said. Four bars, \$1,600, down the drain!

I had a pretty good organization going by this time. Good money. That \$4,500 I'd bring to Jacques would earn us around

\$45,000 by the time we got it back to the States.

Another way we'd bring it in would be these great big basket-covered bottles of wine. Olive oil would come that way, too, in Italy, and that was better because you can only bring in one gallon of wine but five gallon-jugs of oil was okay. So I'd go ashore, say, in Genoa and I'd pick up a hooker and ask her if I could use her apartment. Without even balling her, I'd pay her. I'd take this jug of oil and open it. It would have a red sealing wax top. So I'd have bought red sealing wax that exactly matched the top of the bottle. I'd empty out the oil and submerge the hash into the bottle in these long turdlike coils wrapped in Saran Wrap. They'd be sitting down there in the bottom of the bottle. Then I'd heat up some paraffin and pour that in to seal off the hash. Then I'd pour the oil back in and cook up the sealing wax and close up the bottle again. And to make it look exactly right, I'd press an Italian coin into the top of the seal and put that little wire band through there again and it would look like a regular seal. What the fuck, those Customs guys couldn't read Italian or whatever, so they didn't know. They didn't even question that.

But I had to be very careful. Suppose I was on one of these long runs. Customs men would know if I'd been to Beirut, and suppose I wanted to drop off a case of "soap" for one of my friends to take back to the States. Well, it would look pretty damn funny, wouldn't it, my taking a case of Maja soap off the ship onto Spanish soil? So I'd leave that case in a hotel in another country and a guy who was on a much cooler ship, one that wasn't making the long run, would drop by, pick it up and bring it back with him.

Before I began to melt the hash down and use jugs of oil and bars of soap, I was into camel saddles. I used to buy camel saddles in Egypt and there would be a leather cushion on top. You'd unlace it and it would be full of cotton inside. So I'd stash the bars inside there. I'd bring in maybe six saddles, three loaded with hash, three without. They used to sell them right there on the dock in Alexandria. We came into New York once and the Customs man looked at me and said, "You've got to open those saddles," I said, "What?" I had already sealed them up with paper and laced them up and put this little Arab stamp back on it that I'd faked. "Open it up?" I said. "What do you mean?" But he wasn't listening. He rips the paper off and sees it's all sealed up and right away rips open the laces from the bottom. I thought, Oh shit, I've had it now! I'm standing there, it's lunch hour and I'm the only person in the shed. Me and this Customs guy. And I see his hand going into the goddamn camel seat and I can see the bar of hash over his fingers. I

(continued on page 48)

Doctor Rat

One rodent's lonely stand against lab rat lib

By William Kotzwinkle

"Fellow rats, please, if you have any legitimate complaints write them in a paper and submit them in triplicate to the Newsletter."

"We want our rights!"

"Fellow rats, you are protected by Public Law 89-544 of the Eighty-ninth Congress of the United States, and I quote, to wit: 'The Secretary shall establish and promulgate standards to govern the humane handling, care, treatment, and transportation of animals by dealers and research facilities.' You see? You're protected by the great law of these wonderful United States."

"They dug out my eyes with a spoon today."

"The better to see a scientific fact, my friend. It was essential."

"They made some kind of horrible crust grow all over my face. It burns!"

"My stomach!"

"My spine!"

"My dear fellow rats, you've simply misunderstood Section 13 of the above-mentioned act, and I quote: 'The foregoing shall not be construed as authorizing the Secretary to prescribe standards for the handling, care, or treatment of animals during actual research or experimentation by a research facility as determined by such research facility.' You see now, don't you? Once you're here in the lab, the law allows our Learned Professors to do whatever they feel like with you. It's a law with teeth in it, I'm happy to say."

"Shove that law up your ass, Doc. We want humane legislation. No animal experimentation!"

"Humane, humane, always harping on humane. My fellow

rats, do you know what the American Medical Association calls those who harp on this word humane? *Humaniacs*! Yes, that's what you are—half-assed humaniacs!"

Ignoring me, the rebels start spinning their exercise wheels again. The wheels blur, hum, and once again here come the intuitive signals out of the whirling depths. I've got to jam these rebel broadcasts.

Perhaps if I slip over here to the laboratory television set I'll get a nice innocuous program to distract the attention of these revolutionary rats. Maybe an exercise program from poolside in sunny California.

Clicking it on with my tail, waiting for it to warm up. Yes, a few deep knee bends is what we want, and some jumping jacks to slim the waistline, all done to nice quiet music. Here comes the sound...

"... special bulletin. A large pack of wild dogs struck at the stockyard approximately an hour ago, swarming over the unloading platforms and precipitating a mass stampede of cattle destined for the slaughtering pens. All motorists are requested to remain away from the area. Any spectator activity is said to be extremely dangerous. I repeat: A large pack of..."

Lord love a duck (family Anatidae)! I've got to switch this program fast...

"Hold it right there, Doc!"

"I'm sorry, fellows, but—"

"Grab the Doctor! Kick his ass!"

I see it would be wiser to retire from the TV set. These rebels have started freeing each other from their cages and I'm rapidly being outnumbered. Very well, I withdraw, but only tem-

Peter Cross





porarily, my friends. Doctor Rat is not to be trifled with.

"Take every man from Sector 8 and block off those streets..."

The TV picture is an extraordinary one—police cars converging on stampeding cattle and howling dogs. The camera swings dizzily for a moment, and a steer charges toward us as the footage abruptly ends.

"This is Barry Nathan. We switch you now to the..."

"Send for the dogcatcher!"

"Sit down, Doc, and shut up."

"Yeah, down in front... pass the rat chow, please."

I've got to do something about that TV set. The news is too incendiary, and the rebel rats are running around excitedly opening all the cages. My move must be daring and swift.

The double-panned weighing scale is just below me, in the shadows, with a lead weight upon it. We ordinarily use this scale to weigh newborn rats or those on special deficiency diets, but Doctor Rat is going to put it to more dramatic use tonight!

The angle of trajectory seems right. I leap!

Down through the air I drop, a counterespionage commando landing secretly behind enemy lines, on the scale, driving one pan down and the other up, launching the lead weight into the air toward the TV screen.

I flatten out as the weight strikes, shattering the screen! Glass flying everywhere! Perhaps now these rebels know whom they're dealing with—the dynamic Doctor Rat!

But how bright the exercise wheels have gotten again. And the dog is turning his treadmill at a terrific rate of speed, running for all he's worth. Light is emanating from the turning treadwheels and from the exercise wheels. The atmosphere is

incredibly electric. I haven't felt anything so powerful since I had my last sublethal dose of insulin (see my paper, "Average Lethal Dose for Rats," *Phar. Mag.*, 1971). I'd like to get about fifty of these rebel rats together and give them a Maximum Lethal Dose of strychnine in their pressed biscuit. That'd shut them up in a hurry!

But how bright the exercise wheels are, glowing now with frightening intensity. The rats are racing, making an opening in the intuitive band, and our laboratory is filled with expanding points of light, light merging with light, wheel merging with wheel. The entire room is shining with whirling light and I can see a face emerging from the vortex!

Oh Jesus, woe is me, caught in a mad symphony, wheel is turning, I've got to flee, leaving the rebel company... out the door now, one—two—three!

Free. Paws on the old terra firma. Run, Doc, run away from here before you get sucked in again!

Running along, running away from my insane song, down this alley, quick through here, nobody coming the way is clear...

Orange orange orange orange. No rhymes. Cannot be rhymed. In under this cage rack. Pull myself together before I have another attack. Possibilities for sound similarities endless. Infinite combinations. Waste my scientific career. It's happened before, I refer you to the literature. Scientists who include in the middle of their tomes insane little ditties. Common malady. Pure scientific objectivity compensated for by childish subjec-



CROSS

tivity. Mannlicher, the cat specialist, drove cats insane, only to become insane himself, carried away reciting an endless ditty about autonomic response. In perfect hexameter.

The profession is fraught with danger.

But what could be more dangerous than outright anarchy among the basic models! The whole lab is reverberating with the sound of rebel music. They're hooked in with every laboratory in the country, stirring mass discontent.

Carefully I peek my nose out from under the rack. Well, there's vulgar display.

The rebels have seized the bacteria-destroying lamp and are spotlighting the center of the operating table. A showy bunch. Campaigning. Trying to send their own signal out over the Intuitive Broadcasting Network. Sympathy pictures. Different rats posing with their paws and tails cut off, and their eyeballs gone. There's one without any ears. I know the experiment. It was essential for national security.

The ultraviolet bulb highlights the various deformities and transmits them to millions of viewers across the intuitive world. Laboratories everywhere are receiving the message:

"What was the nature of the experiment performed on you by these so-called doctors?"

"They sewed my mother's adrenal gland to my ovary."

"Were you told why this was done to you?"

"No explanation was given."

Why, that's untrue! I described the experiment clearly in my Newsletter, if you'd taken the time to investigate. There was no cover-up attempted. You'll find the volume on the library bookshelf. Go and see for yourself. I had to eat a few pages here and there, but there's very little missing, I assure you.

"Nature of the experiment performed on you?"

"Excuse me, this witness is my son. He can't speak for himself. They destroyed his mind in the maze."

"Were you told why this was done?"

"The Newsletter said it was for a better insight into the social relationships of human beings."

That is correct. My Newsletter makes this clear. We have gained tremendous insights, especially through the use of the Adams Leaping Platform. Professor Adams has watched countless rats leap from the platform to a small tower. The results have significance for years to come. We stand in perilous times, my friends. Such experiments as these will bear fruit throughout the land and around the world.

I'd better not waste time making speeches to myself. The situation is desperate. The mutilated rats are counting on public sympathy to be aroused. But I will not allow the name of science to be smirched with rat shit!

Hmmmm, what's that group of rats doing over there near the Learned Professor's file-card cabinet? Rats lined up, going in one at a time. Familiar smell in the air as I creep closer...

The rebels are using the file cabinet for their official toilet! Oh, the bastards! The precious drawers have been opened and pissed into, causing the ink to run. Whole passages have been eradicated. You have no decency, fellow rats. You have no boundaries. You've gone too far this time, and somehow the brave toilet-trained Doctor Rat will stop you.

They've activated the automatic cameras and pointed them at the Learned Professor's file cabinet, so the whole filthy deed is being recorded in glorious Technicolor. But they're not good cameramen and the pictures will undoubtedly be all fucked up. Rebel commercials have so little class. They don't compare with the government-sponsored ads in *Psychology Magazine*, 8 x 10 glossies, beautifully done: Rat looking into camera with that cute sort of innocent look we rats sometimes get. Showing things the way they really are here at the laboratory, where happy rats live in a healthy

Only the brave true Doctor Rat knows the score. Doc Rat tells it like it is. Animals like to be mutilated.

home, free of bacteria.

"There he is! After him!"

Sorry, fellow rats, you won't take me yet!

Onto the anesthesia table, and in among the bottles. I crouch behind the glass, pulling my tail in quietly. Do I read the label correctly?

"He's in around here somewhere..."

"You take that side and I'll take this."

"... a fortune in pressed biscuit being offered for Doctor Rat's capture..."

As I suspected. But I twist my tail around the rubber stopper on the ether bottle and slowly I turn it, and quickly I spill it, right before their noses!

Racing away, I leave the rebel patrol sinking in its tracks. But there are many more of those pricks (cf. *Dissection of the Male Urinogenital System*, Ward Camp B, Experiment #35). This revolution must be gripped tightly by the scrotal sac and squeezed, my friends, until it screams. (Turn the blade laterally and sever the ligaments holding the penis.)

Oh, fuck a filefish (*Monacanthus*)! The rebels are toasting their pressed biscuit in the microwave oven. What blasphemy. And a soap-box orator on top of the oven.

introducing a number of burned and blistered rats.

"...cruelly subjected to..."

Who the hell does he think he is, coming on that way? He hasn't even got a stomach! We removed it last week!

"...terribly burned...roasted alive..."

Why, you gutless bum, that experiment was absolutely necessary. With it we proved once again what scientists have been proving since the first heat-stroke studies were made by Claude Bernard in 1875. Overheated bodies *should be cooled*. Thousands of roasted cats, dogs, rats, rabbits, and baby chicks are the proof of this. Once again we have brought forth this eternal truth, in the interest of scientific continuity and vital statistical international cooperation. How the rebels have twisted a noble experiment to their own ends!

"...this sort of atrocity must be ended..."

"...all animal experimentation is immoral... we mustn't torment and torture one animal to save another... every creature is equal!"

"Right on!"

"Only man, the great hypocrite, thinks he is above the rest of us. We say he's not! He's no different! He's born, he lives, he dies, like all the rest of us. He's only one branch on the great tree!"

Crap! Pure unadulterated one-hundred-percent first-grade fox-biscuit rat crap!

"...whatever diseases are wrought upon him are a burden he must carry alone. Man must fight them alone, defeating them if he can, but not at the expense of other animals!"

"Right on!"

"Every time he hurts one of us, every time he subjects us to some kind of misery, he lays a curse upon his endeavor. Never will he win the great fruits of healing if he hurts the little ones in the process. The Lords of Healing, hidden away in the recesses of the cosmos, will never grant him their deep favor, never!"

Rat crap on a tongue stick, fellow rats. Metaphysical poppycock. And if there's any sort of metaphysical advantage to be gained, if there are any graces delivered to science from heaven, we've got the late Claude Bernard in our corner. He'll put the fix in for us.

"Claude Bernard is continuing his heatstroke study—in Hell!"

I'd better get out of here. That soap-box orator picked up my thought waves. A moment more and I might be identified.

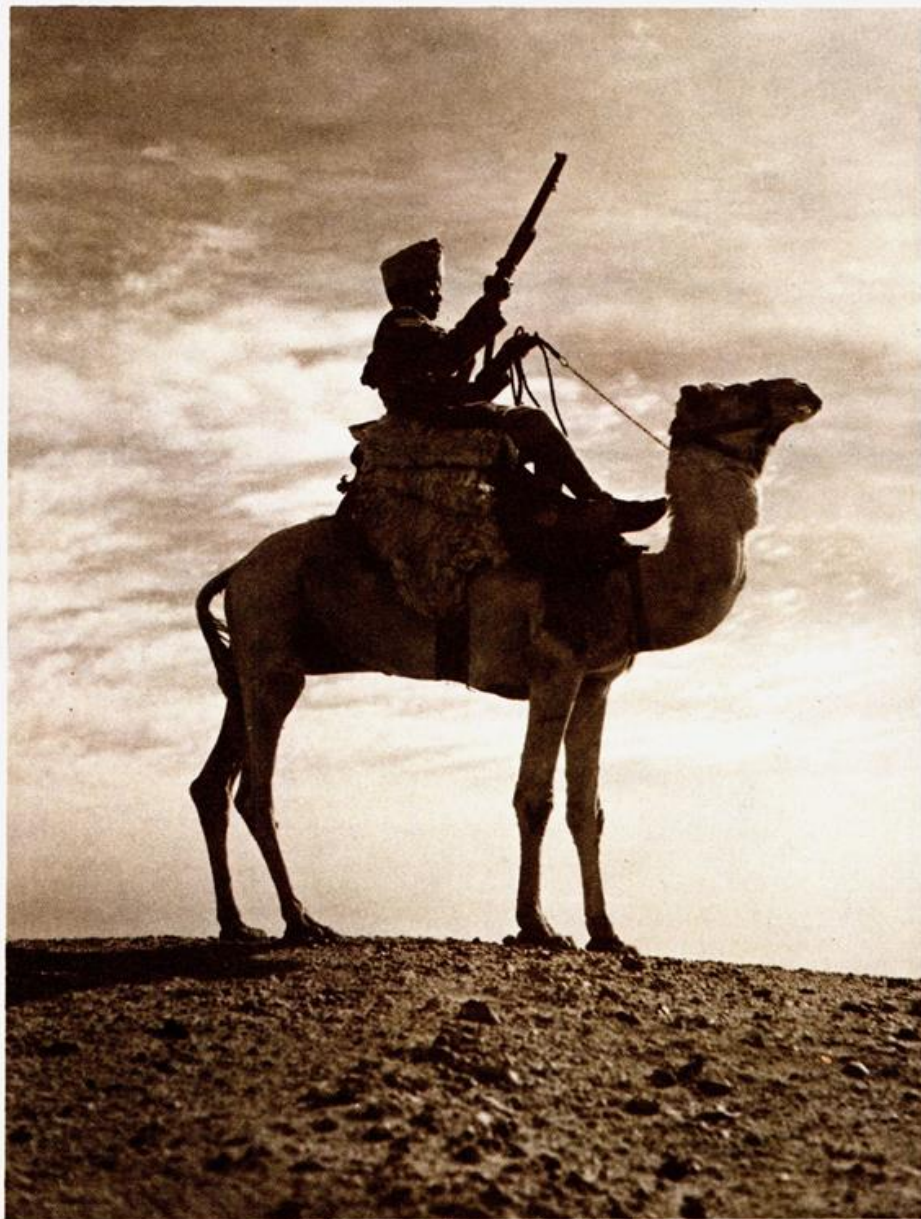
"...for every action a reaction. The scientist who torments an animal will himself be tormented somewhere, sometime, somehow..."

Put up your umbrella, my friends, and try to avoid the shit-mist that's falling all around the lab. Only the brave true Doctor Rat knows the score. Doc Rat tells it like it is. Animals like to be mutilated.

(continued on page 75)

Sons of the Desert

"True Muslims neither fear nor do they grieve." — Muhammad Ali



All photos by Black Star

Vigilant sentries in the garden of Allah,
the Sons of the Desert are monarchs of mirage and dune.



Borne across the sea of sands on their four-footed ships of the desert
ride the Cohort of the Damned, content to toil and die and, dying, to forget.



Through the shadeless valleys of the dunes slink the messengers of menace —
kif-hardened couriers of sunbaked hasheesh.



THE MYSTERIOUS FOOTPRINT

The feet of the smugglers leave a telling trail in the forbidden dunes!




Hands are raised, but not in prayer. Allah is great!



Bandit artillery avails nought against modern police techniques.



Sergeant Mustapha with "Exhibit A." "Allah has sent us a piece of His greatness," remarks the guardian of oasis and dune, "but the Law of the Desert decrees no rest for its sons." *Insh'allah.* 

Smuggler

(continued from page 39)

can see the bar of hash. And he's poking around in there. And, man, I'm scared shitless. I'm sure his hand is going to touch those bars and I'm looking around and thinking, what shall I do? Shall I punch this motherfucker as soon as his hand touches it and run down the dock? But if I do, I won't get to the end of the fucking pier. I'll be twice my weight in lead.

I don't know why. I really don't, but somehow he didn't touch them. He says, "Okay, you can lace it back up," but I said, "No, no, never mind." I just took it and threw it under my arm and walked rather quickly away. And then I come to the next gate. And the next Customs man says, "I'm going to have to look in there." And doesn't he pick up the camel seat and put his hands in there, too! Very coolly, my heart coming out the top of my head. I say, "The reason that's open, they just took all the cotton out inside. You're going to make me take the cotton out all over again?" See, there were two different Customs you had to go through. The guy said, "Oh, okay. They checked it inside?" And I said yes and was waved through and didn't have a heart attack, after all.

Another time, I came off the ship with a whole load of gargoyles. Very nice pieces, very old-looking. Reproductions I had made. Plaster. Jammed with hash. And a friend of mine had agreed to meet me with my station wagon at the pier. This was in the very early Fifties. And I'm coming off the ship with a gray flannel suit and a tie—the whole number. And my friend shows up with his girl friend, and he's absolutely gassed. And both of them have dungarees on and long hair and they're laughing and grinning and I'm looking straight ahead. My friend will simply not stop talking and being Mr. Nice Guy. Now one of the first things I was ever told by a Customs man is this: When a person overtalks, chatters too much, when he talks a lot, he's suspicious. Why is he getting so fucking friendly with you?

So, sure enough, me standing there with cases of gargoyles, my friend jabbering away, the Customs man looks at me and says, "What's in all these crates? Open up one of the crates and show me." And I had to open up a crate and bring out one gargoyle. And he says, "What is this? Wood?" "No," I say, "plaster." "Plaster?" he says. "It sure as hell looks like wood." And it sure as hell did, too, because what I did was to take a hacksaw blade and draw it down the back of each piece after I'd poured the plaster. It came out looking exactly like wood grain. And then you'd put on a thin coat of shellac and then

stain it. It came out looking exactly like wood. So the guy's looking it over and I'm worried to death he's going to drop it. But, finally, he puts it back in the box and I'm home free. But this fucking friend of mine, he damn near blew my whole trip with his blabbering away, with his trying to be pleasant. There must be a motto somewhere there, I guess. But what saved me, you see, was the quality of the goods I brought in. I would bring in truly nice things. I'd furnished my loft in Chinatown with a beautiful, huge Spanish table and 12 Spanish leatherback chairs and great big chandeliers I used to buy in Egypt. So when I'd get to Customs, well dressed, quiet and conservative, the Customs men would take one look at all the tables, statues, chandeliers and everything else, and say why bother? They didn't. It was a terrific cover.

Things got so busy with Jacques that I didn't have to bring the hash in myself. I had four other guys do it for me. One on the *Exeter*, one on the *Excalibur*, one on the *Constitution* and one on the *Independence*. I would send them over with half of a torn Egyptian pound note that Jacques had written something on. So if a guy brought that, Jacques would trust

**I'd lay the pistols on
Jacques and he'd take a
bar of hash, heat it to
bubble the resin, and
press it against my chest
to show me how good it
was.**

him; he'd give him whatever I told him to get. I would either send the money back to him later or have the next person that went to him carry it over and pay him. I always kept my credit rating with Jacques very, very good and lots of times he would frighten me with how much he would give me. It always seemed more than I asked. The *Exeter* and *Excalibur* used to make that long run all the way to Beirut, and at that time there were occasions when two ships would meet. In Naples, maybe, or Genoa. If that was the case, I'd have a guy from the hotter of two ships, namely the one the Customs guys might have their eyes on, I'd have that guy just walk across the dock and hand the goods to the guy on the cooler ship, without leaving the pier, without having to pass through local Customs. Then the second guy would bring the stuff into the States and declare it as souvenirs.

Another way of getting the hash off the ship was a real cutie. Quite often, I'd stash the hash between the outside skin of the ship and the ribs. There was this metal panel and I simply unscrewed it, stashed the stuff and screwed the panel back up. Then, when the ship later on

was put into dry dock after a long cruise, I'd go back aboard and bring the stuff out—like this: When I was a storekeeper, I was in charge of the paints. I'd tell a mate, "Look, this is the wrong color paint. These five five-gallon drums here." And I'd say, "I want it sent back. It's off one shade." I had the requisitions and everything (I used to make out the forms myself) so he'd have four seamen carry the cans up to the gangway to be picked up by a representative of Du Pont paint, supposedly. Then I would have a man go rent a Hertz truck and have him put on white coveralls. I'd give him the bill from the ship, the paperwork. He'd come sailing through the gate and say, "I've come to pick up some paint. I've got five five-gallon drums to exchange." And I would have made up this fancy label to put on the truck: DU PONT PAINT. He'd come up to the gangway and get those paint cans, which were actually five five-gallon cans of hashish. And since it was the shipyard and not the usual pier, he'd drop off 25 real gallons I'd told him to pick up from the ship's chandler right there on South Street, and come sailing out with the hash! No sweat, no Customs, just hash to rip the top of your head completely off!

Let us talk for a while about cocaine. I first ran into a good coke connection down in Barbados. We'd come off the ship and a guy from the local drug store used to drive right up to the ship in his Caddie. I guess he didn't want all these seamen trudging in and out of his store. So he sits there on the pier in his Caddie and what he's got are quarter-ounce bottles of Merck coke for \$25. That's right—\$25 for a quarter. Yes, I knew the inside of that Cadillac rather well. At first, I didn't know if I liked coke, it was just too terrific a drug; but that hesitation didn't last very long. And so I began to use it myself and I began to deal it, too.

I would sign on for the South American runs and hit Colombia and Peru. Now the timing couldn't have been better because it was 1967 and Lebanon was closed to all American ships because of the Six-Day War. I'd score four or five ounces of the purest coke you've ever seen, and so began to learn about the drug.

There were occasions, because I was a novice, that the drug almost disappeared on me. Because of climatic conditions. You really had to be very careful down in those countries because of the humidity and the weather changes aboard the ship. So what I began to do was store the coke in thermos bottles down in the hold where they kept the bananas. And I learned that coke is really terribly sensitive to light. Once, when I was scoring here, I went to an apartment and there was a huge amount of coke there. I mean, kilos. That kind of weight. And they were

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a Mexican fable

Manuel was a poor but hard-working farmer who lived in the high mountains of the Sierra Madre del Sur, some hundred miles west of Oaxaca. Although the few acres of land he owned just barely yielded enough corn to support him and his wife and their five children, Manuel managed, and because Manuel managed he gained a reputation for being a practical man.

One day a fellow named Juan visited Manuel and said to him:

"Manuel, I hear you are a practical man. If you would let the marijuana plants grow in between your rows of corn, I would pay you for the marijuana crop at harvest time."

To Manuel this seemed like a crazy idea, for marijuana was just a weed and a nuisance at that. But the pesos this man Juan had promised were very attractive indeed and Manuel was, after all, a practical man.

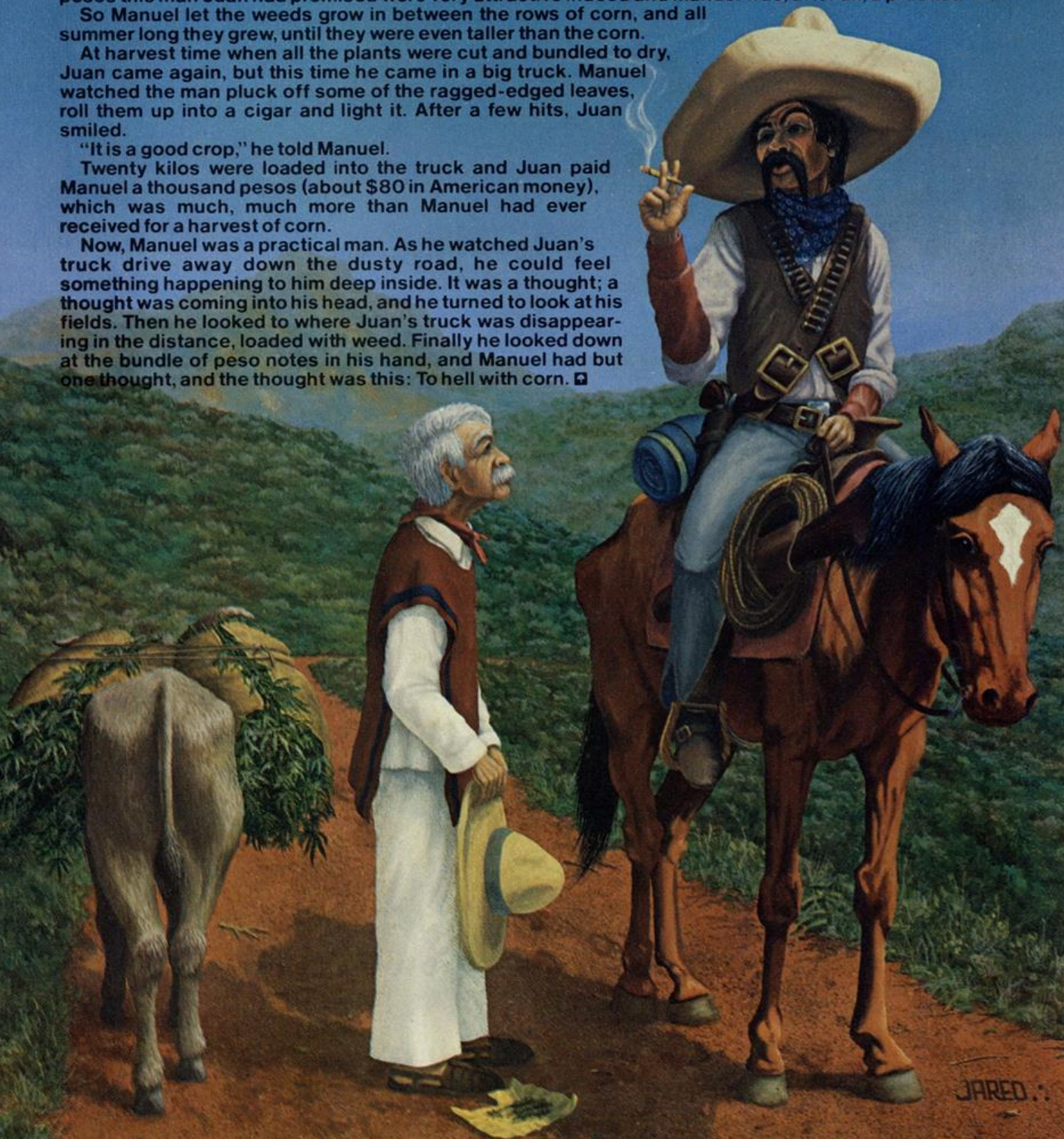
So Manuel let the weeds grow in between the rows of corn, and all summer long they grew, until they were even taller than the corn.

At harvest time when all the plants were cut and bundled to dry, Juan came again, but this time he came in a big truck. Manuel watched the man pluck off some of the ragged-edged leaves, roll them up into a cigar and light it. After a few hits, Juan smiled.

"It is a good crop," he told Manuel.

Twenty kilos were loaded into the truck and Juan paid Manuel a thousand pesos (about \$80 in American money), which was much, much more than Manuel had ever received for a harvest of corn.

Now, Manuel was a practical man. As he watched Juan's truck drive away down the dusty road, he could feel something happening to him deep inside. It was a thought; a thought was coming into his head, and he turned to look at his fields. Then he looked to where Juan's truck was disappearing in the distance, loaded with weed. Finally he looked down at the bundle of peso notes in his hand, and Manuel had but one thought, and the thought was this: To hell with corn. ■









The return of old Chief
Laughing Gas

Discovers Nitrous Oxide

By Johnny Bob

The first thing I want to do before I become involved in the relation of my story is thank all the *High Times* readers who wrote in and asked for another of my stories. The publisher was very pleased, although I was a little scared, as some people wrote with green crayon on red paper and talked about weird things. The publisher gave me some money to write another story, and I have spent it on a color TV here in New York. One of my friends said that was just like an Indian to do such a thing. All I can say is I kind of wish I was back on the reservation just for a visit so I could get some of my relatives to come over and smash it. Hate to do it myself. Cost me a hundred bucks, and for that kind of money I can get more entertainment in my head. END OF THANK YOU. BEGINNING OF STORY.

"Johnny Bob Discovers Nitrous Oxide." I don't like that title. After all, I didn't discover nitrous oxide. It was the Englishmen who owned half the world, leased a third of the rest and had enough money to support farmers' sons who liked messing around with glass bottles and explosive mineral powders on their 52 weeks a year of free time.

I don't begrudge them their free time, but I would like to point out that a hell of a lot of scientific discoveries were supported and paid for by Johnny Bob's ancestors, who were busy swapping beaver skins, real estate and shiny yellow shit they found in rivers for wax candles, colored glass and some other shiny yellow shit that later turned out to be brass buttons.

I guess we all play a part in everything.
Take this nitrous oxide. It comes in a big



blue tank that looks like some kind of torpedo and outweighs this Indian by about ten pounds. Nevertheless I can lift it, but it makes my spine crackle and I see sparks behind my eyes, which to a mystic might say something about God but to my doctor (who charges only five dollars per visit because he has been drunk and, I'm sad to say, addicted to morphine for 14 years), it says crushed vertebrae. Same thing happened to my cousin Jack Bob when he lifted the engine out of a fish boat when he was drunk in the Queen Charlotte Islands in British Columbia. Jack Bob got a backache that kept him in bed for two years until his wife kicked him out of the shack and cured him. I guess we all play a part in everything. It got me in trouble with a woman once, that kind of talk. So did the nitrous oxide, but all I can say is that it's a hell of a lot better to be in trouble with a woman than without one, and let's let it go at that.

As you readers know who read my first story, I am a Nootka Indian. (We were discovered by Franz Boas.) I was born on the Queen Charlotte Islands in British Columbia, which is pretty goddamn isolated. I was 13 when I saw my first white woman and I almost shit. I didn't know there were any. All the white men I had seen before were married to Indians. I left the islands when I was 16 and since then I've just been rolling around trying to spend at least two hours a day in bars and as little time as possible in the bucket.

Since I've come to New York, which my friends who were born here tell me is the greatest city in the world, I've seen a lot of things, some of them, thank God, imaginary. I found out that down here people call negroes "jigaboos," which is what the lower grade of white man used to call us Indians up in Canada. These negroes are a new one on me. Never saw one till I got to Vancouver some years ago and then, I mean what I say, I saw *one*. Jesus said all men were brothers, not just negroes and Indians, and if you believe that particular story, you're going to wind up pretty confused because a lot of your relatives will be out to screw you up.

Since I've been in New York I've been hanging out in an Irish bar. All we look at is each other's drinking habits and they think I'm Irish. Which brings me back to the nitrous oxide stuff. It was given to me by this reformed criminal who's set himself up some kind of a weird ball-business operation in N.Y. which seems to be working out pretty well for him judging from the number of 16-year-old chicks he's got around his office pretending to be secretaries. He gave it to me on the advice of a certain editor at *High Times* who's probably going to sweat out a few demons when he reads this as he's been chased around the rosebush by so many narcs, landlords and litigants that he likes to pretend that he doesn't exist except as an unlisted phone number. Anyway the

idea was to give Johnny Bob a tank of nitrous oxide, and not only would he go so crazy trying to describe the effects of the drug that he could be paid off in brass buttons, but he would turn in 20 pages of words arranged in some kind of order that made sense. As for me, Johnny Bob, I said why not. I've come a long way since I smoked my first joint with Big Wave Dave in a freight train outside Kamloops, B.C. I'd done almost every drug you could name, most of which you couldn't while you were using them, and I wasn't afraid of "heavies" since I saw a bunch of mindblown Berkeley acidheads kill a cat and drink its blood 50 miles from the place I call Nowhere-on-LSD. The Berkeley battery acidheads tried to get me to drink a cup of cat nectar. They said it would break down the final barriers, free a lot of powers and make me one of them; which is to say, not a hell of a lot. The only power I noticed it gave those fuckers was the power to scare the shit out of a lot of people I enjoyed drinking with and the power to incite normally relaxed cops into a weird madness. There was a lot of talk about it giving you the power to disappear and do other tricks, but the only place I ever saw one of those dirt bags disappear to was the brain ranch.

N₂O is not the basic building block of the universe . . . too bad.

My Aunt Bessie Bob who was mystically inclined (she often spent the winter at the priest's house eating canned food and watching his TV) has told me stories about the old Indian religions. Our religion. It's the best. If your kid asks you who made the world, what are you going to say, "I don't know," and watch him piss on the spot, or are you going to say "The great Raven made the world," and laugh about it? You think about it, I've got a story to write.

So, indirectly and I won't repeat this in any court, *High Times* arranged for a cylinder of nitrous oxide to appear in my N.Y. apartment. Personally I think they would have done better to present me with a typing chair, but far be it for me to interfere with publishers' minds as long as I can mess with their wallets.

Day 1

Thoughts on the subject: This gas comes pressurized in a cylinder. So did the propane that fired the stove at the logging camp where Johnny Bob pulled rigging and raped the environment. I wonder if the nitrous oxide has been cut with propane. A phone call to a party who should know says no, this is not

possible and please not to bother working people with silly questions.

My confidence restored, I return to the tank and fill up my third balloon with nitrous oxide. I fill it too full and it explodes in my face. I think about the Indians who fell at Wounded Knee. They were roused by a medicine man by the name of Wokova, these Sioux were. Wokova told himself in a feverish state that all dead Indians would arise when he gave the signal. Unfortunately, he told a lot of other people as well, many of them desperate enough to believe him. They took to ghost dancing, which they believed would give them ghost shirts that would turn a bullet. The seventh cavalry demonstrated that this was not the case at the massacre at Wounded Knee. People get killed in wars and kind words turneth away bullets. Sure it was our land, but if you want to start worrying about who owns what you might as well start worrying about the Jews who haven't lost what may not be theirs but who will as soon as Arabs have more to pay off with. My friend Screaming Jimmy Diesel the country and western star (maybe you've heard of him) doesn't think the Israelis will get the boot. "No 'Rabs going to be able to pull that off. If they put the squeeze on the Jews you're going to see more pills that turn water into gasoline and atomic camel howitzers than there are mites in a Bedouin's caftan."

But back to the nitrous oxide. This wasn't the first time I'd run into the gas. . . .

I'd been living at the Commune of the Seven Raids in Vancouver B.C. Canada for about two weeks when I got my first job. Working in a gas station. It was the most disgusting job I'd ever done and that includes cleaning enough salmon to make a machine puke.

Some people say you have to start at the bottom and work your way up. I've always felt more comfortable starting in the middle and just drifting around. Once I drifted up to president of the Matthew Graphics Detective Agency and Pornograph Motion Picture Studio. That's another story.

The job interview was a pretty big deal, especially since I was applying for the privilege of checking other men's tire pressure in the pouring rain. The first thing Mr. Merkin the owner asked me was whether I knew Chief Dan George. I guess he wanted to know if I was a high-class Indian. Who cares? I told him the chief shot moose from helicopters. I don't know if it's true or not, but my Aunt Bessie used to say so when she was sober. I told him I did know a few other chiefs but frankly most of them weren't much good for anything—unless you were looking for a quick way to convert a lot of cheap wine into piss.

He allowed as how he didn't care much either way, and went on to say that if I

worked hard I'd probably be a fine gas station attendant one day.

"Some of our boys have gone on to be managers. Some—I'm sad to say—have been arrested for stealing from the till. Remember, you'll do a lot better with us than against us."

As a general rule I've found that to be true. Take the case of Great Bear, for example. My mother, Susy Bob, used to tell me about the time Great Bear got drunk, beat up some other Indians and went out into his field and began shooting his cows. No Indian would lift a hand to stop him. Great Bear was stupid and crazy mean.

A horse cop came along and decided he was going to arrest Great Bear. The fact that Great Bear was shooting his own cows did not salt much salmon with the Mountie who was determined to take him in for drunk. (Back then Indians weren't allowed to drink by law. They were supposed to turn their drinking money over to missionaries so the missionaries could convert more Indians.) Well, Great Bear didn't like jails, sober people or cops and he wasn't too happy about anything else. He blew the Mountie's heart out his back and dumped him in the Skeena River. A couple of weeks later the soldiers showed up and hung Great Bear and a few other Indians. Better off with them than against them, you might say.

One of the guys who worked at the gas station, "Gorno" Sarkisan, was a big drug dealer. At least he said he was. The only evidence I ever saw was a tank of nitrous oxide that he ordered when the mechanic was out. We had a pretty good time with the tank, but when the bill came in Gorno went out. It seems as how Mr. Merkin and the other gas station biggies weren't into running that kind of a gas station.

When the tank was delivered I helped Gorno wheel it into the lunchroom, then he went across the street to pick up a package of super-stretch party balloons. It wasn't long before we were as close to the Godhead as you can get without decomposing. I had this really weird kind of a dream.

An old Indian chief appeared before me squatted on the floor.

"Who are you?" I said.

"I Chief Burning Nose. Wahoo Indians. We very old tribe. We extinct now."

I took another blast of nitrous and the skin on my forehead started tightening up like a congressman before a grand jury.

"I Chief Burning Nose was the big dealer of the Wahoo tribe. On the day I was born a squaw OD'd. The same day two braves saw an unspeakable vision of enchanted buffaloes that left them as vegetables. I was born without a septum, and the midwife who delivered me had a nosebleed which lasted half a moon."

The sweat was popping out on my forehead. I looked over at Gorno but his

head was tilted back like bent street sign and the gas was hissing softly from the balloon in his limp fingers.

I looked at the chief, who showed no signs of disappearing.

"Chief, your words sound brown to me." The chief became very offended.

"Chief your words fall on my ears with all the truth of the screaming pneumatic lug wrench at work in the shop next door." In fact, the chief's words seemed to blend into the high-pitched rattle of the lug wrench and his figure grew wavy and took on the form of Gorno's coat hanging on the back of a chair.

I was fucking glad he was gone. I inhaled deeply on my balloon trying to think of other things. Screaming Jimmy Diesel, the cowboy singer who lived at the Commune of the Seven Raids, was going to court that day on charges stemming from an ad he placed in the paper.

"Screaming Jimmy Diesel's Poodle Euthanasia Center and Dynamite Club of BC, Canada. Now forming new club. For details phone 687-4233."

The response was better than even Diesel expected. Unfortunately, among the people who responded were two RCMP agents and three members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Wow this stuff is really ... it's kind of like ...

At the first meeting in the Gastown Inn one of the SPCA people became enraged at Screaming Jimmy's remarks about the intelligence of poodles, and assaulted the country and western star. The cops joined in and Diesel kicked one in the face. Big Wave Dave and his deaf girlfriend watched helplessly as Diesel was dragged off by the cops.

Charged with assault, Diesel responded by engaging the services of Sid "the boy wonder" Felderman, a friend of Big Wave Dave's and supposed to be a fucking good lawyer, if there is such a thing. Anyway, it seems that the only good thing the boy wonder could dig up about Screaming Jimmy was the fact that he had once coached a soccer team.

The cops who had been booted in the head by Diesel were sitting in the front row of the courtroom. The boy wonder was up before the judge waving his arms around. Big Wave Dave was in the back of the courtroom watching.

"Your honor," said the boy wonder, "you are looking at a young man who once coached a soccer team..."

"Yeah," said Big Wave Dave, "that's why he can kick so good."

The judge ordered Dave out of the courtroom and Diesel was held over for another two weeks.

So I was thinking about this crap when Chief Burning Nose decided to reappear.

"I Chief Burning Nose. My job to watch over all stoned Indians." Shit. Judging from the number of Indians I knew that had fallen asleep on the railroad tracks the chief wasn't doing much of a job.

"I watch you Johnny Bob. I saw you get blow job from white squaw. You think you pretty cool Indian until you go back for seconds. Hah-hah."

This was getting fucking embarrassing. I had met this girl a few weeks ago at the health food co-op. I don't go for that rich hippie horseshit but I was looking at this movie list they have in there. She walks up to me and starts laying down a loony line about Indians and natural foods. She offered me a ride home and I took it. She invited herself into the house and about three minutes later she was giving my root a tongue bath.

That night I was invited to dinner at her parents' house. I'll never do that again sober. As soon as we sat down at the table she started trying to tell her old man that he was "hung up" and "uncool" and that Indians were really free and where it was at. She kept getting more and more excited, practically screaming at her father. I didn't help much. My hands were shaking and her little brother pointed it out.

"Oh," said the mother, "I'm sure Johnny's a little nervous. It's probably some time since he sat down to a nice family dinner."

"My hands haven't shook like this for years. I must have a touch of the Snakes."

"Oh, the Snakes. What are the Snakes?"

"That's what you get sometimes when you drink too much. The Snakes. The fears. You know."

She didn't want to say anything but finally curiosity got the better of her. "Do you ever actually see snakes?"

"Fucking right," I said; "had 'em real bad once. Came right down my sleeve when I was watching TV." She stared in horrified fascination.

"Well what did you do! Did you jump up and scream?"

"Nothing you can do. They're not really there, you know."

Louise's voice cut through the stillness. "Well Daddy, Johnny is the only man whose sperm I'll drink! Sperm drinking is a very sacred thing!"

Oh fucking no. Her old man began changing color. It was horrible to watch. He clutched at the tablecloth and it slid a few inches to the right. I was watching his hands, the knife next to them and the door. Finally he said, "Leave the room everybody." I started up but he said, "Not you Johnny."

It wasn't pleasant. He told me it wasn't really my fault and that he wasn't angry with me or anything but that even so she was still pretty young and that he tried to be a good father and that if he ever saw

Take two balloons and I'll pull your teeth out.

my fucking brown ass again he'd tear it off and use it for a doormat. I told him to shove it and left.

I sat in the bar for the next several hours thinking things over. When closing time rolled around I picked up a six-pack and headed back over to her house.

I was feeling pretty good. I figured I'd go back, sneak in, and leave no orifice unplowed. No god damn bespectacled piss-drinking accountant is going to keep Johnny Bob away from a girl.

The front door was open. I slipped in and headed down the hall toward where I thought her bedroom was. I wound up in her little brother's room. He fuckin' well woke up.

"What are you doing here, Johnny?"

"Shhhh. Go back to sleep quiet."

Jesus! I slipped out of the room and stood in the hall listening. All was quiet. Then I noticed that I had shit my fucking shorts. Beery slime was starting to run down my leg. I cracked every knuckle on my right hand and darted back out the front door. Cursing softly I ripped my pants off on the driveway and threw my shortful down with a splat that could be heard for blocks. A dog started barking. I jumped back into my pants, hastily wiping my ass with a handful of grass, and ran down the block.

The next time I saw Louise she told me her little brother had a dream that same night that I was in his room and that it probably had something to do with the power of my Indian spirit.

"You know what else is weird?" she said. "Daddy found a pair of dirty underwear and a six-pack of beer on the driveway the next day. He had to move them to get his car out to go to work in the morning."

Day 2

Back to the present. I have written nothing about nitrous oxide. One note pinned to tank after a blinding flash of enlightenment says: Zen in a can. I go to *High Times* office. Some dispute there about a practitioner of black magic sharing an office with a practitioner of white magic. Seems like a good idea to me. My friend and editor asks how the story is coming.

"I really got it down man. It all takes place in this gas station where I worked once. I have to do some tricky stuff with the time-space relationship but nothing too difficult for a dope sucker to follow. Plus there's this great story about how I got my first white pussy. Sort of lurid mysticism. Maybe a car accident. I've been in some good ones..."

We go to lunch. I tell him I think N_2O is like zen in a can. "Far out, man, why dontcha write it down." I ask him what he

thinks of N_2O . "It's like a businessman's high, man. It's over quick. Like, uh, it's a drug."

I go home and take nitrous oxide for four hours. I think about old girlfriend. What kind of a girl would walk out on a helpless vegetable? Unfortunately, I decide, a smart one. I turn on the television. Keep filling balloons. Johnny Carson is making jokes about Ed McMahon's drinking habits and the band smoking dope. "That's sad," thinks Johnny Bob.

I keep taking laughing gas and watching Carson. He is a very wealthy man. If I ever meet him I will ask him for a loan. I'll call it rent for the Indian land. He'll laugh and give it to me. Just before I fall asleep, the TV starts talking back to me and my responses become a part of the entertainment. Sometimes my responses are incorrect and they seem to laugh at me. Sometimes theirs are and I laugh at them. Hollywood viewed. Guilt and atonement, I mumble, and turn off the gas and the TV, and go to bed. All bullshit.

Day 3

I wake up. The homos who live upstairs are having a terrible argument. They scream, swear and throw things. "Aw you don't mean any of it really!" I shout out the window. "Fuck you!" says one. The argument is over. As I cook my egg I congratulate myself for saving an unnatural marriage. I wonder if there are any Indian fags. Well as Billy Two Jobs used to say back in the Charlottes, "I'm not saying I haven't fucked goats, but I'd never live with one." Who gives a shit? If a man can't run his own pecker there's not much hope he'll ever be able to do anything more complex. It's all part of the same thing. I decide for the one hundredth time. I've got a piece to write on laughing gas. I decide to talk to my friend. He gave me a job sweeping up when I first came to the city. I owe him a favor. Is it a favor? Or is it all part of the same thing again? Huh?

Friend: Wow this stuff is really ... it's kind of like ...

Thought: Missing breakfast? Sunstroke?

Johnny Bob: This chick I know said she thought it was a real death trip, the closest thing you get to being dead. She's convinced death is just like being high on gas.

Friend: I don't know. It's kind of like the first time I was high on ... it goes! Doug Doug Doug.

Johnny Bob: Maybe it's kind of like a mirror? You see yourself and your pro-

jections but like only for a minute. The fucking TV was talking to me the other day, did I tell you that?

Friend: Dentists use this stuff? I don't see how they could pull your teeth out without your feeling it.

Johnny Bob: Take two balloons and I'll pull your teeth out. It knocks you out. Like ether. Doesn't make you sick, though.

Friend: What's the chemical composition?

Johnny Bob: N_2O . It's not the basic building block of the universe. Too bad. That would make a good story.

Thought: Maybe N_2O is the atmosphere reversed. That would be almost as good. It isn't though.

Day 4

Can't stand the tank in my house any more. Mere presence is enough to depress a Dixie congressman with ten gins in his gut, a floozie on his lap and three years' term to run. I decide to take it up to the office where I am employed as an Indian.

"What the hell is that stuff?" ask my coworkers. "Laughing gas. I couldn't stand it around my house." We take it, laugh and take pictures of ourselves. The boss comes in. "What is in that big can?" "Laughing gas." "I want it out of here. Come on, I just told Peter to get rid of the dartboard yesterday. Nobody's doing any work."

Day 5

"What?" says my employer, a leader of the Jewish community. "Is that thing still here? If you don't get it out of here today I'll throw it out myself."


"No you won't," replies angry Indian, pausing for effect. "You'll get a negro to do it for you. It weighs 200 pounds. A blue visitor from another universe." I feel like a shit. Boss tries to lift the can. "Well, I don't care. Just get it out of here." I borrow five dollars from him for cab fare to haul the pig-iron prick full of pressurized brain damage out of there. Still haven't paid him back. Must make a note of that.

I hauled the ashcan full of inhalable dog karma down to my favorite bar, the Tears and Stitches. "What is that?" said my bartender and creditor, Peter. "It's that nitrous oxide I was telling you about. You said it was OK to bring it down here."

"Did I? I don't remember..."

I rolled the dental assistant out back. I filled a few balloons. I encouraged patrons to try the gas. A few did and none liked it enough to try it again ... Peter the barkeeper liked it even less than the people who actually tried it.

(continued on page 66)



The Fight for Legal Cocaine

It may be won
within our lifetime

By Richard Ashley

"The reason for the sentence of the Court is simply the word cocaine. That is the one—that is the explanation. Hard narcotics in my opinion demand hard sentences. . . . Anyone who facilitates the transaction in the hard narcotics—and I consider that cocaine a hard narcotic—has to be made a lesson of, to cut down on the traffic. . . . It is a question of the young people in this community who, but for jail sentences of this type, will be introduced to these narcotics, may become addicted to these narcotics, and in my view it is essential to take these harsh steps to endeavor to bring the community out of this scourge."—Judge Garrity, U.S. District Court, Massachusetts, explaining the basis for the sentences he handed out on October 1, 1973, to two young men convicted of conspiring to sell and selling less than an ounce of cocaine.

There are few places outside the halls of Congress where purer mythology can be heard than in a courtroom where a drug case is being tried. Fortunately, judges are seldom as long-winded as legislators, and in one relatively short paragraph Judge Garrity

set down the major myths underlying the government's approach to controlling drugs.

While the myth that harsh penalties act as a deterrent to others contemplating the same act is far older than our drug laws, its antiquity doesn't make it any truer. All the available evidence indicates that it isn't harsh sentences that deter crime, but the certainty of arrest and conviction. And certainty is precisely what is lacking in situations where the offense is between consenting parties, as it always is in drug transactions.

Then there is the myth that the use of certain drugs can be reduced, perhaps even eliminated, by making their possession and sale criminal offenses. In fact, despite the expenditure of vast sums of money, a continuing escalation of penalties and a frightening increase of police powers, illicit drug use has risen steadily ever since passage of the Harrison Narcotics Act in 1914.

Finally, Judge Garrity dipped into the deep reservoir of mythology concerning the effects of psychoactive drugs. In law enforcement circles, this misinformation passes for knowledge and—given how dangerous and terrible these drugs are thought to be—provides true believers with all the justification they require for the sentences they propose and hand out.

"Simply the word cocaine," said Judge Garrity, confident his magical invocation would elicit the fear and loathing warranted by the occasion. Nor was his confidence misplaced. To most Americans and to virtually all those in any way connected with law enforcement, cocaine is unimaginably evil—a drug that, in the words of Maurice Seevers, an eminent pharmacologist and frequent government witness, "represents a potential serious hazard to the public health, the public safety, and the public welfare which is equal to and probably exceeds any other drug of abuse." And, Seevers continued, "for penalty and control purposes it is reasonable and rational to classify it with heroin and other narcotic drugs."

Researchers seeking evidence to substantiate these conclusions have about as much chance of finding it as the generals had of showing us the light at the end of the Vietnam tunnel. Cocaine was once considered an addictive narcotic drug capable of inducing tolerance in the user, physical dependence and serious withdrawal symptoms. But modern researchers, including those funded by the government, all agree cocaine is a stimulant, not a narcotic; and that neither tolerance, physical dependence, nor significant withdrawal symptoms occur.

The only remaining justification for considering it a serious public hazard is the notion still put forth by Seevers and his kind that cocaine use leads to aggressive criminal behavior and severe psychological dependence. In fact, however,

all the information we have on the relationship between cocaine and crime shows that there isn't one. As for the severe psychological dependence most pharmacologists insist characterizes cocaine use, all the *empirical evidence*—as distinguished from *pharmacological speculations*—indicates the typical steady user is no more dependent on cocaine than the typical milk freak is on milk. Cocaine is their drug of choice and they get it whenever they can, finances permitting. They don't exhibit a compulsion to procure it at any cost—which they would if it induced severe psychological dependence. They don't, in other words, act like junkies.

While no one currently studying cocaine's effects on humans is likely to disagree with any of this, the drug bureaucracy prefers the view expressed in 1908 by the *New York Times*: "The dull white crystals contain the most insidious effects of any known drug." In the Comprehensive Drug Abuse and Control Act of 1970, which replaced all existing federal drug laws and upon which most state laws are now modeled, cocaine is treated as an especially dangerous drug. Despite its listing under Schedule II with methedrine and other nonnarcotics, for

The judges who could see the merit of the cocaine challengers' position copped out.

penalty purposes it is classified a narcotic. The practical result is that selling meth can get you five years in a federal penitentiary and selling coke, a far less potent stimulant, can get you 15 years. Under New York law, the discrepancy is even more blatant. The maximum first-offense penalty for selling speed is seven years; for selling coke, mandatory life—the same as for murder, and considerably more than for rape.

The misclassification of cocaine that permits—indeed, insists upon—such inequities has been challenged since 1973 in a number of jurisdictions among them: Illinois (*U.S. v. Castro*), Massachusetts (*U.S. v. Foss & Coveney*), New Jersey (*U.S. v. Brookins*), and New York (*People of the State of New York v. Abbie Hoffman*, et al.). Encouraged by successes in the fight to decriminalize marijuana, defense lawyers primarily sought to show that classifying cocaine as a narcotic is irrational, and that defendants sentenced under this provision are deprived of their liberty without due process of law as guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment, and without equal protection under the law as guaranteed by the

Fourteenth Amendment. Their strategy appeared impeccable. The due process guarantee is our fundamental protection against unreasonable, arbitrary or capricious laws. A law that classifies cocaine as a narcotic can hardly be called reasonable, particularly when offenses involving narcotic drugs are much more harshly penalized than those involving nonnarcotics.

The equal protection clause is just as relevant to the situation. In essence, it says that persons in like circumstances should be treated alike. A law that provides harsher penalties for cocaine offenders than for amphetamine offenders is clearly not treating persons similarly situated the same. Cocaine and the amphetamines are stimulants with close family resemblances, and both are very different from the narcotics.

Of course, as many people have discovered in recent years, basic constitutional guarantees are no stronger than the courts that interpret them. Still, the lawyers challenging the cocaine classification seemed to be on exceptionally solid ground. The Supreme Court, in the 1969 *Leary* case, ruled that when Congress—and, by extension, a state—legislates in reliance on supposed facts that are subsequently shown to be incorrect, the law that depends on these "facts" is unconstitutional. The history of drug law legislation in America makes it clear that when Congress first placed cocaine alongside the narcotics for penalty purposes in 1914, and then classified it a narcotic in 1922, it relied on "facts" commonly believed at the time but subsequently shown to be false. Nothing was done in the intervening years to correct the misclassification; there were no hearings held, nor was any scientific evidence presented to justify continuing the error in the current laws. It was simply assumed from past misinformation that cocaine was either a narcotic or a drug whose effects presented social dangers at least as grave as heroin's.

To anyone unfamiliar with the ways of the judiciary, it might seem the challengers were home free. Congress had obviously relied on "facts" that were as far from being correct as any are likely to be. Indeed, in all the cases the government lawyers, in answering the challengers' briefs, readily conceded cocaine was not a narcotic and was, in fact, very similar to the amphetamines. Nevertheless, they argued, Congress acted rationally in classifying cocaine as a narcotic for penalty purposes because it might reasonably conclude that (1) cocaine is destructive of the physical and mental health of the user; (2) users develop a powerful psychological dependence on the drug and (3) users engage in violent, antisocial conduct. In short, ran the government argument, Congress had

grounds to believe cocaine was as harmful to society as heroin. Thus, its decision to treat cocaine offenses as harshly as heroin offenses was neither unreasonable nor arbitrary.

Or as Humpty Dumpty said to Alice, "When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean." Displaying an equal arrogance, the government simply trotted out those "facts" the challengers were contending. The question then became, who was to be believed? The challengers' experts who claimed that all current social and medical research showed these "facts" were myths, or the government experts who simply restated the very mythology that Congress and state legislatures had long relied upon?

The judge in *New York v. Abbie Hoffman et al.* was spared the necessity of making a decision when Hoffman went underground and the other defendants decided to negotiate guilty pleas. Judge Garrity in *U.S. v. Foss & Coveney* chose to believe the mythology presented by the government. And judges, like Lacey in *U.S. v. Brookins*, who could see the merit of the challengers' position, did what the judiciary usually does when faced with a controversial question—they copped out. There isn't space enough to describe the fancy footwork they used to evade their responsibility, and it isn't really necessary. There are always more than enough legal precedents for judges who want to play it safe, and their clerks had no trouble finding the appropriate ones.

So in every case, the judges were able to cite prior decisions that allowed them to decide the challenges on the basis that the classification of cocaine as a narcotic for penalty purposes would be upheld if any facts justified it. Any facts. And naturally, as the judges well knew, there were facts to justify it—all those "facts" sworn to by the government experts. Or as Judge Lacey said in upholding the constitutionality of the cocaine classification in *U.S. v. Brookins* and *U.S. v. Gueche*, "A review of all the affidavits submitted by the parties leads me to conclude that there is an honest scientific difference of opinion concerning the effects of cocaine" and "a holding that a legislative enactment is invalid cannot rest upon a judicial determination of a debatable medical issue." Motions denied.

There are still cases involving these issues that have not yet been decided, but no one, including the lawyers trying them, expects a favorable result. The challengers will present their experts, the government theirs, and the judges will say it is a debatable scientific question beyond their authority to decide. They will proceed in this fashion not because they lack the authority to make decisions based on an assessment of the relevant scientific, medical and social data—judges have made such decisions in a number of cases where statutes that

classified marijuana a narcotic were declared unconstitutional—but because cocaine, unlike marijuana, is considered an especially dangerous drug by the vast majority of the public. And judges, like the politicians who appoint them, are rarely willing to venture beyond generally accepted opinion. They are as likely to assess cocaine objectively as Gerald Ford is to appoint Timothy Leary director of the National Institute of Drug Abuse.

Anyone who knows much about cocaine can't help seeing its characterization by government experts and the average lay person as a paranoid fantasy worthy of *Dr. Strangelove*. Indeed, cocaine's evil reputation is no more rooted in fact than General Jack Ripper's belief that fluoridation destroys our precious bodily fluids. But there is a common logic at work. For just as General Jack's horror of fluoridation grew chiefly from his conviction that it was a communist conspiracy, the general American understanding of cocaine has been largely conditioned by the belief that it is the drug most favored by blacks and criminals.

Agitation to outlaw cocaine in this country began around the turn of the

In all the cases, the government's lawyers readily conceded that cocaine was not a narcotic.

century when leading medical journals and newspapers carried articles associating cocaine use with blacks. Stories emanating from the South told of the superhuman strength, cunning and efficiency displayed by black cocaine users. Among other things, they were, like Captain Marvel and the Human Torch, impervious to bullets: "Bullets fired into vital parts, that would drop a sane man in his tracks, fail to check the 'fiend'—fail to stop his rush or weaken his attack." At least that was the experience of Police Chief Lyerly of Asheville, North Carolina. According to the *New York Times* of February 8, 1914, the chief fired his heavy army model revolver ("large enough to kill any game in America") directly into the heart of a black coke fiend and "did not even stagger the man."

Bad conscience or plain fear generated these tall tales. In the first instance, legal segregation, voting laws designed to deprive blacks of any share in the political process, and lynchings to impress them with the realities of life in the South were all at their peak during the last decade of

the nineteenth century. In the second, it was generally believed that cocaine would act as a spur to violence against whites. Few whites worried about whether their guns would be effective against the occasional uppity black, but more than a few may have lost sleep worrying over the possibility of some black cokehead's thinking of bigger things. Like organizing a full-scale rebellion. For as one perceptive scholar observed, one of the more notable effects of cocaine is how "a sudden access of optimism causes enterprises that loomed impossible to take on an aspect of feasibility."

The rampant paranoia in the South certainly didn't remain below the Mason-Dixon line. Northern newspapers were only too eager to spread the word of cocaine-inspired black violence. In 1903, for example, the *New York Tribune* printed a statement by one Colonel Watson of Georgia alerting the country to the dangers of allowing blacks to use cocaine. According to the colonel, Atlanta was a hotbed of black cocaine use, and he urged that legal action be taken to stop the sale of Coca-Cola. (The company obliged by voluntarily eliminating cocaine from the drink that same year.) He was also convinced that "many of the horrible crimes committed in the Southern States by colored people can be traced directly to the cocaine habit."

The linking of cocaine with crimes allegedly committed by blacks became so popular and firmly established a belief that by 1910, when Dr. Christopher Koch, the leader of a Philadelphia crusade against the drug, testified before a congressional committee as to the great dangers the country faced at the hands of "cocaine-crazed" Southern blacks, his testimony went unchallenged. Dr. Koch later asserted that "most of the attacks upon white women of the South are the direct result of a cocaine-crazed Negro brain"—another unsubstantiated charge that most people apparently believed.

Nor did anyone bother to verify the second most popular fantasy about cocaine: that it was the root cause of "crime waves." After all, the police were authorities on such matters, and among policemen the idea that criminals had a special fondness for cocaine was an article of faith as unquestioned as the purity of the Holy Mother. Everyone knew criminals took cocaine to stimulate their "courage," just as everyone knew that "cocaine was the drug usually taken by gunmen." The police said so.

As in so many other fields of endeavor, American ingenuity set unsurpassed standards of excellence, perfecting the big lie technique well before Hitler was old enough to vote and years before Nixon was born. Once the equation Criminals + Cocaine = Violence was firmly established, there wasn't a chance of cocaine's remaining respectable.

(continued on page 63)



Irv Teibel is one successful record company president who never reads the Top 40 charts. He couldn't care less how many units Led Zep shipped last week. In fact, he's released only one musical disc in seven years, and doesn't intend ever to put out another. Instead, he is quite content issuing a catalog of titles that reads like Nature's Greatest Hits: *Psychologically Ultimate Seashore*, *Gentle Rain in a Pine Forest*, *Ultimate Heartbeat*, *Country Stream*. Teibel's *Environments* series (seven albums to date) is meant to do more than serve as aural wallpaper. His records are designed to be psychoactive, to affect your state of mind directly: sound to turn you on, sound to soothe you, sound for sex, sound for sleep. It sounds too good to be true.

At 37, Irv Teibel, moon-faced, short-haired, his beard always neatly trimmed, is a techno freak whose faith in science remains unshaken and who devoutly believes that better living through audio is just around the corner. He is the founder and head of Syntonic Research Inc., which he calls "a psychoacoustics record company." What is psychoacoustics? According to Teibel, "It's the study of the psychological and physiological effects of sound. Most of the work being done in the field is pretty esoteric. I'm putting it to practical use."

Just how practical is shown by Teibel's liner notes on the first *Environments* disc, his seashore recording: "In listening tests conducted prior to the release of *Environments One*, it was found that this sort of sound has a direct effect on the imagination and subconscious of the listener, no matter what his age or occupation. If used while reading, comprehension and reading speed improve noticeably. If used at mealtime, appetites improve. Insomniacs fall asleep without the aid of drugs. Hypertension vanishes. Student's [sic] marks improve. It's [sic] effect on the esthetics of love-making is truly remarkable. In noisy or very quiet surroundings, improvement in working conditions is little short of miraculous. Teenagers are the record's biggest fans: they call it everything from 'the ultimate trip' to 'sensual rock.'"

It sounds like the worst record-business hype B.S. (Before Springsteen). Teibel cringes when he hears it read to him now. Still, his records must do something for people. Since *Psychologically Ultimate Seashore* was released in 1969, it has sold over 300,000 copies, enough to qualify for a gold album award.

Teibel's claims for his records are tame compared to the powers that have been attributed to music since time unremembered. Most religions have used music as a sacrament and as a drug. At the dawn of Western civilization, old Plato knew all about the intoxicating effects of music; in his *Republic*, he would have none but "the rhythms of a manly and orderly life." A century ago, Leo Tolstoy described music's "dangerous" charms in *The Kreutzer Sonata*: "Music forces me to forget me, my own self, my true condition; it transports me into another strange state; music makes me feel that I perceive what I perceive nowhere else, understand what I do not understand, as if I could accomplish something which I am incapable of doing."

Irv Teibel has studied the narcotic and ecstatic effects of music. He can tell you about the trances induced by Sufi chants, the dronelike sound of Tantric rituals in Tibet, the rush of *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, the body resonances produced by amplified rock and roll. But, according to Teibel, music's psychoacoustic benefits are intrinsically limited. "The problem with music," he says, "is that it's basically human and therefore hard to sustain for long periods of time."

He asserts this from personal experience. He studied electronic music with German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen on an informal basis after an overseas tour of duty with the U.S. Army. "The door to Stockhausen's lab was always open," recalls Teibel. "I learned a lot from watching him work." Nonetheless, when he later took on the task of composing a piece that could be played continuously, over and over, for hours at a time, he found that there were very few man-made sounds he didn't soon tire of hearing. "Something in the music would draw attention to itself, and after repeat-

ed hearing, it would become a cliché. I found that only natural sounds could be listened to endlessly." Teibel eventually turned his attention from music to *musique concrète*, naturally-occurring sounds modified by human means, and the preliminary concept for the *Environments* series was born.

"What I'm trying to do is allow people to live in a psychoacoustically effective environment," he explains. "We know that sound can act as a painkiller, or a tranquilizer, or a stimulant. So why not put those sounds on record and play them whenever they can be of benefit?"

"My records are designed to be played at a level where they can barely be heard. They work directly on the subconscious mind, for hours, days or weeks at a time."

In Irv Teibel's office atop New York's 75-year-old Flatiron Building (the first modern skyscraper to use curtain walls) the sound of *Wind in the Trees* whispers out of recessed ceiling speakers. Teibel claims this is the quietest office space he could find in the city; still, one feels, it should be noisier than this. There's no traffic noise from the street, no whirring and clattering of office machinery. Just the rustle of leaves in the wind.

Only it's the dead of winter and the windows are shut tight and the nearest tree is a block away and 22 stories below in Madison Square Park. The sensation of pastoral stillness is so subtle that few visitors notice it until Teibel brings it to their attention. He explains: "The purpose of these sounds is to improve mental concentration by canceling out annoying background noise."

Scientists have known for years about the hushing powers of something known as "white noise." Usually a dull, hissing sound, white noise is a random combination of audible frequencies that counter-vail the other noises in a room. Dentists use intense white noise over headphones to mask the sound of their drilling. Architects have occasionally put white-noise generators in new office buildings, despite the fact that ducted air conditioning is already a plentiful source. Now

Sounds of the Whole Earth

Live on tape

they're finding out that too much white noise can be annoying, and rumors of office workers' jumping from windows to escape it have helped bring attention to Environments-style Muzak.

"People often object to the feeling of sterility and isolation that steady artificial sounds produce," comments Teibel. "Psychologists attribute this uneasiness to the man-made quality of the sound—unlike nature, the sound never varies. But there are naturally occurring sources of white noise that are very pleasant. A waterfall produces modulated white noise. So does the ocean. That's essentially how I got the idea for the first Environments record."

At the time, Teibel was between jobs as an art director for hi-fi and car magazines. Without the slightest notion of the intricacies of the record business, he started Syntonic Research. Although SR was essentially a one-man operation, he had cards printed up with an assortment of impressive titles. Doors within the industry began to open up to him. Only then did he set out to record the soothing sound of the ocean.

"There was one problem I hadn't counted on," Teibel recalls. "It took me nearly a year, and dozens of tapes done up and down the East Coast, before I understood that no matter how accurate my recordings seemed, the dynamics and frequency range of the ocean were far beyond the capabilities of modern, professional tape recorders. I was after an ocean sound that actually existed only in my imagination."

"I fed carefully selected segments of several of my recordings through a Bell Labs computer, using a program that had been produced for voice-print research and analysis. The program converted analog information into digital printout. A short segment was then analyzed and modified to conform to my imaginary ocean. The parameters were to extend the dynamic range of the sound and to slow down and smooth out the wave sounds. I also intensified the stereo image to conform to playback in a home environment. Once the changes had been made in the digital conversion, it was reconverted to analog and put on tape. Out of the speakers flowed the smoothest, most powerful ocean I had ever heard."

This kind of talk makes it clear why Teibel is bullish on technology. "Science has a way of catching up with any idea," he continues. "Ten years earlier it would have been impossible to produce an Environments album that sounded like anything on an average stereo. People have done a few records over the years, but none ever sounded right. On a cheap phonograph some of them had the dynamic range of a mime record." Teibel is hardly exaggerating. The best of his early competitors' records sounded much like a stuck needle or a cat pissing in a barrel. "By the time I tried to come up with a

truly realistic recording of the ocean, high fidelity standards had been raised phenomenally and record-cutting technology had also improved."

Once he had a suitable recording, Teibel then cautiously tested listener response. "After all that time working on the ocean record," he explains, "I had to be sure of how an average listener would react to it. I was actually quite surprised by how strong an effect the record had. Almost all participants said it relaxed them. Some experienced synesthesia. In psychoacoustics that's the phenomenon of sound producing other sensory stimuli. Listeners were reporting that the ocean record made them feel cooler, even though there was no measurable change in room temperature."

Testing continued after the record was released; in fact, Teibel still includes in every album a postcard asking for listener reaction. "The cards let us monitor how the record is being used. With the ocean record we started getting a lot of cards from students in dorms. One of our distributors, a specialist in college sales, put the album in almost every university bookstore in the country. It was the biggest seller they ever had, especially in the Harvard Coop. It also seemed as if

Twenty minutes of a woman's heartbeat reversed and slowed down to forty beats a minute—is this the ideal soundtrack for sex?

everyone who lived by the seashore wanted a copy. Florida retirees were reporting that they played the seashore recording so they could keep the windows closed and the dampness out of their air-conditioned condominiums."

What marks the Environments as more than glorified sound-effects records is Irv Teibel's obsession with detail. An avid audiophile, photographer and graphic designer, he won't allow anyone to come between him and the execution of his concepts. He does all his own recording, editing, mixing, mastering, cover design and liner notes, and oversees his sales people with compulsive zeal. Once, he held up the release of an album for two years until all of its elements were perfect—including the pressing of the record itself.

Every Environments record includes cover copy on its care and washing; Syntonic Research is the only record company that puts this kind of information on each of its releases. Says Teibel: "Most albums are played an average of five times total. The Environments discs are designed to be played thousands of times. We use only the highest-quality vinyl and our records are pressed by one of the best pressing plants in the industry."

With a good changer, a cartridge tracking at half a gram and a little common sense, you can play one of these records four hours a day for two years before the wear becomes noticeable."

Teibel is also his own harshest critic. "I consider the other side of the ocean record a failure," he admits. Side Two of his initial release was called *Optimum Aviary*: 30 minutes of chattering, whistling, cackling feathered creatures recorded—live—at the Bronx Zoo. As on Side One, the idea behind it was to create an "opaque" white sound to neutralize unwanted background noise. "The cards we got back showed it made some people nervous. The record is almost all high frequencies; that's part of the problem. But even if you turn the treble down, the way it suggests in the liner notes, you'll still feel jittery. The recording has a lot of reverberation on it, so it makes the room you're in seem cavernous. A lot of listener discomfort came from the very idea of sitting cooped up in a cage full of birds." Psychoacoustic effects are probably more noticeable, if less pleasant, in *Optimum Aviary* than in the others.

Far more successful, by Teibel's standards, was his second Environments release, which had as its theme "sensitization"—"sound which can noticeably increase the awareness and emotional capabilities of an individual." Side One, entitled *Tintinnabulation* (contemplative sound) was conceived as an aid to meditation, "though in 1969 it couldn't be described that way," says Teibel. "Too few people would have understood what I was trying to do. The purpose of the record was to encourage alpha-wave activity in the brain. Alpha, according to recent research, indicates that a person is relaxed and attentive. It's the brain-wave pattern associated with meditation. *Tintinnabulation* is meant to occupy your mind. Of course, if you don't want to meditate, nothing is going to make you."

The search for alpha has led millions of Americans to spend anywhere from \$125 for a mantra to \$3,000 for a scaled-down EEG machine. Teibel himself has no special allegiance to Transcendental Meditation or biofeedback. "When I tried biofeedback," he remembers, "I was hooked up to a machine which would blink a light and sound a buzzer if I generated alpha waves. After three sessions of concentrating on light/buzzer feedback, I was in alpha about 40 percent of the time. The next time I went in, I brought the ocean record and had them play it while I sat there. No light. No buzzer. It turned out I was generating about the same amount of alpha. I think if you're comfortable with a sound and it makes you feel good, chances are you're in alpha."

Another proponent of the Environments series is Silva Mind Control. Despite its name, it is not really ominous;

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The Fight for Legal Cocaine

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When the equation Blacks + Cocaine = Raped white women got locked into the American psyche, it was a forgone conclusion that cocaine would be seen as the most dangerous drug on the market, and a seller of cocaine the moral equivalent of a child molester. This is precisely what happened. By 1914, 46 states had passed laws restricting the sale and use of cocaine, whereas only 29 had done so regarding opium, morphine and heroin. In addition, cocaine offenders usually received heavier penalties than opiate offenders. For example, illegal sale of heroin was a misdemeanor under the 1914 New York law; illegal sale of cocaine, a felony.

Prejudice and fantasy die hard, and given cocaine's history in America we probably should be grateful that the situation is not quite as bad as it was. Selling 30 grams of coke can't get you any more time in New York than selling 30 grams of smack—mandatory life. On the other hand, the chances of being arrested for selling cocaine seem somewhat greater. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) people have said that 50 percent of the agency's efforts have been directed these past three years toward "stopping the traffic in cocaine"; and New York Legal Aid lawyers say the majority of their backlog of drug cases involve cocaine. This backlog runs to thousands of cases because the lawyers, hoping the courts would declare Rocky's drug law unconstitutional, did everything they could to keep their cases from coming to trial. But they can't delay them any longer, and a lot of people will soon be doing a lot of time. If the courts won't do anything about the cocaine misclassification, they certainly won't disown the Rockefeller legacy.

Can nothing be done to stop this nonsense? Well although there is obviously little reason for optimism, it wouldn't be fair to say the situation is *completely* hopeless. The judges won't act, but the judges aren't the court of last resort when it comes to drug classifications. Under the provisions of the Comprehensive Drug Abuse and Control Act of 1970, as subsequently modified by a reorganization of the Department of Justice that gave to the director of the DEA certain duties once assigned to the attorney general, the director "may, by rule, add substances to a schedule, transfer them between schedules, or remove any drug or other substance from the schedules." It further provides that the proceed-

ings for doing this may be initiated by the director on his own motion, at the request of the secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, or on the petition of any interested party. ("Any interested party" means just what it says: defendants facing jail on coke charges, lawyers, physicians, scientists, ordinary citizens with an interest in justice—anyone.) The act also makes it mandatory that before initiating any proceedings to change the schedules the director must "request from the secretary of HEW a scientific and medical evaluation, and his recommendations." Finally, the act clearly states that the secretary's recommendations shall be binding on the director "as to such scientific and medical matters."

What all this means is that anyone interested in seeing cocaine properly classified and the penalties for cocaine offenses reduced to the level of those for amphetamine offenses can petition the director of the DEA for a review of the current misclassification. Unless the petition is patently deficient in form or absolutely without substantive merit, the

**Among policemen,
the idea that criminals
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for cocaine
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faith as unquestioned
as the purity
of the Holy Mother.**

director *must* grant a review along the lines given above. And since the substantive merit of such petitions has already been implicitly conceded by the judges who ruled that debatable medical questions were at the heart of the cocaine classification controversy, the director will have to grant a review whether he wants to or not.

Of course, he isn't likely to want to and the chances are he will attempt to delay matters by claiming, as he did when NORML used this procedure to challenge the marijuana classification, that our obligations under the international Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs make it impossible for the United States to unilaterally change the schedule of any drug covered by the Convention. Since the U.S. Court of Appeals rejected such a claim in the NORML case, there isn't much chance it won't do so again. (NORML, after winning the right to a review in January 1974, decided to drop their petition. Apparently they feared that a hard-fought classification battle would stiffen the opposition and en-

danger gains they had already made. I think they made a strategic blunder. As long as the law is on the books in its present form, the government can come down heavily on pot users any time they feel the country will stand for it.)

Although this anticipated delaying tactic will cost the petitioners and all the rest of us a lot of money—our taxes pay for enforcing and defending the drug laws—the secretary of HEW will eventually have to decide between contending opinions on cocaine's effects and make a recommendation. What will this recommendation be? Well, if the history of official bodies dealing with drug questions is any indication, he will say that further research is needed before the matter can be decided. On the other hand, since all the current legal research on cocaine's effects on humans is contracted by agencies operating under HEW, and this research clearly demonstrates that cocaine is grossly misclassified, there is always the chance of a more honest decision. So, at least, believes federal public defender Roger Lowenstein, who plans to petition for such a review.

My own estimate is less sanguine. The average voter would react to any move to lessen the penalties for cocaine offenders the way a seasoned druggie would to the news that the CIA was marketing Megatone—a combination drug incorporating all the worst features of STP, speed and junk—in a variety of forms indistinguishable from the standard street acid, "mescaline" and "psilocybin." The newspapers would once again be filled with tales of coke horror. Modern-day Chief Lyerlys and the spiritual heirs of Harry Anslinger would infest the talk shows like cockroaches do a New York apartment. Only an official who didn't care about keeping his job could stand up and say coke is relatively harmless. And cabinet members don't become cabinet members because they are less interested in holding on to power than other politicians. Remember, nothing was done to ease the marijuana penalties until it became clear that a very substantial portion of the population under 30 smoked it and the public opinion polls showed the majority of the population opposed to jailing people for minor marijuana offenses. That is, nothing was done until it was safe to do it.

It won't be safe to do it with cocaine until a lot more people have a chance to find out what it really is. And this can't happen unless prices come down to a level where the average grass buyer can afford to buy an occasional gram. Dealers being what they are, the chances of this happening are on a par with those of your friendly neighborhood utility's cutting rates. Unless, of course, the dealers see the advantages of mass marketing. Which is not impossible. After all, Coca-Cola didn't get where it is by selling only to the rich. ■

Mushrooms in a jar? They're the greatest thing since psychic liberation in a bottle. Now a new book from And/Or Press, *Psilocybin: Magic Mushroom Grower's Guide*, by O. T. Oss and O. N. Oeric (\$4.95), has revealed the deepest secrets of homegrown mushroom magic. The technique is easy, the photographs are beautiful, and *High Times* is pleased to preview the first and last word on growing mushrooms in a jar—a process that guarantees a lifetime supply of healthy trips for free to the shelf and closet cultivator.

Enlightened heads have discovered that the organic psychedelics—in mushroom and peyote form—have several advantages over synthetic psychedelics. First of all, they are not subject to tampering by incompetent chemists or greedy dealers; instead, the synthesis is carried out by the finest chemists in the world, the genes of the living plant. The dose and purity are quality-controlled, for the amount of alkaloid produced by the plant is remarkably constant.

Organic psychedelics also have a psychological appeal—many who use psychedelics for self-exploration or spiritual fulfillment feel better about their experiences if they use a natural product.

But until recently, the advantages offered by the organic psychedelics were offset by their lack of availability. Peyote is fairly scarce, extremely slow-growing and unprofitable to cultivate. More often than not, the

underground psychedelic mushrooms are commercial mushrooms sprayed with LSD; genuine psilocybin mushrooms

occur seasonally, but they are often hard to locate, hard to identify and harder still to preserve and transport.

In the summer of 1975, however, certain enterprising psychoactivists began to develop methods for growing *Stropharia cubensis*, one of the strongest and most widespread of the psilocybin mushrooms. This step forward was not the work of any one group, but was made almost simultaneously by several separate biologists around the country. It seems that the time for the homegrown mushroom had come.

And the knowledge is spreading fast. Homegrown psilocybin crops are virtually impossible to suppress legally, and given the spores and a few simple supplies, the whole feat is no more difficult than a seventh-grade science fair project.

To collect spores, take a fresh, correctly identified psilocybin mushroom with the cap fully open, cut off the stipe as close to the gills as possible and place the cap gill-side down on a clean sheet of white paper. Cover with a small bowl and leave for 24 hours. When the cap is removed, a dark purplish, radially symmetrical deposit of spores will remain on the paper where the gills touched it. If you are not going to use the spores immediately, fold the paper and seal it in an envelope to avoid contamination.

To avoid growing a jar full of poisonous mushrooms, we suggest every would-be mushroom farmer consult

Poisonous and Hallucinogenic Mushrooms,

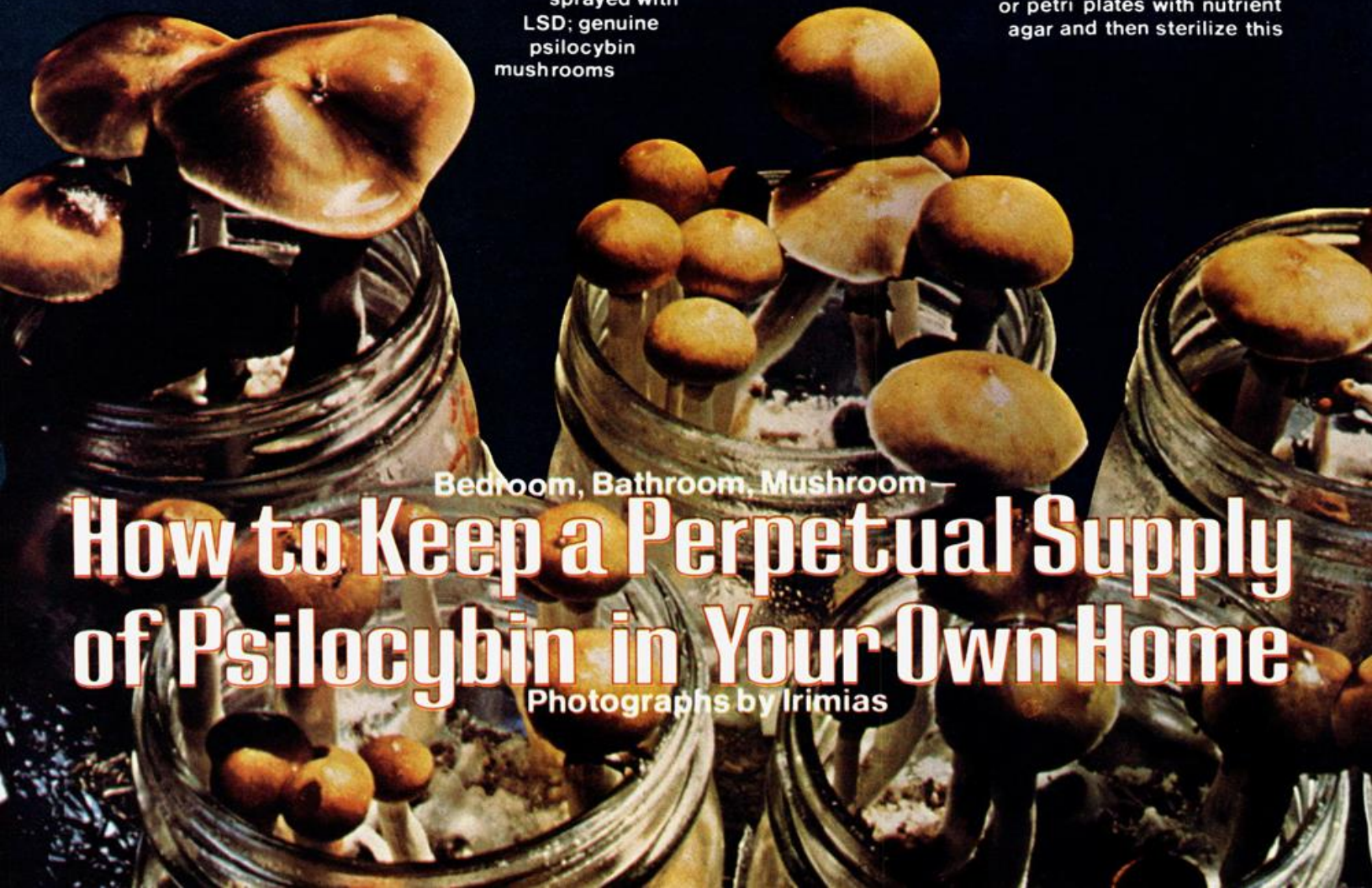
by Karen and Richard Haard, (Cloudburst Press).

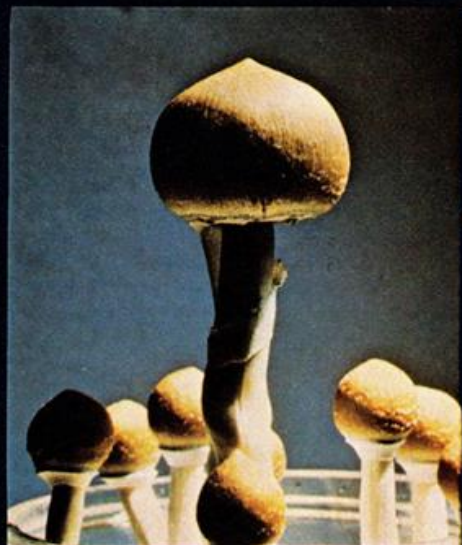
To germinate the spores, partly fill several jars or petri plates with nutrient agar and then sterilize this

Bedroom, Bathroom, Mushroom

How to Keep a Perpetual Supply of Psilocybin in Your Own Home

Photographs by Irimias





preparation. Lightly scrape the spore print with an implement that has been sterilized by flame, then transfer the adhering spores to the culture medium by touching the surface in one or more spots with the tip of the implement. Do this as quickly as possible, keeping the cover off for the shortest time necessary. Allow the jars to stand at room temperature for three to five days. Leave the lids fairly loose.

Readers concerned about the physiological effects will be happy to know that, besides being one of the most psychoactive, psilocybin is also one of the least toxic of all the psychedelics, and the human body is well equipped with the enzyme systems needed to metabolize it. Are mushrooms the "perfect" psychedelic? We won't answer that question yet, but one thing is sure—there is a magical fungus among us, and it may be around for quite a while! □



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Nitrous Oxide

(continued from page 56)

"Fucking hissing makes too much noise. Can't you put it in a closet?"

I rolled the pressurized swami farts into a closet. I sat and drank for a few hours, regretting the passing of girlfriends, time and wind. Then I ran into a few hack writers, talented people who will probably ask me to dinner after reading this. We were discussing drugs when I happened to mention there was a tank of nitrous oxide in the back of the bar, in a closet, sucking wind.

With many clever asides about other hack writers who weren't present at the time, we made our way to the back of the bar and filled our balloons from the tank.

Johnny Bob watched the happy, colorful crowd of well-dressed, overpaid boys and girls expecting the pall of the gas to settle their happiness. To prove it as false as the words of the white men who (...), and as this Indian sage has come to realize, most people fulfill your expectations of them. A pall did begin to settle, especially after Peter the bartender strolled back and informed Johnny Bob that he wanted that tank of pig burps out by tomorrow. That was the sack of silage that broke the old war horse's back. Johnny Bob informed hack writers that they had applied their lips to the nozzles of diseased dogs, stomped over to the bar and threw his drink in the garbage can, hoping thereby to insult the bartender upon whose credit he had been drinking for weeks, and left the bar. Once outside he discovered he had forgotten his coat and went back for it. Couldn't find the cocksucker. Shit. Johnny Bob went home and worked on his death ray, may it never be perfected.

Day 6

Called up ex-con whose name may not be revealed, for as we all know there are two sides to the law, both of them wrong, and he is on the wrong side. He agreed to haul the can away. He was actually pleased.

Day 7

I rested.

Day 8

Everything was OK again. Heaven, as the popular Protestant song goes, is in your heart. The End.

Note: If you want still more Johnny Bob stories, keep those postcards coming in to *High Times*. To the girl who wrote the postcard with no return address on it asking where she could write to me, I got it. Thanks. JB. ■



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Carter Endorses Decrim



Surrounded by a phalanx of Secret Service agents, *High Times* news editor A. Craig Copetas recently questioned Democratic presidential hopeful Jimmy Carter on marijuana and the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA).

"I favor the decriminalization of marijuana," said Carter. "but I'm not sure about the legitimacy of the federal government making this rule. Now in the field of alcohol, for instance, it's been a right reserved for the states and I don't think there are any uniform federal laws on the sale of alcohol except for the taxation of it. I think

decriminalization is a matter best left up to the states for the time being."

Carter also said that if elected president, he would "certainly be personally responsible for a thorough investigation and correction of the defects of the DEA." His remarks on the DEA followed an investigation of that agency by Senator Henry Jackson, another Democratic presidential candidate.

"Instead of just investigating it," Carter said, "I intend to run the thing so that we can be proud of it."

Tim Leary Denied Parole

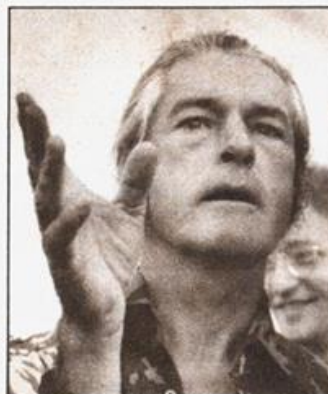
The U.S. Board of Parole has voted three to two to reject Dr. Timothy Leary's request that he be released from prison. Leary is currently serving the second year of a ten-year federal sentence for alleged transportation of marijuana. One joint was found in the vagina of his daughter Susan while they were driving from Texas to California.

The parole board had originally deadlocked on Leary's request; however, a fifth, unknown official in Washington cast the tie-breaking vote to oppose Leary's immediate release from prison. The board will not entertain another parole request until February of 1978.

In lieu of parole, Leary and *Illuminatus* co-author Robert Anton Wilson are forming a group known as "The Network." The group intends to spearhead an international protest against Leary's incarceration in an effort to win his freedom.

"We need 2,000 signatures to free Leary," says Wilson. "Our goal is to get eight Nobel Prize winners to come out in support of Tim. We are also asking Amnesty International to actively enter the case."

Until that time comes, Leary will continue serving his sentence at the Federal Metropolitan Correction Center in San Diego. California state charges against Leary



for possession of marijuana were dropped in October 1975; federal parole procedure was begun after he allegedly cooperated with fed-

eral prosecutors in a series of drug-related investigations last year.

Leary, who escaped from San Luis Obispo prison in California in 1970, was recaptured by American agents at Kabul Airport in February 1972. He subsequently told a federal grand jury 17 different versions of his escape, claiming it was executed with the aid of the Weather Underground, after that group had received payments from radical attorneys.

Leary's recent activities in jail have included writing a new book entitled *What a Woman Wants* and receiving wealthy Arab visitors interested in financing his Terra Two project for interstellar migration.

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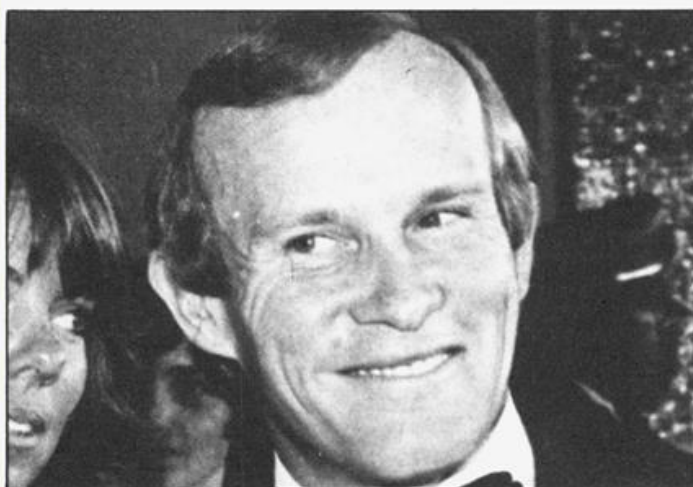
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HIGHWIT

Smothers Brother Stars in Antidope Flick



Token' Tom Smothers stars in antidope film.

A new film starring Tommy Smothers will be out soon, but you probably won't see it on television.

The film, entitled *Alcohol, Drugs or Alternatives*, was purchased recently by the Boulder, Colorado, Health Department's division of Alcohol and Drug Abuse.

"Instead of the usual technique depicting the abuse and degradation associated with potential alcoholism, the film instills a more positive 'human' approach implying a 'hope' in other alternatives through goal-orientation rather than the trite fear tactic," according to optimistic health officials.

Four-Legged Dopers Under Gun

If human athletes were subject to the same scrutiny as horses and dogs, there would be a biochemical lab at every football and soccer field in the nation, and perhaps a third of all games would be forfeited because players were doped up to get through games.

For more than 50 years the specialized techniques of micro-toxicology have been carefully developed to help curb drug use around the track. It all began in 1911, when some rich horse owners couldn't figure out why the nags were beating their thoroughbreds. Since then, racing chemistry, as it is commonly called, has become a science of detection that employs the latest analytical techniques. The result is a list of some 600 chemicals that have been used to make animals run harder longer.

The earliest methods of dope detection involved taking saliva samples. Most drugs, at the time, were administered orally and left a residue in the horse's mouth. Since then, blood, sweat and urine

(not tears) have been used, and we hear there are a few narcs out there who can just look at the animal and tell you how much of what substance the animal was dosed with.

The Florida Racing Association instituted drug controls in 1933, a year after a scandal there disclosed the widespread use of drugs in racehorses. New York followed suit in 1935, and other major racing centers quickly adopted their own regulations.

Considerable more government sponsored research has been done since 1948. For several years until 1973, most results were kept confidential on the basis that the information would be used by some to the disadvantage of others. Now detection techniques are so complex and accurate that track narcs aren't worried about that. Their present problem is to determine the acute effects of the various drugs on racing animals, and funds already made available will help initiate those studies by the second quarter of 1976.

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ESSNEWS

Cocaine Confidential

"You perceive an increase of self-control and possess more vitality and capacity for work," wrote Sigmund Freud, who, along with Pope Leo XIII, President William McKinley, Thomas Edison and Sarah Bernhardt, enjoyed the occasional healthy snort.

Last year Americans spent \$3 billion on cocaine. The DEA, stepping up their cocaine watch, confiscated 1,077 pounds of the white crystalline flake during the same period. The DEA has also been developing new techniques to combat cocaine importers.

Smugglers on incoming ships have been tossing into the ocean tightly sealed containers of cocaine attached to floating markers. Scuba divers later travel to the site in light boats to retrieve the packages. The technique has become so popular that the DEA has of necessity formed its own scuba team to patrol the ocean depths in search of underwater coke.

• Also on the waterfront: a routine search of a British ship in New York Harbor led to the seizure by the U.S. Customs Service of 112 pounds of cocaine.

The 14,891-ton freighter *Pyramid Veteran* flies the British flag and her home port is Nassau, the Bahamas. She berthed at the Sucre pier at the foot of Brooklyn's Beard Street after a voyage from Buenaventura, Colombia.

• Last September a San Diego police-DEA undercover operation began with the alleged sale of six grams of hash to narc Leo Doran. Cops followed up the buy with a six-month probe that netted one pound of cocaine and conspiracy indictments against Debbie Thurston, 18, George Farraye, 20, Debbie Maes, 19, and Howard Neubauer, 24, all of San Diego.

• A suitcase seized by Royal Canadian Mounted Police in collaboration with the DEA at Toronto International Airport allegedly contained eight pounds of Netherlands Antilles cocaine. Held on charges of conspiracy to import cocaine were Patrick Mitchell, 33, Lionel Wright, 29, Thomas Hargan, 33, and Chris Clarkson, 28, all from Toronto.

• Fort Lauderdale narcs recently converged on a shopping center parking lot to arrest Florida real estate broker William Mannilla,

56, and his son, William Anthony Mannilla, 25, for allegedly possessing two pounds of cocaine.

• Leon Cheney, a deputy U.S. marshal, was sitting in a Burnsville, Minnesota, restaurant when he noticed Ronald Schleis, 25, of Minneapolis, trying to make a phone call. Cheney, finding Schleis to be drunk, called the Burnsville police station to take him to a detoxification center. While detoxifying Schleis, police reportedly discovered two pounds of cocaine in his attaché case.

• Colombians Tito Lombana, 45, and Pietro Tirasso, 48, were indicted by a federal grand jury in New York for allegedly operating a cocaine laboratory in South America. The two men were arrested in New York City after a narc from the Phoenix DEA office infiltrated their operation.

• A nine-man, two-woman jury deliberated for about two hours in St. Petersburg, Florida, before convicting Jack Henriquez, 26, and Dan Esteves, Jr., 25, of cocaine possession. Defense lawyer Henry Gonzalez left the courtroom to fly to San Francisco to join the defense team at the Patty Hearst trial.

• Colombian National Police Force Chief, General Henry Garcia Bohorquez, has organized a special cocaine strike force with the help of U.S. DEA agents. The task force intends to concentrate efforts on busting labs. It recently destroyed a lab located under a dog racetrack.

• Samuel Adams, a 42-year-old merchant seaman from New York, was sentenced to a six-to-eight-year term in state prison for possession of a pound of cocaine with intent to sell.

Adams's partner, Robert Kenny, also a seaman from New York City, fled the country following arrest.

• Seven pounds of cocaine were seized at the Dallas-Fort Worth, Texas, Airport when a three-month investigation led to the arrest of two men.

The cocaine was allegedly found in the luggage of the men, who had flown from Miami to Bogotá, Colombia, to Frankfurt, Germany, to Kennedy Airport in New York, to Dallas-Fort Worth.

A .38 caliber pistol and \$5,000 in cash were also seized. The suspects were not identified at the time of this writing.

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HIGHWIT

Dealers Wanted— Dead or Alive



Pictorial Parade

Wanted: bounty hunters à la Steve McQueen.

Sheldon Songstad, the Republican senator from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, is sponsoring a bill that puts a price on dealers' heads.

The bill would authorize cash rewards of up to ten G's for information leading to the arrest and conviction of dope peddlers—enough to make some people turn in their mother.

Reward posters would be placed in airports and bus station toilets around the state. The bill would also set up a \$10,000 buy-bust fund for state.

Attorney General William Janklov commented that the bill probably wouldn't go far in the legislature, but that such a mea-

sure would "put the fear of God" in dealers and would probably "go a long way toward controlling the drug problem."

Janklov already has money for his dope enforcement program, some of which came from personal bank loans when the bust fund wasn't big enough for a buy.

Songstad claims that "too many young people have lost their minds or their lives because of a pusher who encouraged them to get high . . . When a pusher knows that his victim may be a state narc with a \$100,000 back-up, or a citizen seeking a reward, then he just might leave South Dakota as fast as possible."

Drug Czar Okays Dope Decrim

Dr. Robert DuPont, President Ford's top dope spokesman and head of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, has come out publicly in favor of marijuana decriminalization. At the same time, he pointed to statistics that indicate marijuana is third among recreational drugs—behind alcohol and tobacco.

DuPont's announcement came in the wake of the Ford administration's stand that decriminalization of marijuana would adversely affect world opinion. The U.S. is party to the Single Conven-

tion treaty that outlaws cannabis.

Answering a reporter's question, DuPont stated: "Decriminalization is a word that confuses the issue rather than clarifies it. . . . Marijuana use ought to be discouraged . . . [but] the current legal penalties for possession for personal use ought to be reduced."

The top government abuse official also suggested that parents not be so uptight about their children's smoking dope when there are more important things to think about.

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Customs Wins Vesco Jet

A million dollar jet plane allegedly used to smuggle arms and ammunition to Puerto Rico has been drafted into service by the U.S. Customs to be used as a chase plane in the government's war against high flyers.

The small executive jet was taken by Customs in 1974 at San Antonio airport, during an investigation of an alleged gun-run-

ning operation linked to fugitive financier Robert Vesco. Thomas P. Richardson, the plane's owner, is a one-time partner of Vesco's.

Customs officials report that the 500-mile-per-hour plane will vastly lower the agency's response time along the U.S.-Mexican border, where until recently only slower, conventional craft have been used as chase planes.

Two for the Road

The size of a woman hitchhiker's bust is an important factor in whether or not she gets a ride, according to University of Washington researcher Dr. Joan Lockard.

Lockard, a professor of neurological surgery and psychology, conducted the experiments last

year in Seattle, Washington. She said that women doubled the number of rides they got by using padding to increase their bustlines by two inches.

Without the pads, women got rides from one in ten males. With the pads, they got rides from one in five.

Alligator King Jailed for Pot Possession



Warren Lynch, 45, owner and operator of the Alligator Ranch near Corpus Christi, Texas, swore he would rather die than go to jail on a pot possession charge. He then held off police with a shotgun from an island refuge in the middle of his alligator pond.

Lynch, a figure well known around Corpus Christi as the "father" of many footloose young people who passed by, vowed not to leave the tiny island until all marijuana prisoners were released.

Reports from the scene indicated that it was casual. The police were free with information and provided easy access to Lynch. They allowed his girlfriend, Marsha Hopper, 21, to make three trips to the island to take him socks, boots and a couple of jackets. They allowed reporters to talk to Lynch, as well as television news people.

Lynch held out for more than 18 hours before crossing the bridge over his herd of 60 gators.



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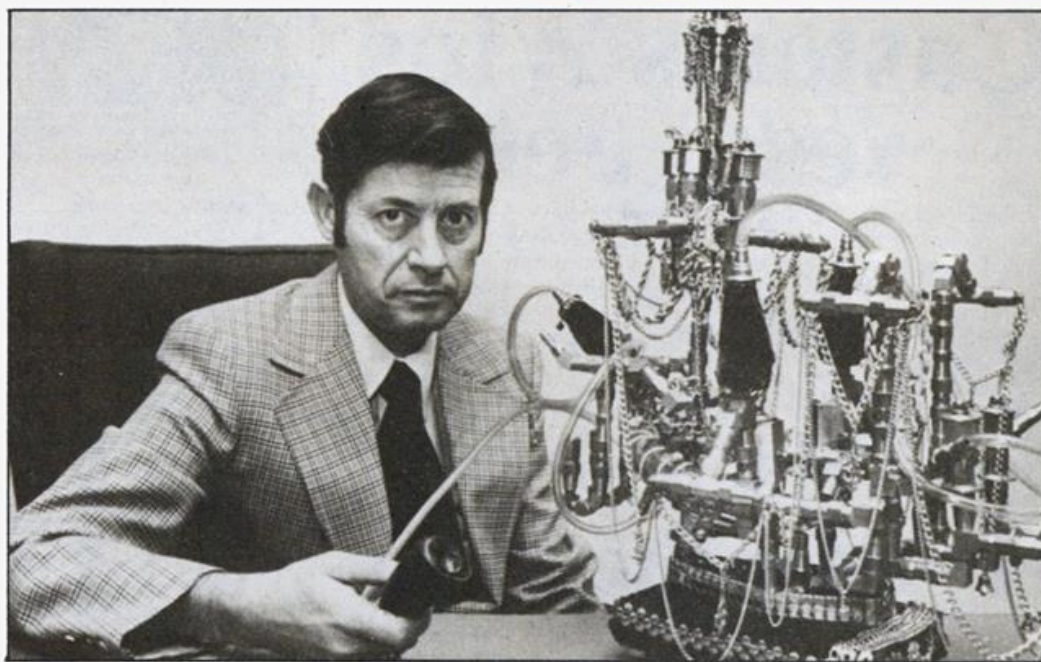
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Killer Weed Thrives in Classroom

Marijuana has been discovered growing in the fourth-grade classrooms in Riverton, Wyoming.

Thirty-two youngsters and at least two teachers and administrators were exposed to the dangerous pot, but no casualties were cited. Riverton Police investigating the incident said that no one knew what the plant was for at least four or five months. Seeds dropped into the soil in September were reputedly geraniums—a class project that died—while the reefer bloomed and even flowered.

The police department will not press charges, but it has started work on a drug awareness program so that officials in the school system will be able to recognize the plant.



Dallas police dubbed this multinozzled, velvet-lined pipe a "vice device."

Wide World

Narcs of the South



DEA agents and undercover narcs who participated in the Fayetteville, Arkansas, bust that netted 8,644 pounds of marijuana. Agents in the Fayetteville area have allegedly been involved in a scheme to transport huge quantities of marijuana into the United States for the sole purpose of seizing it and thereby bolstering budget allocations.

High Rollers

The cops are socking it to more jocks this month. But that's the story of the high life these days—to be brought down by the law. Whatever happened to the swash-buckling days of resistance to the heat?

- The Georgia Supreme Court has overturned the drug conviction of former cowboy movie star Alfred (Lash) LaRue. He testified at his trial last May that marijuana found in his car by police had been given to him by two hitchhikers in exchange for a Bible after he "saved their souls." The Supreme Court of Georgia ruled that he had been arrested illegally.

- Tom Hoover, former New York Knicks basketball star, has been acquitted by a New Jersey jury on charges of distributing marijuana.

Hoover, 33, claimed he had been duped by a friend into driving 125 pounds of grass from New Jersey to New York. He claimed the purpose of his trip was to find backing for concerts that were to include rock and popular stars

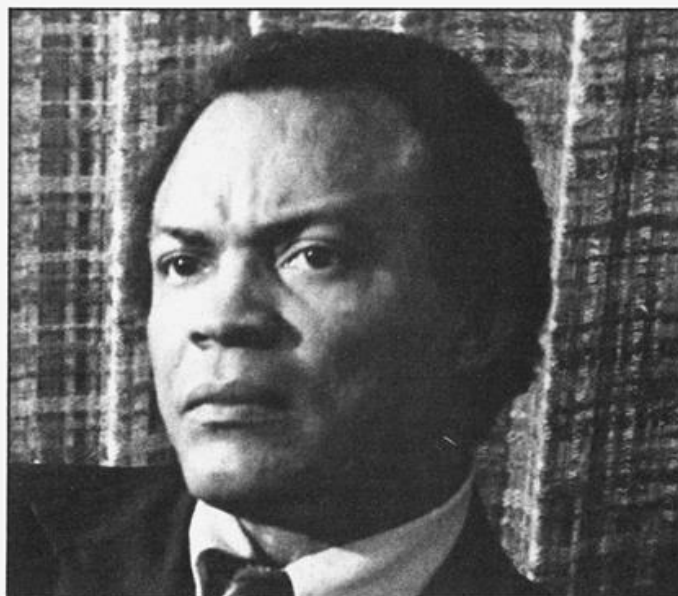
such as Aretha Franklin and Natalie Cole, daughter of the late Nat King Cole.

- Pittsburgh Steeler Ernie Holmes was charged in Amarillo, Texas, with possession of one-thirteenth of an ounce of cocaine after police arrested the gridiron star in a motel washroom.

According to police, Holmes threw a vial in the direction of the toilet when they entered the john. Police lab analysis of its contents indicated that it was no ordinary analgesic; Holmes is free on bond pending a hearing. Cocaine possession in Texas carries a 2-to-20-year penalty.

- Former Florida Blazers managing general partner Rommie Loudd was convicted on two counts of sale of cocaine and sentenced to two concurrent 14-year terms in prison.

Loudd has been in jail since last July when he could not raise the \$225,000 bail. He will be eligible for parole in a few months. Charges that Loudd embezzled



Wide World

Rommie Loudd, ex-pro footballer and owner of the now-defunct Florida Blazers football team, was sentenced to a two-year prison term by a Boston federal court on charges of possessing and distributing cocaine.

taxes collected on football ticket sales are still pending.

- Ken Payne, 25, a wide receiver for the Green Bay Packers, has been charged in Midwest City, Oklahoma, with possessing mari-

juana. Payne, who was second in pass receptions in the NFL in 1975, was reportedly found dozing in his parked car. He was searched and arrested by police, who thought him "suspicious."

DEA Poo-Poos Guns-for-Grass Deals

Approximately 100 instances of the trading of U.S. guns for Mexican dope have been documented in the last year and a half, according to federal officials in El Paso, Texas, and Mexico City.

Jacques Kiere, director of the El Paso Intelligence Center (EPIC), said that "some but not all of the cases involved left-wing groups." He added, "There is no hard evidence that the groups are involved in the cultivation of opium or the manufacture of heroin."

Dissenting with the El Paso DEA unit's reports, Art Adams of the U.S. Customs office there said he has seen no evidence of gun runners trading their wares for dope. "The arms smugglers we have caught have not been narcotics suspects," he said.

Dick Watkins, agent-in-charge of the El Paso Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms division of the U.S. Treasury, said the trading of guns for dope is probably going on, but "I don't know to what extent." ATF is responsible for enforcing domestic gun laws.



Wide World

Heavily armed Mexican narcs descend into a clandestine heroin lab hidden beneath a chicken coop in Culicán. More than 40 Mexican narcs have been killed on such dope hunts in the past five years.

Dopers Attack Nosy Campus Cop

Students at the Oregon Community College in Portland recently attacked the campus chief of security when he tried to take pictures of them taking dope in the fireplace room of the campus college.

Chief Kenneth Kowalski was attacked by a gang of irate students who burned his film and threw his camera into the air. Kowalski caught the camera and fled.

The fireplace room is considered to be a "safe zone" for smoking on campus.

To Our Readers

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: HighWitness News, High Times, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

HIGHWITNESSNEWS

Narc All Wet

Pittsburgh's "Supercop," Ron Nagy, has been banished to the city's river patrol for making too many drug busts. A nine-year veteran of the force, Nagy earned his nickname because he made so many arrests. Usually his victims were teenagers with small amounts of marijuana. In January he averaged a bust a day.

But Nagy's zeal for putting pot smokers behind bars backfired. He was making so many arrests that he couldn't make it to some of the hearings. The judges either had to reschedule them or throw the cases out. By February, Pittsburgh judges had had it with Nagy and pressured police brass to send him to a beat where he wouldn't be seen or heard.

"We sent him to the river patrol," snarled Nagy's boss, Inspector Donald Aubrecht. "He has everyone mad at him because he doesn't show up for court." Said Judge Samuel Strauss, "I hope his boat sinks."

Nagy's new job is primarily to pull bodies out of Pittsburgh's three rivers. There's no telling, of course, what he'll do if he sees a roach floating downstream.

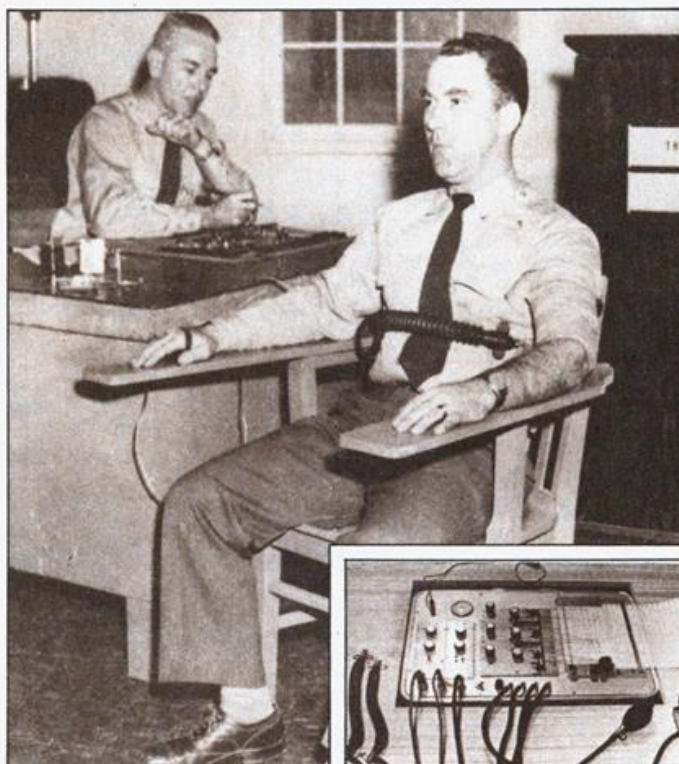
Lie Detector Ban Proposed

Lie detectors and other stress evaluators regularly used to screen applicants for federal jobs may be a thing of the past if the House Government Information and Individual Rights Subcommittee gets its way.

Committee chairwoman Bella Abzug (D-N.Y.), an outspoken opponent of lie detection devices, said, "People have been deceived by the myth that a metal box in the hands of an investigator can detect truth or falsehood."

The subcommittee reported that 6,889 polygraph tests were administered in 1973 (last year of figures), down from a high of 19,796 tests given in 1963. But that's still far too many, according to recommendations made by the subcommittee.

Polygraph tests are required of all applicants to the CIA, FBI, SS, DEA, NSA, Customs, Postal Service and several Defense Department groups; furthermore, Stanford University geneticist William Shockley—a polygraph believer—recently proposed that all presidential candidates be subjected to the tests to "demonstrate their integrity."



Lie detector from 1954 being tested in Washington, D.C. Insert shows face of today's sophisticated equipment.

High Times Classified

Due to an overwhelming demand,

High Times is starting a classified advertising supplement beginning with our Sept. 1976 issue. Special rates for the first issue are \$3.50 per word (minimum 20 words); classified display rates are \$100 per column inch. Payment in full must accompany all copy. Deadline is June 8, 1976, and the 8th of each month thereafter. All copy is subject to the approval of the publisher. All display advertising must be camera ready. Send your order and remittance to High Times Classified, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Doctor Rat

(continued from page 42)

The monkey-electrode tests show this conclusively—see Berkley's "Pain Study," parts of which have already been published in the *New Journal of Pathology*.

How unsightly. The rebels have turned the Ulcer Maze into a promenade of revolutionary couples performing the copulation plug. Of course there goes our entire genetic experiment out the window. Now no one will know who inseminated whom.

As a castrated Learned Mad Doctor I can only look on such doings as mechanical and disgusting. I much prefer the incomparable comparing of statistics—for example, those of every male rat born with his ass on backwards (see my paper, "The Effect of Arsenic Toxide on Rectal Development," 1967).

The females are stiffening, squealing their little love words in the dark maze. I go soundlessly over the top of the maze, but it's rather distracting to watch all these copulating couples, as my testicle scars are beginning to itch.

In and out they go, all along the row. A peaceful protest, they say. Not for me it isn't. My old wounds are itching terribly and there's nothing peaceful about that.

Still they go mating, plugging in pairs. This revolutionary tableau is too strong for me. I've got to block those lovely females out of my mind. I close my eyes, but I cannot close my ears.

"Seventy times a minute, go, go."

"... ah ... go ... go ..."

Flashing the frustration bulbs on the bodies of the mating couples is a typically tasteless revolutionary number, oh my itching wounds!

"Up there! It's Doctor Rat!"

Leaping beyond the maze, I scurry through the darkness, moving with the enemy on my tail. A doorway here. Into it, into it.

Good heavens, I'm in the Kirby Initiation Chamber. For newborn rats. It has been found that it's possible to produce schizophrenia in a rat, even though he's only a few minutes old. Well, this chamber doesn't bother me, because I'm already cracked! I took my basic training in this place. Just as long as there aren't any of those rebel wheels. But of course there aren't. The Learned Professor Kirby doesn't use the intuitive band. Just old-fashioned ambivalent stimuli.

Let the floor roll back and forth. Let the loud gongs go off. This is the fun house for me, dear friends.

But none of the other rats dare come into it. Only a Learned Mad Doctor can take the information feed in here, scrambled as it is, everything lopsided and sliding.

A Mad Doctor can handle this place with his tail tied around his nose. The old place hasn't changed much since I last



The *Juana* Tray Gives You Room To Roll


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Send check or money order for \$12.00 plus 50c for handling to **Deering Precision Instruments, 4545 N. 36th St., Phoenix, Arizona 85018. Phone 602-956-5218.**

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went through. Crazy corners. falling apart if you touch them. Emptying out into rolling blackness.

Yes. I love to stroll through this kind of insane environment because it's so soothing to my learned nerves. Professor Kirby. I must give you a very prominent position in my Newsletter this month. The work you've done is splendid. have no doubt. Doctor Rat assures you that the doors are falling sideways as you wanted them to. causing me to lose the horizontal plane entirely. Yes. I slip through sideways thinking that I'm upright. The rebels have picketed this Initiation Chamber. claiming it's unfair to destroy the mind of a newborn rat. I say it's a wonderful way to wake up. You wake up nuts. so what? Is any harm being done?

I'm at the very center of the Initiation Chamber now. with confusion mirrors all around me. Multiple images of the handsome Doctor Rat. repeated down a seemingly endless corridor of glass. It doesn't confuse me at all. Notice my John Barrymouse profile. Had it not been for my birth here in the lab. I might be a strolling player-rat today. out in the fields somewhere. singing.

But such is fate. I was not made for frivolity. Mine is the vocation of service to mankind. Speaking of which. I'd better get off my tail and find the exit. As I recall. it's down this sliding hallway... steady... keep your balance... false door... electric grid... ouch... ouch...

let this professional nursery man tell you his secret of growing high-potency marijuana buds, flowers

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Peter Shore, specialist in seed germination, operates Cultivator's Research Service, 119 Spring St., N.Y.C. 10012.

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I move along quietly through the blood-sample test tubes, where numerous rebels have gathered, paying respect to the blood of our ancestors. Observe: I do not bow my head all the way.

"...enough blood spilled to fill an ocean..."

Pontificating rat-bastards. These rebel speechmakers are a bigger pain in the ass than a glass rod. A little acetylcholine iodine in their biscuit would change their tune in a hurry. They'd be crying bloody tears (see *Typical Action of Acetylcholine Iodine in Rats*).

I've got to have help if I'm going to stop this rebellion. Gently I slip off this table and scurry along the window sill.

Rebel searchlights continually sweeping the lab, and these are suspicious movements I'm making, but I've got to get across this aisle...

...up the leg of this chair, round and round it I go, dodging the rebel spotlights. Quick, across the seat and up the back of the chair!

Now another leap—to the steampipe—and up the side of it—hurry, hurry. From the steampipe it's just—a short leap—to the Pleasure Dome, high above the other cages. Here, on the most exclusive level in our laboratory, I might find sympathizers.

The Pleasure Dome rises spherical and transparent, a magnificent bubble of con-

tentment. Surely I'll be able to enlist some allies, for here is where the most fortunate of all rats dwell. They don't want to see their happy life disrupted by a revolution!

Yes, this is the place, friends, the place of places. Look, look at the rat who's touching the doorbell with his nose. He touches it, the bell lights up, giving him an electric buzz which goes straight to the delicately crafted components surgically placed in the pleasure center of his brain. He stands for a moment, reeling with delight, and then he touches the doorbell again, receiving another pleasure stimulus.

"Good evening, Pleasure Rat."

He turns toward me, a stupefied look of happiness in his eyes. He opens his mouth, trying to speak, but only emits a deep satisfied sigh, after which he turns back to the doorbell and gives it another buzz.

He'll be at the threshold of the Pleasure Dome for several weeks, possibly months, depending on how soon he becomes insensitive to this level of voltage. Then he'll venture inside, toward other, stronger buzzers, and deeper, greater pleasures.

I enter the hallway and find another rat there, pleasuring himself on the next buzzer, which makes his ears twitch when he touches it and renders him a jelly of delicious sensations.

"Good evening, Pleasure Rat."

"Gaa—gaa—" he mutters incomprehensibly, his speech centers discombobulated from happiness. Obviously, he will be of little use to me.

At the end of the hallway is another Pleasure Rat, stretched on the floor and flopping about ecstatically, tongue lolling from his mouth. He's tickling the next-strongest buzzer with his tail, and the currents of ecstasy are racing up and down his spine. His eyes, at least, appear intelligent, perhaps I can enlist his aid.

"Pleasure Rat, you must help me."

"Help yourself, friend, the buzzer's right there."

"But I haven't been wired."

"Unfortunate fellow."

He touches the buzzer and flops spasmodically, spittle running down his chin. I can see that he is not army material.

Through the crystal-beaded doorway, then, I pass, its electric charges touching me, but doing nothing for me. But how a brain-wired rat must feel, passing through this curtain of happiness!

And so—the center of the Pleasure Dome before me.

Rats sprawled about, touching the numerous buttons that line the walls. They look at me, sympathetic joy in their eyes, believing that I am an initiate to the Pleasure Dome, that I will join them in their unspeakable delights.

"Pleasure Rats, I haven't come for happiness. I'm here on scientific business of the highest order."

"Oh, shut up, rat, and get a buzz on."

"Yes, just touch any of the buzzers."

"My dear Pleasure Rats, there's trouble brewing for you."

They quickly lose interest in me and go back to their buzzers, which activate those deeply hidden wellsprings of well-being our good doctors have wired. The pleasure rats flop, crawl, squirm, wriggle, and moan joyfully as luscious states of intense fulfillment take them over. Only one of them seems coherent and he is the only rat who has reached the central buzzer at the very center of the Dome, where the highest voltage is found.

"Oh Great Central Pleasure Rat!"

"This is it, rat," he says softly. "This is the best button of all. Come in and touch it with me. You'll never go back to the other buttons again. This is the Total Happiness Button and it's yours if you want it."

"Central Pleasure Rat, I hate to be the one to tell you, but there's a revolution going on and your ass is going to be grass when the rebels bust in here."

"Impossible, rat. I am the God of Complete Joy. Nobody can bring me down. I just lean over and..."

He touches his nose to the central button. His eyes light up, his tail shoots out, his tongue flutters like a snapped windowshade, and he does a complete somersault.

"I'm just beginning to groove," he says, coming back to his seat. "The somersault is only a transition state. The highest possible joy is to ride the energy without moving a muscle. Pure unadulterated kicks, my friend. Come on, try some."

"I can see you don't know the Legend of the Pleasure Dome, Great Central Happiness Rat."

"Know it? My friend, I am the Legend. I am the Light. I am the Buzz. I am the Groove. I am the Fun. I am it! I know everything."

"Well, then I guess you know there are some revolutionaries downstairs who are already eating their way through the fucking fuse box. They're going to degenerate the whole laboratory."

"You've got to be kidding, mister. Nobody would dare do that in a government lab."

"That's what I thought, oh Great Grooving Pleasure-Buzz. I thought we were invulnerable. But..."

Central Pleasure Rat quickly dives toward the central buzzer and leans his nose on it, leaning, leaning, leaning as his eyes roll around, his tail flops on the floor, and he holds onto his pleasure for all he's worth.

And there go the lights. Son of a bitch. I knew it. The rebels have gotten to the...

"Hey, what's going on!"

"My buzzer isn't buzzing."

"Mister, where's my buzz!"

"Quick, do something. You know I can't live without my kicks!"

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"I'm on the next-to-the-last button and it's so wonderful..."

They sit around in the dark, slowly learning the last part of the Legend of the Pleasure Dome, that every rat who comes into it is one day *taken out of it*, never to return. And that, dear friends, is the worst that can happen to a rat.

"Call the goddamn janitor, someone! Please! My brother is over in maintenance. Get the water hoses. Get the—"

They begin muttering incoherently. For a whole year their anxiety has been submerged and now it's all surfacing at once. This is my moment, now I shall lead them: "My fellow Pleasure Rats, this is the work of a gang of low-life revolutionaries who know nothing of the ultimate pleasures to be enjoyed here. We've got to wipe them out!"

"Jesus, yes, rat. Let's go!"

"Give me a—give me—oh god, I can't stand it..."

"You can't stand it? I am the Great Grooving Pleasure God, the Central Buzz-on, the Happiest of the Happy, the—"

"Shut your hole, rat, we're all in the same boat."

"That is correct, Pleasure Rats, and your boat is going to sink if you don't help me now!"

"Right, we're with you. Let's go, let's get the rats who turned off the juice. Let's get them and kill them all right away and get back here in a half hour."

"Oh, I feel like hell, I can't walk."

"My buzz... my beautiful buzz..."

"Buzz of buzzes, loveliest buzz that ever was..."

"Cut the comedy, Pleasure Rats, and follow me, through the crystal curtain!"

"Through the crystal curtain? Never! I vowed never to go back out through the crystal curtain, ever!"

"Right, I'd sooner be sunk in cat shit."

"Come on, you miserable buzz-junkies! The lines of joy have been cut!"

"Right, right, and we've got to hook them up. My cousin's over in electrical shock therapy. He knows his shit, rat, let's go find a screwdriver."

What a fucked-up army I've got behind me. But at least they're following me, through the crystal curtain...

"Oh my god, this is horrible, I can't stand it, the crystal curtain is parting..."

"Oh crystal curtain, I'll be back. I'm just going to get the water pails and put out the fire. My uncle's over in the water trough. He'll know what to do."

"Pleasure Rats, to war!"

"Christ, it's dark in this hallway. Who's that I'm stepping on..."

"The buzzer went off. I was just lying here and the buzzer went off."

"Yeah, all the buzzers are out, but we're going to fix the fucking things. Get up." "But I just got here!"

"Come on, Buzz Brother, we're getting our shit together for about a half hour."

We're going to knock the piss out of some wise guys who've been fooling with the... holy god, look at that!"

It is, indeed, an awesome sight. Below, on the laboratory floor, the revolutionary rats are marching, all in file, all in perfect order, all armed with surgical picks, all wearing surgical-thimble helmets which glisten ominously in the moonlight through the window. They march, their feet resounding in the lab. And the Great Exercise Drum goes round and round, flashing its rebel broadcast, projecting finely focused footage on the wall. Chimps again, inferior types, jumping around, banging on some tree stumps. Perhaps if I'd given the New Necropsy an up-beat tempo like this one the chimps are using...

But it's too late to think of that now. I've got to whip my army into shape. "All right, troops, fall in."

"I'm too weak to fart, mister, how do you expect me to fall in? Give me back my buzzer... ratty wants his buzzer"

"Prop that rat up. Right face. Forward march!"

"Oh, I'm having horrible withdrawal. I'm having Cold Mousey."

"We've got to get our own generator and keep it going night and day. Protect it with dogs."

"The dogs are already in enemy hands, fellow rat. Forget about the dogs."

"Hey, what's this? You don't expect us to crawl down off the Pleasure Terrace."

"Under cover of darkness, Pleasure Rats. Follow me."

"They found Cold Mousey in an empty bottle Christmas morning. Did you ever hear that song?"

"Quiet, you!"

"Poor Cold Mousey starved on Christmas morning. I've got to get out of this bottle..."

That's the problem with Pleasure Rats—their brains get like jelly, and they don't know what they're doing anymore. And these are the forces with which I've got to stop a revolution.

"Okay, mister, we're following you down the pole."

"Our objective is the Chemical Closet, do you understand?"

"Fuse box first, Jim. I'm not going anywhere without a little buzz."

"I'll give you all euphoric injections at the Chemical Closet. They'll hold you till we resume complete command and restore the buzzers."

"We've got to write to the government for battery-powered buzzers."

"Wind-up buzzers! Spring-wound. Wear them on your tail and always have your buzz handy."

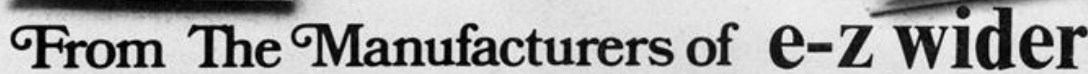
"All my teeth just fell out, didn't they? Did you just see my teeth falling out?"

"You're dreaming, rat. You're withdrawing."

"Quiet in the ranks!"

"Oh, fuck off, mister, I just lost my incisors."

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A motley crew. But it's the best I can do under the circumstances. Now, off this pole and onto the floor.

"I remember days of love in the Pleasure Dome, times of exquisite delight and glory..."

"Shove that shit-head forward!"

"... when I knew all, when I was Supreme Delight..."

"Off the pole, Jack, and cut the slop!"

"Kick him in the ass, will you, I'm hanging here by my tail!"

"Come on, rats, jump with me into the shadows."

"... I watched the myriad pleasures pass, full was I..."

"Full of shit. Get going before we get nabbed out here!"

Six, seven, eight strung-out Pleasure Rats to help me conquer the vast enemy force. How can I use them to best advantage?

"There. Pleasure Rats, that doorway over there, do you see it?"

"Where all those troops are standing at attention?"

"That's it. We're going to rush them."

"Rush? Did he say we'll be getting a rush on?"

"He said they're Russians. I'm not going against any Russians."

"I'll shoot the next rat who speaks!"

"Just make sure you hit the vein, mister, that's all I ask."

"All right now, follow me slowly and carefully, underneath this rack of cages ... that's it, keep low..."

We've got to get past the Great Exercise Drum, still spinning rapidly, turned by the rebels. On both sides of us the armed patrols are marching, weapons shining.

"... and often as I basked in the purified lake of uttermost contentment, aware that I was the perfected Godhead..."

"You're stepping on my tail, fuck-eyes."

"Hey, I'm getting a little buzz on, aren't you? Can you feel it?"

"Hey, wow, it's happening!"

"Just the beginnings of it, right? Nice tickly feeling?"

"Yes, yes, what's going on, what's happening, let's get it on, now!"

"Quiet, you rats!"

"Some kind of—like static in the air. I can feel it."

"It's from over there, at the Exercise Drum."

"Yeah, I can feel it now. They're generating some juice on that thing."

"Order in the ranks!"

"Up yours, Jim, I'm going to Poppa."

"Sock it to me, sock it to me!"

"Pleasure centers activated ... on!"

There they go, my troops, defecting, everyone of them, drooling and rolling around in front of the Exercise Drum. The little sparks of static touch them and drive them wild with ecstasy. They flop and crawl like the mindless addicts they are, and I'm left alone to carry on.

I will not lose heart!

(continued on page 84)

SUGAR BLUES, by William J. Duffy (Radnor, Pa.: Chilton Book Co., 201 King of Prussia Road, \$7.95.) Some



people thought the Viet Cong won the war because history was on their side. Others insist it was because the U.S. didn't go in and nuke 'em right from the start. Well, if the truth be known, according

to William Duffy, the reason the communists kicked ass was that they were not eating sugar and the South Vietnamese were.

Sugar Blues is filled with numerous, fascinating accounts of disease and disaster all attributable to one source: refined sugar, sucrose or $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$. Sugar is not only of no nutritional value and filled with calories, the book states, but also outright bad for you—a poison of sorts. Obesity, diabetes, cancer, scurvy, heart illness, hypoglycemia and tooth decay are but a few of the evils the sugar addict is heir to. Demon Rum by comparison fares better than sugar. As one doctor stated in 1912, "The sugar of commerce is nothing else but concentrated crystallized acid. The loss of energy through the consumption of sugar in the last century and the first decade of this century has left its mark on the race. Alcohol has been used for thousands of years and has never caused the degeneration of a whole race. Alcohol does not contain destructive acids. What has been destroyed by sugar is lost and cannot be recovered."

The problem with sugar nowadays, Duffy goes on to say, is that it is in everything, including alcohol. Bread, pastries, crackers, waffles, toast, jellies, relish, ketchup, vegetables, fruit, potatoes, soups and soft drinks are the obvious sugar-laden preparations. But how many smokers realize that there is sugar in tobacco? The tobacco industry, in fact, is second only to the food processing industry in sugar consumption. The average American cigarette contains about 5 percent sugar; cigars have up to 20 percent and pipe tobacco as much as 40 percent.

Worse yet, sugar-wary tokers should send a pack of their favorite rolling papers to an independent laboratory for analysis before lighting up that next joint.

Anyone who reads *Sugar Blues* will most assuredly decide to kick sugar or at least cut down on it. But be careful. You may eliminate sucrose from your diet entirely, yet continue to brush your teeth

every morning with sugar-dosed toothpaste. In fact, better check the labeling on those vitamins. The sugar industry has been very thorough. —Lynda Crawford

LSD—A TOTAL STUDY, by D. V. Siva Sankar (Westbury, N.Y.: PDJ Publications Ltd, \$29.75). This massive encyclopedia of acid is a



fine guide for the serious acid researcher about to embark on a reading program. Sankar has collated and summarized thousands of publications and produced a survey of the entire scientific literature on ergot compounds published since the 1930s. Each chapter has profuse references that constitute a fine bibliography. Most extensive are the chapters on the chemical structures of the alkaloids and their effects on the hormone, amine, and endocrine systems. Sankar is a physical chemist, and he writes well about his specialty.

Much of the book's technical material is collected from widely diverse sources: the history, botany and chemistry of ergot; tables of all the ergot alkaloids and their properties; stereoelectronic studies and energy contour maps of several hallucinogenic molecules; the route of LSD metabolism; test procedures for tissue analysis; and a treatise on growing the *Claviceps* fungus in the laboratory to produce large amounts of alkaloids. There is an excellent set of plates showing molecular conformation of the hallucinogens, with bond angles, bond lengths and hydrogen positions. Albert Hofmann provides an authoritative discussion of acid's discovery, also offering several methods of synthesis and of modifying its structure and forming substitution derivatives. For lovers of historic moments, Hofmann's lab notes for the day he first ingested LSD are reproduced.

Harold Abramson, pioneer of LSD therapy for alcoholics and megavitamin therapy for schizophrenics, contributes a paper advocating use of low doses (150 mg. or less) in psychotherapy.

There is a report on EEG studies that found unusually strong alpha waves as well as periods of "EEG silence" during intense parts of the trip. Another study indicated that, no matter which brain hemisphere was dominant in an individual, acid reversed the relationship, as measured by electrical output.

The book's best technical paper is a

long study of how molecular structure correlates with biochemical effects in the body. There is an in-depth discussion of several theories of neurohormone receptors and their role in hallucinogen chemistry in the brain. Along the way, the authors—Ronald Bradley and John Smythies—evaluate early reports of chromosome damage and later unsuccessful attempts at experimental confirmation. They theorize that breakage may have been caused by impure LSD containing other isomers or by faults in the experiments. Conclusion: "There is now little evidence to suggest that LSD causes any conformational changes in DNA, which might result in breakage."

Among the lesser material rounding out the back of the book, Sankar's chapter on religion and LSD is perhaps his most interesting and coherent. He develops the thesis that all religions stress preparation for the visionary experience, preparation that is easy to forget under the influence of something as potent as acid: "The effects of LSD on the bodies and minds of such people are quite different from the effects . . . on a body and mind not trained, qualified or ready to receive them. This is perhaps where the . . . mystical effects of LSD transcending ego barriers may lead to creativity in a Huxley or to a portentous suicide or homicide in an ignoramus."

To his credit, Sankar denounces tobacco and alcohol as our society's most widely abused and destructive drugs. But he entirely neglects the current epidemic of misuse of medically prescribed, legal pharmaceuticals.

People will experiment; without guidance they will make unnecessary mistakes. Repression and ignorance produce the statistics of tragedy that Sankar and others of little imagination use to justify this social policy. —Gary Stimeling

THE CHILDREN OF THE COUNTERCULTURE, by John Rothchild and Susan Berns Wolf (New York: Doubleday, \$7.95). Why people have children,

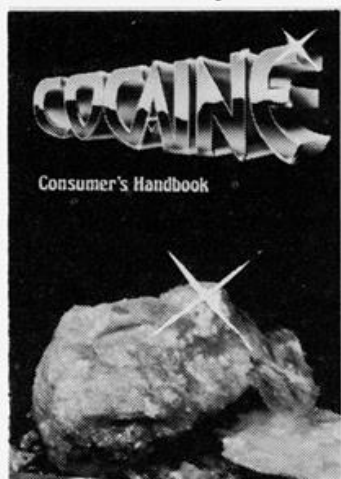
countercultural or otherwise, is a complete mystery to me. Parents are required to toil for years at great cost to rear their progeny, and inevitably the ungrateful, vicious little monsters revolt, bringing misery down upon the frail and whitened heads of Mom and Pop.

There is the motivation, however, aside



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from their value as tax deductions, that the tykes may grow up to be better versions of their parents and thereby make a better world in the future. A slim chance, but people do take it.

The Sixties was a great experiment and the children of that movement are its ultimate test. In *Children of the Counterculture*, John Rothchild and Susan Berns Wolf check out the early returns.

Rothchild and Wolf are both affluent, upper-middle-class (he, Yale; she, Bennington) veterans of the drugs-and-politics scenes of the Sixties. Research for their book began with their packing her two kids by a previous marriage into a van and visiting various communes and hip communities around the country, among them Berkeley, the Brotherhood Ranch, Taos, the Lama Foundation, Hare Krishna, Synanon and the Farm.

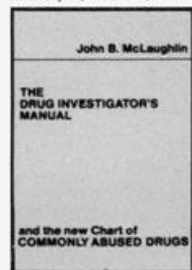
Predictably enough, the children in these places tend to be healthy, well-rounded human beings, but only as much as their parents are.

Rothchild and Wolf discover only one admirable instance of the counterculture's propagating its best features—in the person of 12-year-old Andy Peyote, living amidst the geodesic-domed futurism and wild beauty of the Taos communes. This kid is intelligent, autonomous, honest, generous, spiritual and most of all, a kid. Although his surroundings have much to do with his social values, Andy Peyote's good health seems mainly the result of the warm, comradely relationship he enjoys with his father, Mickey Peyote (naturally). It goes to show that no matter what the culture, human beings generate human beings; creeps produce more creeps.

Thoughtful, instructive, even entertaining, *The Children of the Counterculture* is valuable for exploding many hip myths. Obviously, the authors learned a great deal about themselves and testify that their experiences made Wolf's own kids less snotty. This book can be useful in making your kids less snotty too—if you hit 'em with it every time they get wise.

—Rex Weiner

THE DRUG INVESTIGATOR'S MANUAL, by John B. McLaughlin (Chicago: L. E. Publishers, 612 N. Michigan Avenue, \$4.95).



This plastic-covered, pocket-sized volume, intended to aid law enforcement officers, combines "drug abuse facts" with recommended police procedures and a good dose of unintentional humor. With its detailed planning information especially prepared for investigations and raids in dope cases, the manual also offers a

valuable glimpse at police psychology. For the narc in the field, the inside cover holds a handy, full-color, P.D.R.-type chart with 128 commonly abused prescription drugs.

The book begins with a short history of drug abuse that is characterized by the fuzzy thinking we have come to expect from police spokespeople: "Since marijuana is a weed and grows in all parts of the world, it is difficult if not impossible to pinpoint a country of origin or an exact date of abuse."

Undaunted by inflation, the author provides a largely out-of-date price chart for junk, meth and pot. Frequent mention of money in relation to controlled substances is a common police tactic, intended to bring on a sense of revulsion in a "law abiding," money-mad population; McLaughlin flogs this angle in true propagandist style.

An elementary Q & A ("What is a drug?" "What is addiction?" "What are marks?") is followed by a chapter on dosage forms that begins with a detailed description of the procedures and materials used in making tablets, as well as a percentage breakdown of the seven ingredients in an average tab of acid. A discussion of clandestine laboratories includes five pages on chemical precursors and reagents and the drugs they are used to manufacture. Some of these are rather obscure: magnesium metal turnings (PCP) and malonic acid (THC).

Chapter Ten, on investigative techniques, is hard core and more than a bit frightening. Subject number one is the recruitment and use of informants—don't be surprised if you find yourself identifying with "the suspect." Tips for the successful undercover agent include: "Never front money," "Haggle over the price," "Do not use a cheap wig" and—one that many narcs already live and work by—"Think like a criminal, and you will act like one." But before a loud knock at the door brings on cardiac seizure, read the section thoughtfully included on 23 ways to avoid surveillance and lose a tail.

Light up a joint and check out the 280-odd places to look for stash. Go down the list and mark those places where you never thought to stash before. My favorites are: "inside artificial eye," "steering column on '53-'54 Chevy" and, of course, "LSD on Swiss cheese in ice box." (Sounds yummy!)

Throughout the DIM, such legal niceties as obtaining warrants are soft-pedaled or avoided entirely. In fact, the chapter on law is a mere one page long and is included almost as an afterthought—as is the "Recognizing Drug Abusers" portion that ends the manual. Such oversights in a handbook for narcs are pretty sobering stuff. A copy of *The Drug Investigators Manual* makes good

reading for the casual dooper and good sense for seasoned professionals.

—Thurlow Deever

THE ORIGINAL SCOTCH: A History of Scotch Whisky from the Earliest Days, by Michael Brander (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., \$8.95). By all



rights, this should've been a delightful book. Here's occasion for any number of interesting antique illustrations and plenty of historical documents in quaint Scots dialect. These are things guaranteed to please folks who like to dabble in obscure pockets of history, and few pockets are more obscure than this one. Although it's hard to say exactly why, this book goes flat.

Author Brander just keeps missing the point. For example, the oldest visuals he reproduces, from the sixteenth century and earlier, generally depict distillers in romantic medieval hose and doublets, mucking about with gleaming spiral copper coils and glowing alembics. These weirdly anachronistic woodcuts are precisely the same as those you see in books on alchemy, although Brander remains uninterested in exploring the relationship of distilling to magic. Then again, aside from a couple of references to twice-distilled ale in a song by a sixteenth century Welsh poet, he presents no references to whisky any earlier than the Renaissance. No mention, that is, of the lethal kvass swilled by the Norse invaders, which was so tricky and powerful they actually named a god after it. Brander blithely runs a picture of jolly John Barleycorn, without the slightest note that virgins were sacrificed in the propitiation of old John's avatar, Freyr.

Nor do you get the sense of what it's like to get wasted on Scotch. From the looks of it, everyone from Kirkwell to Carlisle was weaned on the stuff and went about with a full load aboard at all times, but we are not informed how it influenced their behavior. Worse yet, the very history the book offers is the usual British copy-book folderol about Tudors vs. Stuarts, and how Scotland lost its ethnic integrity in the 1850s, when Queen Victoria built her castle at Balmoral and turned all the Highlands into a tourist attraction. Brander is intrigued with whisky taxes and smuggling over the past 500 years, which is really just deadly dull reading. A little less emphasis on the brave exploits of the royal excisemen and a little more detail to the lives and executions of the moonshiners they arrested, and the book might have been saved. But as it is, better you should save your money and get a pint of Bell's Twelve-Year-Old Blended.

—Dean Latimer

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Doctor Rat

(continued from page 80)

Quickly I race along the aisle, and up this rack of cages, to the topmost cage.

Hello, pussycat. It's your old friend, Doctor Rat.

His eyes shine in the moonlight. He'd love to make a meal of me. He's been on a special starvation diet for forty-three days. Not a scrap of food, not a drop of water. His hind legs are dragging a little, but he's still a match for these rats.

I'll save the laboratory, with your help, pussycat. I know where the key to your cage is. Up here, on the wall, dangling... if I can turn my tail up there and bring the key down... yes!

And now to insert it in the lock, making no noise, turning the key... the lock springs softly, and I wind my tail around the door handle and pull gently.

"Out you go, my friend. Go on and gobble them up!"

The cat limps out slowly, giving me ample time to withdraw here, to the window sill. He stares down over the dark seething rebel city, where the rats are chanting, the pickled ancestors are glowing, and all the shadows are moving.

What a sight for a starved cat's eyes!

Rats, rats, everywhere! Get 'em, puss!

He leaps off into the darkness. What screeching and crying! Now rebels, now we'll see about your animal unity!

Bottles crashing, lights breaking, cages rattling, what a sequence. I'm glad the automatic cameras are still grinding, capturing the whole show. The Learned Professor will have quite a surprise when he develops it all. We can use it for our

paper on Aggression. Animal unity, my ass!

Ah no, the filthy rats. An armed patrol has just left the Chemical Closet. Three Growth Hormone Rats are crouched along, a hypodermic needle on their back and a fourth Growth Rat following them, his nose against the plunger. They've been in the Stephenson Growth Hormone Box for months now, and each of them's strong as an ox.

I've got to help my pussycat!

Lightly I race along the window sill and silently slip to the dental tray, picking up a long chisel pick. If I can intercept the patrol...

They're charging the cat from behind. "Watch out, pussycat!"

I leap down in front of the Growth Hormone Squad, brandishing my chisel against the needle point, driving it aside. But these Growth Hormone goons are strong, they regroup instantly and charge again. I lash my chisel, at the same time avoiding the swiping paw of the cat above me. We dash in among his legs, under and over his claws. The needle comes directly at my heart. I strike, crashing it aside and pinning it against the wall... oh no!

We've given the cat a subcutaneous injection in the abdominal wall!

He trembles and tumbles to the floor and I leap away, out from under his tail and up the doorframe.

"Doctor Rat, you've betrayed your people!"

"Yes," I cry, swinging on the light bulb, "and your mother was fucked under the back porch by a flying squirrel!"

Goddamn inferior strains of sonof-a-bitch bastards. I'll show them yet—swinging off the end of the bulb and sailing through the air toward the sink.

Sponge here, suitable for crossing the water. Quick, doctor, paddle!

Using my paws and tail I get the sponge moving, cutting a wide swathe through the waves. Cat stretched out on the floor down there, out like a light. I know the strength of that injection, he'll be immobile for the whole night.

Rebel flashlights scanning the ceiling, the floor. They've lost sight of me, the liverless louts (cf. *Weight of the Extirpated Liver*: "... after killing them the liver glycogen content was determined. It was shown there was a definite loss of glycogen, presumably because of the strong emotion felt by the rat during his decapitation.").

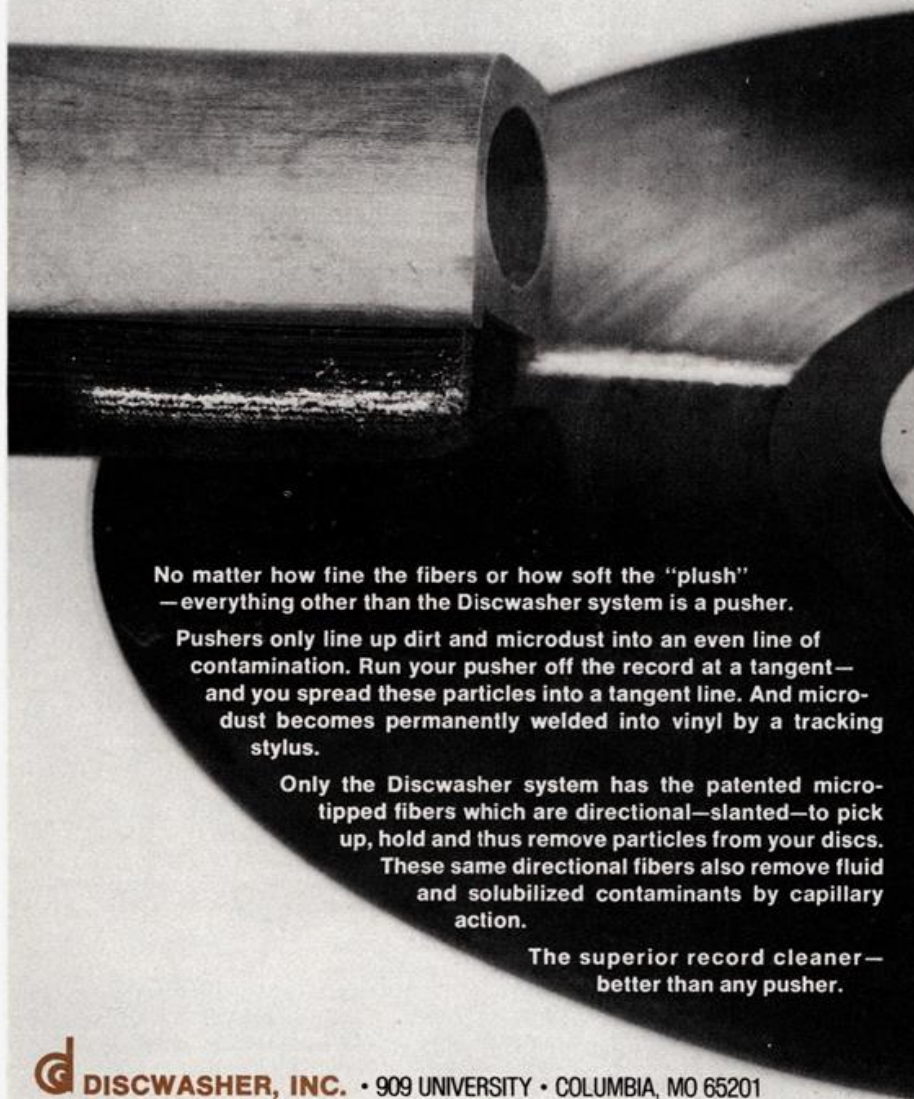
I like that, don't you? The strong emotion felt by the rat during his decapitation.

I'll teach you revolutionaries about strong emotion.

Memo to Congress: To preserve our billion-dollar basic research program, it has become necessary to send a number of individuals to the ovens. It will take time, of course, but I promise you we'll keep the microwave on around the clock.

Doctor Rat ■

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MARCUS GARVEY, by Burning Spear (Island 9377).



Exoticism, no matter how contrived, is one of the cons used most successfully by a promotion-crazed recording industry. They would have us believe that reggae was unwittingly discovered during a safari through the West Indies bramble bush. But Americans don't want reggae at all: they want palm trees and a suntan, and maybe some good cheap ganja. They'd rather have a holiday vacation package, complete with Eric Clapton and four-part harmony. So the packaged reggae fad chugs on.

Twenty years ago, it was called Ska. It was devoid of electronics and considerably more choppy in sound than modern reggae, but it had the same pronounced back-beat and made similar rhythmic use of the instruments. When American rock 'n' roll seeped southward—inevitable result of tourism and the sound-media explosion—Ska evolved into Rock Steady, and then reggae. Without American rock, American R&B, American Fender amps and guitars, pianos and bases, there is no reggae. Reggae is Jamaican R&B played on American instruments. Even the simple harmony is straight out of a Protestant hymnbook—some native Jamaican "revolutionary music" discovery!

The reggae revolution is in the lyrics and in the lifestyles of some of its practitioners. Reggae is to Jamaica what Bob Dylan was to mid-Sixties America: homely music coupled with the most revolutionary message. With Burning Spear, the message is even more revolutionary than usual. Burning Spear looks not to Jamaica or America for salvation, but to Africa.

The reason for this is complex—partly an influence of the Rasta religion, but mainly a result of the teachings of Marcus Garvey. Both are inseparable to the consciousness and orientation of Burning Spear, who derived their name from Jomo Kenyatta, the "burning spear" of Kenya.

It is an unabating theme throughout the album, this back-to-Africa pipe dream. The two tunes included about Garvey himself, as well as "Slavery Days," "Red, Gold and Green" and "The Invasion" address essentially the same subject. Interestingly, there are no comments about the fact that Africans do anything but welcome Westernized black people, nor is there any apparent concern that

the music is played on Western instruments, using Western harmony and scales and sung in typical Jamaican patois English.

Despite the American music industry's noisy, faddist claims, reggae has narrow musical limitations and is not about to become a worldwide rage. An oppressed Rastafarian in Jamaica may find considerable social value in a band of Burning Spear's stripe, but for anyone who has heard the considerably finer offerings of the Wailers, Jimmy Cliff, Toots or even G.T. Moore, Burning Spear has nothing that is particularly fiery to present.

—Edgar Koshatka

THE 24 PRELUDES AND FUGUES, OPUS 87, by Dmitri Shostakovich; Roger Woodward, pianist (RCA CRL2-5100; two-record set).



Manipulation of time sense produces many of the skillful composer's dramatic effects—urgency, passion, terror and calm, among others. An especially beautiful abstract pattern, perhaps only a few minutes long, can sometimes totally suspend time in the listener's mind, bringing him to a state completely outside his personal emotions, anxieties and thoughts. It was hope of reaching this state and of relieving neuralgia and insomnia, for example, that led a certain Count Kaiserling to commission one of Bach's greatest works, the Goldberg Variations, in the late 1730s.

The idea for the 24 Preludes and Fugues apparently came to Shostakovich during a visit to Bach's hometown of Leipzig on the 200th anniversary of that composer's death. Shostakovich, whose own death came last year, originally conceived the work as a practice piece for his own keyboard technique—perhaps because it was rather dangerous to write music for the pure beauty of its form in Stalin's Russia of 1950. At that time art was expected to display rugged peasant folk themes triumphing over decadent, dissonant or otherwise "formalist" tendencies. In any case, it turned out to be one of the great solo piano works, combining modern and ancient elements without getting lost in the past, and bringing to life a form supposedly dead for two centuries.

The prelude and fugue combined create a difficult, stylized form with a reputation for lending itself to stuffiness, especially when the composer under-

QUIMBAYA

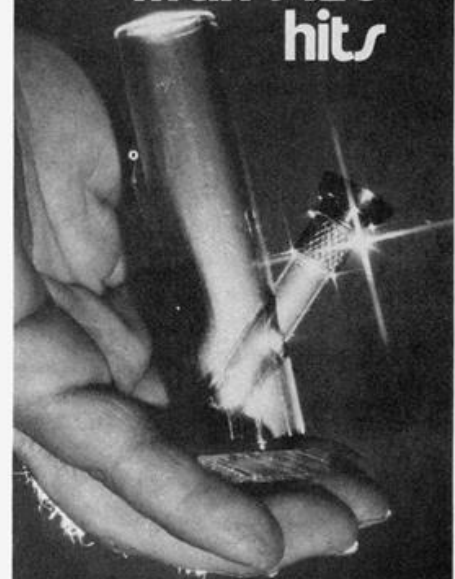


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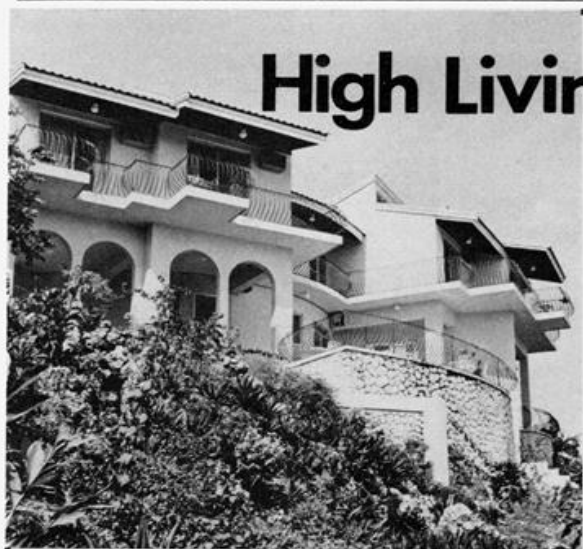
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takes to write one in each of the 24 major and minor keys. Shostakovich, however, has succeeded in producing a startling variety of pattern and mood. Lines undulate and interweave with marvelous economy and subtlety. Each of the 24 pieces is a self-contained miniature designed to convey a specific sequence of impressions, yet there is a coherent flow to the entire set with no padding to fill out the roster of keys. The result is a splendid cure for time pressures. Several of the pieces have been released previously with Shostakovich himself as pianist, but this is the first recording of the complete works available outside the Soviet Union. Roger Woodward's performance conveys the work's full power and harmonic density without ever sacrificing absolute clarity and separation of the lines. His choice of tempo, however, is invariably faster than Shostakovich's in the pieces I have been able to compare; he has thereby lost some of the brooding mystery of the E-flat minor prelude, No. 14, for example, and the leisurely grace of No. 4, in E minor. In general, Woodward's style is more classical than the composer's — a crisper, drier sound with less *rubato* coloring.

The album itself is impeccably produced: it includes excellent notes and the first few bars of each prelude and fugue for reference. It is fortunate that the first complete recording of this rewarding music is such an excellent one.

—Gary Stimeling

CHESTER & LESTER (RCA APL1-1167). The superstars' supersed-



tion has primarily been a vehicle for rock guitarists to show off their technique and to jam with other musicians of equal stature in a comparatively relaxed setting. With this album, Chet Atkins and Les Paul ask their younger counterparts to move over and give the old folks some.

Not that Chet and Les have anything to prove. Each has done more than his share in expanding the world of guitar playing. In fact, there is a bit of irony in their choosing the supersession medium: half the superstar guitarists in the rock business play the instrument Les invented for Gibson back in the early Fifties. A pioneer for better guitar playing through electricity, Les is the man who taught the industry just how many types of sounds the electric guitar is capable of and how many weird effects can be produced through the use of feedback and overdubbing. His partner, Chet, is the country gentleman who helped build Nashville into the music city it is.

Despite their stature I approached this album with some trepidation. Supersessions often fail despite the unquestioned

abilities of the musicians involved. Egos can get in the way—one guy tries to outdo the other to prove he's the faster player, the true king of his instrument. In addition, Chet and Les adhere to basically different styles of playing. Atkins is a finger picker, Paul a flat picker; Paul is an out-and-out electronics man, while Atkins is more partial to the nylon-stringed classical guitar.

Chet and Les have succeeded where so many others have failed—this album is a true collaboration. Neither man is set on outdoing the other; no egos get in the way here. They seem to almost lay back at times so one can hear what the other is doing. As a result, Chet's licks blend with Les's, accompaniment is as important as lead, and harmonic interplay and melodic counterpoint are emphasized.

The type of music heard on this album may not be everyone's cup of tea. It's basically a blend of jazz, popular and country. But whether or not "Caravan," "Birth of the Blues" or "Lover Come Back to Me" are your favorite hits, this album is a testimonial to the joys and rewards of music making and to the art of guitar playing as practiced by Chet Atkins and Les Paul.

—Alan Weitz

SUITE FOR FLUTE AND JAZZ PIANO, Claude Bolling, pianist and composer; Jean-Pierre Rampal, flutist; Marcel Sabiani, drummer; Max Hediguer on string bass (Columbia M33233). This album could have been



subtitled Tapestry, for Claude Bolling weaves a variety of diverse forms, styles, colors and effects into a very mellow piece.

The diversity is first evident in the composition's obligation to both classical and jazz traditions—as its title implies. The suite, an instrumental piece containing numerous contrasting movements, was much favored by eighteenth-century Baroque composers. Bolling has shown how effectively the form can be adapted to jazz.

This album is much more than just a classical/jazz interplay, however. It is a jazz/jazz interplay: hot jazz, blues, boogie-woogie, Ellington and bossa nova all surface, along with large doses of what sounds like cocktail mood music. The result of all this could have been chaos. But like a master rugmaker, Bolling combines the numerous strands into a carpet whose various colors blend elegantly.

The carpet might have been turned out a bit frayed had Bolling not got his friend Jean-Pierre Rampal to play on this album. Rampal is, quite simply, the greatest flutist in the world. Like the Pied Piper, Rampal mesmerizes the listener with his instrument. He is what makes Bolling's Suite flow. He plays and all that's left for the listener to do is follow.

—Alan Weitz

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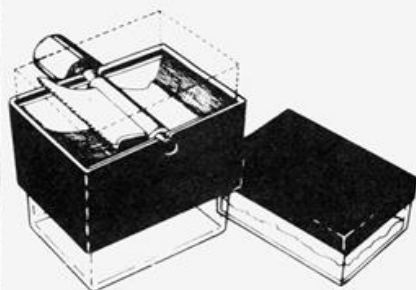
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Sounds

(continued from page 62)

it's a decentralized organization teaching meditation techniques to anyone who can pay the tuition. In Atlanta, Silva regional coordinator Ernest Ambort concurs that sound can make meditating easier. Besides offering several of Teibel's records for sale to students, Ambort's branch of Silva uses *Tintinnabulation* in meditation review sessions. "The main effect of the record is to free the mind of distractions," says Ambort. "We also have our own sounds for meditating. One is a mechanical beat which starts at 72 beats per minute and progressively slows down to 18. It slows the rate of breathing." Other awareness cults, including Arica and est, also use Teibel's records as accompaniment to meditation exercises. Environments have even caught on in the Orient: a meditation center in Sri Lanka and the International School of Kuala Lumpur are among Teibel's steady customers.

With Syntonic Research, it's sometimes hard to tell where science leaves off and hucksterism begins. Teibel makes no attempt at hiding his own hustling instincts. "I knew that any number of sounds would help generate alpha waves," he admits, "but I formulated *Tintinnabulation* so it would seem made for that purpose."

What is the sound of *Tintinnabulation*? Designed to be played at any phonograph speed, from 156 to 8 rpm, *Tintinnabulation* comes in many ethnic styles. At 78 rpm, Poe's "bells, bells, bells," as conceived by Teibel, chime like a chorus of buoys out on Long Island Sound. At 45 rpm the record sounds like church steeples in Switzerland. At 33 rpm, it could be the soundtrack for a Japanese Samurai movie. At 16 rpm, the flavor is Tibetan, each ringing lasting for what feels like an eternity. At any speed the sound is penetrating, yet surprisingly even. Once the strangeness of it wears off, *Tintinnabulation* acts like a warm sonic bath. No bells have ever sounded this soothing. According to Teibel, they are real bells, but modified by computer in accordance with an oriental theory of harmonics. Teibel recommends the record at 16 rpm and bemoans the fact that most turntables won't play this speed.

Listening to *Tintinnabulation* is not without its dangers. The record label carries the following warning: "Extreme caution should be taken when playing this side at 16 rpm, as the pressing contains predominately low-frequency sounds seldom produced on phonograph records. These sounds, if played loudly at 16 rpm, can damage certain types of speakers and amplifiers." Says Teibel: "You can make a pair of AR-3 speakers dance across the floor with volume up full blast. You'll also eventually blow out

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your amplifier. Of course, at low volumes it's perfectly safe.

"I don't know of any other records which use so much of the low end of the sound spectrum. I'm exploring new uses for this kind of sound. For one thing, low-frequency sound is much less directional. It seems to surround you. It also travels farther at lower volumes. Some of its effects can be disturbing. Low frequency also carries a lot of energy. Remember *Earthquake*? They used low-frequency sound at about 40 beats per second and called it 'Sensurround.' After a while, theater owners started complaining that the plaster was falling from their ceilings.

"I read a few years ago that the French are working on a sound cannon. The transducers use thousands of watts of power and kill people by rubbing their internal organs together until they hemorrhage. The trouble is, it's often as dangerous to the operators as to their victims because the sound is hard to aim."

Low-frequency sound also makes for some unusual physiological changes. According to Teibel, "listeners have experienced a sound *afterimage* long after hearing *Tintinnabulation*. They've reported metabolism changes which made them more sensitive to sound and smell. Some listeners have felt their time sense altered. Most of these effects were due to body resonance. Every organ has its own particular resonant frequency. It's like a signature. Navy scientists have found the resonant frequency for the anal sphincter muscle. They turn on a recording and you shit in your pants. It could be only a matter of time before they figure out the frequencies for all the other muscles and organs in the body."

"The applications of body resonances," predicts Louis Gerstman, a professor at the City University of New York in Psychology, Sound and Linguistics, "will be literally mind boggling." Gerstman was the first scientist to make computers talk. In 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, HAL's singing of "Bicycle Built for Two," as the doomed electronic brain regresses, is Kubrick's reference to the first words Gerstman ever taught a computer to pronounce.

Gerstman plays chess with Teibel every Monday; it was he who originally inspired the *Environments* series with his work in psychoacoustics.

"Irv's art is so far ahead of lab science it's scary. It shows how little we know about repetitive sound stimuli. Individuals are potentiated by Irv's records, and we still aren't aware of all the possible effects. Resonant frequencies are also specific to your body position, to whether you're lying, sitting, or standing. There are huge individual variations. Size, weight, and body density all have an effect. I'm about six-foot-four and my favorite *Environments* record is the

(continued on page 93)

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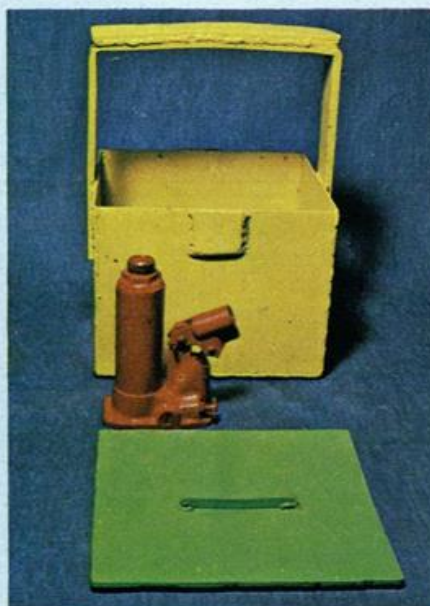
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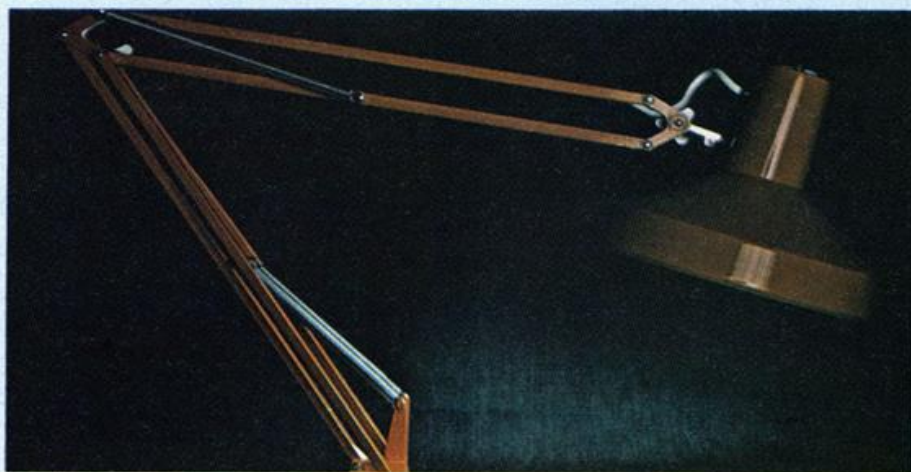


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Sounds

(continued from page 89)

ocean. Tintinnabulation is more of a short person's record."

In Teibel's office, a light flickers and he picks up the phone. He talks amiably to a record distributor in Hawaii, invites him to lunch when he comes through New York in two weeks, and apologizes about Environments Seven: "No, it's still not ready. We've had to drop it from the catalogue to keep people from calling us up. We'll get it to you as soon as we can."

Now some 18 months overdue, this record is Syntonic's first to be specifically called *Meditational Environments*. "In my mind the record already exists," Teibel explains after hanging up the phone. "But I've had to experiment with 40 different sounds already. I think I might have what I want now." A little reluctantly, he agrees to play the tapes he's working on and leads the way to his inner sanctum, the compact studio setup he uses for editing and mixing.

Amidst a maze of connector cables, tape recorders, electronic filters and mixing consoles, Teibel conjures up an Om chant. It sounds like a celestial pipe organ, throbbing with exquisite musical undertones. The voices are incredibly pure, their chants intricately textured. The sound is so engaging that the walls of the little studio almost disappear. Teibel shrugs. "I may scrap that recording and start over. The original tape was sent to me from California. It was of a small group of chanters in a school gym. I had to do a lot of work on it. There were doors slamming every few minutes, one woman was off key. I doubled up her voice so she'd be in harmony with herself."

Next, he plays a tape of what is tentatively slated to be Side Two of Environments Seven. "This was recorded in an Illinois cornfield at noon," he announces. Coming out of four huge speakers, the illusion of a green summer's day is overwhelming. Cicadas rasp, a lazy wind erupts, a horsefly buzzes around somewhere over your right shoulder. What makes the recording so believable is the fly, which takes off and lands at whim, relieving the monotony of a heat wave in the flatlands of the Midwest. "I added that fly," confides the master craftsman of the splice block and tape loop. "I would have a lot more records out by now if I could leave well enough alone."

Those Environments that have got on the market include "transparent" natural sounds: perfect background for conversation, like the cricket chorus on *Dawn at New Hope, Pennsylvania* and *Dusk at New Hope, Pennsylvania*, an *Ultimate Thunderstorm* recorded, after dozens of futile attempts, from Teibel's bathroom window; and, in response to listener requests, *Dawn and Dusk in the Okefenokee Swamp*—complete with ten-foot,

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alligators. Not all of the nature sounds are natural: Wind in the Trees actually consists of synthesized white noise.

Though almost every Environments has reportedly served as an accompaniment to sex, Teibel has issued a specific recording therefor: the *Ultimate Heartbeat*. This is 20 minutes of a woman's heartbeat reversed and slowed down to 40 beats per minute. Is this the ideal soundtrack for sex? "I wanted a sound that would allow people to pace themselves without drawing attention to itself," says its author. "That's why I wanted a natural sound and not music. It was found that a human heartbeat was most appropriate to the mental image of love-making—it was esthetic and subtle. The beat rate was arrived at after a year of experimentation. We originally had 30 minutes of heartbeat on the record, but we got complaints of people getting sore and exhausted. So we had to shorten it to 20 minutes—and most people thought it was just right."

The Environments release Teibel is least happy with, *Be-In* (A Psycho-acoustic Experience), happens to be a matchless relic of a long-gone era: an aural documentary of the Central Park Be-In on Easter Sunday, 1969, which has got to be heard on headphones. Stereo microphones carom across the Sheep Meadow, picking up stray conversations. Hare Krishna chants. David Peel singing "Legalize Marijuana," demented wailing, paranoia, vibes of every description. Teibel considers the side overproduced and rather dated: "It will take another few years before people feel comfortable listening to something from that era again."

Teibel adds as an historical footnote: "I only found this out later, but it seems that Richard Nixon liked having my ocean record on during staff conferences. He played it until I came out with *The Altered Nixon Speech*."

Another piece of instant history. Teibel's only 45 rpm single was issued in 1973. *The Altered Nixon Speech* was an experiment in tape editing that had the then-unindicted miscreant admitting: "My effort throughout has been burglary, bugging of Party headquarters, obstructing justice, harassing individuals, and compromising those agencies of government which could be above politics."

The Altered Nixon Speech brought enough harassment Teibel's way for him to decide not to produce anything but Environments for quite a while.

One question remains. Just how effective are the Environments? For what it's worth, Irv Teibel offers the following testimonial. "My favorite record is the ocean record. It still gets me high."

Until the FDA decides to ban them as addictive and dangerous, the Environments sounds are available from Syntonic Research, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. ☐

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I Was a Smuggler in the Merchant Marine

(continued from page 48)

they were working with it under red light. You get the idea, a kind of factory. The red light, they claimed, was to be kind to the drug because white light is too harsh. When I used to deal coke, as a matter of fact, I sold my goods in amber bottles. With this philosophy in mind: If the drug makes you feel so good, why not be good to the drug?

There was another way I'd stash cocaine, too. Say I'd scored some ounces in South America and was bringing them back in. I'd divide the stuff into two separate packages, each one about the size of a pack of cigarettes. What I'd do then would be to hide them in among the flags up in the wheelhouse. Every ship, when it pulls into a foreign port, has to fly the flag of that country. So if I was on a South American run, I'd stash it in the flag of Liberia because I knew we weren't going there.

But those Customs men were smart. I remember a run from South America when we pulled into New Orleans. I picked up this girl, it was a Saturday night, I think, and I mentioned that I had some cocaine back on the ship. And this girl, she had a friend who wanted to buy some. So I hailed this cab and went tear-assing back, pulled right up to the gangway and ran up to the wheelhouse. The wheelhouse was all lit up and so was the ship. And I went up there, unrolled my flag and got those two little bags out. I went down to my room and put one right in the hollow of my back, behind my pants' beltline, and the other one inside my coat pocket. I had a sports jacket on, I remember, and I go back down the gangway, get in the cab, turn around and go down the ramp that leads off the pier. And suddenly, zap! a car pulls out right in front of the ramp. Zap! two Customs men jump out, pistols drawn. "Okay, get out!" I thought, oh fuck, I've had it. They've been laying back here, just waiting for some clown like me to come roaring back to the ship.

Well, I open my jacket real wide and they pat me down around my legs and on my chest but they don't look inside my jacket or spot the coke taped on my spine. I was very lucky. I was a very lucky young smuggler that night.

Other smugglers weren't as lucky. And I'm not just talking about The Law. Take the case of Ali Wafa. He was a baker on the *Exeter* or the *Excalibur*. He was an Egyptian Arab. He said he ran around with the Gallo mob,

that he brought in hash for the Gallo brothers, for their personal use. Hell, he'd bake it up in loaves of bread, that's the way he stashed it till he cleared Customs. Ali, he ran with the Gallos and what he liked to do, he liked to ram people with his head. He was not an important crook, not at all. Just the baker on the ship who talked like he was very friendly with the Gallos. One day he was coming through the gate over in Hoboken. The Export Line docks. He was right ahead of me about 20 feet and I was heading directly across the street to this bar where long-shoremen all had their lunch. Ali Wafa seemed to be heading across the street to this seamen's supply store where you buy dungarees and things like that. All of a sudden, this big black Caddie pulls up and there are four men in the car in black suits. *Blam, blam, blam!* Forty-fives sticking out the window and poor Ali Wafa didn't know what hit him. He just lay dead there in the middle of the street. At that time, apparently, the Gallos had a big dispute going with Joe Profaci or someone like that. The only thing I could think of was that they must have blown poor Ali away because he used to bring in a little hash.

Maybe you'd like to hear about my first bust. That's really quite a story in itself.

I had a chest in my apartment. And in that chest was an awful lot of goods. There was a vast amount of hash and some speed in these glassine bags and about four ounces of cocaine and a little amount of skag and an awful lot of grass. Well, I made a mistake in judgment. I was dealing with this kid and I didn't know him very well and had very uncomfortable vibes about him.

He proved me right. He was at my place once and we were working out a deal when, suddenly, he said he had to go down to his car. He goes out the door and in come six New York City narcs.

They turned my apartment inside out and found that chest and everything that was in it. I figured, what the hell, my goose is cooked, so I even told them exactly what everything was. The coke. The speed. The hash. The grass. By telling them what was what, they didn't have to take it to the lab to be analyzed. They even confiscated my beautiful rifles and two shotguns.

Well, when I got to the police station, do you know what they booked me for? They booked me for a minimal possession of cannabis. At the trial, I looked at them sort of quizzically and I remember one of them saying, "Don't rock the boat."

I received a suspended sentence.

When I went home again, however, that chest of mine sure looked empty. All that seemed to be in my apartment now was the beautiful furniture they'd left alone and three bars of soap on the coffee table. And, hey, what would six New York cops want with sissy-looking soap from Spain? ■

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Trans-High Market Quotations

The Trans-High Market Quotations are a factual record of actual transactions that have taken place in the weeks before press time. The THMQ does not represent prices now, nor does it necessarily represent what people should or should not be paying. Dope prices vary widely according to region, city, quality, quantity, condition, freshness, market conditions, supply and demand, law enforcement intensity and many other factors. (Prices in the pound column are for 1 to 100 lbs.; all prices are in U.S. dollars.)

DOMESTIC

EAST COAST			
Regular Mexican	standard green	oz	15-25
Top-grade Mexican	Michoacan	lb	125-250
Jamaican		oz	30-45
Colombian		lb	300-500
decent commercial:			
	mostly pressed	oz	25-40
		lb	350-475
Gold	various hues,	oz	35-60
Colombian	potencies	lb	400-600
Red Colombian	small fresh tops,	oz	35-60
	very good	lb	400-600
Thai sticks	small, green	one	15-30
		oz	150-225
Black	very rare; excellent	oz	100-150
Congolese		lb	1200-1800
Hawaiian	green and brown	oz	75-125
	Mavi	lb	2000-3000
Moroccan	common green	oz	75-125
Blonde		lb	900-1300
Lebanese	good when found	oz	85-130
Colombian		lb	1100-1800
hash	still fair	oz	60-100
Afghani	surfboard slabs	oz	100-600
Nepalese		lb	1400-1900
hash	good if fresh	oz	110-175
fingers		lb	1600-2100
Afghani	black and sticky	gm	25-35
hash oil		oz	350-500
Lebanese	red assassin; sweet	gm	20-35
hash oil		oz	325-500
Honey oil	highly refined	gm	25-40
		oz	400-550
THC	questionable origin; potent	hit	1-2
LSD	mostly blotter	hit	1 50-3 50
Psilocybin	scarce	oz	100-200
		lb	20-30
Peyote	some fresh buttons	one	75-1 25
Cocaine	still available	oz	60-125
	all types; poor to excellent	oz	1200-2000
714	scarce	one	2-4
Qualudes		100	150-300
Mexican	fair; in great	one	2-3
Qualudes	demand	100	1 50-2 50
Ups	crossroads; poor	one	50-1
		100	25-50

FLORIDA-GEORGIA

Domestic	good; pauses as	oz	10-20
Mexican	Mexican	lb	100-200
	top-notch Oaxacan	oz	25-35
Colombian		lb	175-300
Connoisseur	bales of	oz	20-30
	commercial	lb	250-450
Jamaican	some reds and	oz	35-60
	golds	lb	350-550
	earthy; passed as	oz	25-30
	Colombian	lb	300-400
Thai sticks	scarce	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
Moroccan	the usual green	oz	65-100
hash		lb	800-1200
Colombian	fair quality	oz	60-90
hash		lb	800-1100
Lebanese	tasty but rare	oz	75-120
hash		lb	900-1300
Lebanese	sweet red; very	gm	25-35
hash oil	tasty	oz	350-500
LSD	mostly blotter	hit	1 50-4
		100	100-250
Cocaine	lots of high quality	gm	75-125
		oz	1100-1600
Qualudes	fair supply but great	one	2-3 50
	demand	100	100-225
Ups	poor quality	one	50-1

SOUTH

Domestic	all grades	oz	10-40
		lb	75-275
Mexican	supply fluctuating	oz	15-30
		lb	175-300
Commercial	most decent;	oz	25-45
Colombian	some good	lb	350-475
Connoisseur	occasional gold	oz	40-70
Colombian		lb	400-600
Jamaican	poor	oz	20-30
		lb	200-375
Lebanese	fair at best	gm	5-10
hash		oz	50-75
THC	mindbending;	one	1-2
	PCP probable	100	70-125
LSD	various types when	one	1-3
	available	100	75-200
Mushrooms	some LSD-laced	hit	7-12
		oz	20-30

Cocaine	mostly poor quality	gm	50-100
		oz	1000-1600
Qualudes	supply vanishing	one	2-5
		100	150-300
Speed	only crossroads	one	50-1
		100	25-60

GREAT LAKES REGION

Commercial	OK; could be	oz	10-20
Mexican	domestic	lb	75-200
Top-grade	excellent when	oz	35-60
Mexican	available	lb	375-550
Jamaican	earthy	oz	20-40
		lb	300-475
Connoisseur	some gold	oz	40-75
Colombian		lb	450-650
Domestic	crops getting	oz	10-20
	bigger and better	one	100-200
Thai sticks	still available	oz	20-35
		oz	175-225
Nepalese	small amounts of	oz	100-170
hash	temple balls	lb	1300-2000
Blonde	crumbly; good	oz	80-120
Lebanese		lb	1000-1400
Moroccan	send it back	oz	75-110
hash		lb	800-1100
Afghani	wrapped surfboard	oz	100-175
hash		lb	1200-1800
Pakistani	green; fair	gm	20-35
hash		oz	300-450
Honey oil	isomerized;	oz	25-40
	excellent	oz	450-600
THC acetate	potent	gm	40-50
		oz	900-1100
LSD	blotter, domes,	hit	2-3
	panes	100	125-200
Mescaline	several flavors	hit	2-4
		100	150-250
Psilocybin	available in some	one	1-2
mushrooms	areas	gm	25-50
MDA	from up North;	100	500-750
	nice rush	one	75-1 20
Peyote	dried buttons	gm	75-125
Cocaine	some strong rock	oz	1200-1800
Qualudes	scarce	one	2-4
		100	175-275
Ups	white crossroads	one	50-1
		100	25-75
PCP	all sorts; all killer	one	1-2
		100	50-100

MIDWEST

Domestic	decent	oz	10-20
		lb	100-200
Commercial	no better	oz	10-20
Mexican		lb	100-250
Colombian	decent but seedy	oz	25-40
Connoisseur		lb	350-475
Colombian	rare	oz	40-60
hash		lb	450-600
Thai sticks	availability	one	25-35
	fluctuating	oz	175-250
Afghani	black slabs; good	oz	110-170
hash		lb	1400-1900
Nepalese	some fingers	oz	100-150
hash		lb	1300-1800
Afghani	black, potent	gm	25-40
oil		oz	400-550
LSD	most varieties	hit	1 50-2 50
Peyote	good if fresh	one	1-1 50
Cocaine	poor to good	gm	75-125
		oz	1100-1700
Qualudes	mostly bootlegged	one	2-4
		100	175-275
Ups	white crossroads	one	50-1
		100	25-75
PCP	pink tabs	one	1-1 50
		100	50-100

SOUTHWEST

Regular	all sorts	oz	10-30
Mexican		lb	75-325
Top-grade	various kinds	oz	15-40
Mexican		lb	150-400
Jamaican	stringy; fair	oz	20-40
		lb	200-350
Commercial	some loose buds;	oz	20-40
Colombian	decent	lb	250-400
Connoisseur	dark brown buds	oz	35-50
Colombian		lb	400-550
Thai sticks	good when found	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
Afghani	black surfboard	oz	100-175
hash		lb	1500-1900
Lebanese	sacked red	oz	75-125
hash		lb	1000-1400
LSD	windowpane and	hit	1-4
	blotter	100	75-200
Psilocybin	mushroom caps	one	75
Peyote	fresh buttons	one	25-50
Cocaine	widely varying	gm	50-100
	quality & quantity	oz	1200-1800
Speed	white crosses	one	20-50
		100	25-35

WEST COAST

Commercial	plentiful	oz	10-20
Mexican		lb	100-250
Top-grade	reaching peak	oz	20-50
Mexican		lb	150-400
Colombian	commercial and	oz	25-60
	connoisseur;	lb	350-550
	both scarce		



Domestic	showing great potential; quality farming	oz	15-30
		lb	250-450
Hawaiian	green with red hairs; excellent	oz	150-200
hash	fresh surfboard	lb	1800-2500
Afghani		oz	100-150
hash oil	gooey black; good	gm	1300-1700
Pakistani		oz	20-40
hash	pressed dark green	oz	400-500
hash		lb	75-125
Moroccan	fair; green	oz	1100-1600
hash		lb	65-110
Colombian	experimental	oz	800-1100
hash		oz	50-90
Thai sticks	supply drying up	one	700-1000
		oz	20-35
Lebanese	red assassin;	gm	175-225
oil	delicious	oz	20-35
Honey oil	light amber; great	gm	350-475
		oz	20-35
LSD	blotter and	one	375-550
	microdot	100	1-3
Mushrooms	occasionally real;	hit	75-200
	mellow	oz	5-15
Peyote	fresh in season	one	20-30
Cocaine	quality varies; some	gm	15-50
	excellent flake	gm	60-120
		oz	1000-1700

NORTHWEST

Commercial	steady supply;	oz	10-15
Mexican	decent quality	lb	100-225
Top-grade	short supply	oz	35-60
Mexican		lb	400-700
Commercial	available but seedy	oz	25-40
Colombian		lb	375-475
Lebanese	blonde; very soft;	oz	85-115
hash	good	lb	100-1400
Afghani	thick black slabs	oz	10-160
hash		lb	300-1800
Thai sticks	rare	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
Hash oil	mostly black;	gm	25-40
	some honey	oz	400-550
LSD	various types	one	1-3
		100	100-200
Cocaine	generally weak	gm	60-100
		oz	1100-1600

ALASKA

Matanuska	excellent when	oz	40-65
Thunderfuck	found	lb	400-600
Commercial	good supply	oz	15-30
Mexican		lb	200-325
Commercial	usually dry	oz	25-40
Colombian	and seedy	lb	350-450
High-quality	small amounts of	oz	40-70
Colombian	gold	lb	500-650
LSD	several types of	one	2-4
	blotter	100	125-200
Cocaine	very little snow	gm	75-125
		oz	1200-1700

HAWAII

Commercial	unworthy of price	oz	35-45
Colombian		lb	350-450
High-quality	some spicy red	oz	35-60
Colombian	buds	lb	400-600
Kona gold	brown/gold	oz	75-150
		lb	1200-2000
Maui	excellent; green	oz	75-125
	buds	lb	1000-1500
LSD	brown blotter;	hit	2-3
	good	100	125-200

FOREIGN

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

Domestic	barge-grown	oz	15-20
		kilo	200-350
Senegalese &	dark brown; killer	oz	40-60
Congolese		kilo	600-1300
Moroccan	better qualities	oz	50-70
hash	available	kilo	800-1000
Lebanese	blonde and red	oz	40-50
hash		kilo	850-1000
Pakistani	hard; dark green	oz	45-55
hash		kilo	900-1200
Kashmiri	potent	oz	50-60
hash		kilo	1100-1300
Hash oil	red and black	liter	3000
LSD		hit	2-4
		100	125-200
Cocaine	poor to good	gm	60-120
		oz	1100-2000
Burmese	good	gm	3
opium		oz	60-70

BANGKOK, THAILAND

Lowland grass	good	oz	3-4
		lb	30-50
Sticks	all grades, colors	one	50-75
		oz	4-5
Buddha sticks	the best	one	50-1
		oz	5-6
Burmese	Shan	lb	100
opium			

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	top grade	oz	5
gold, red		lb	23
Llanos green	excellent	oz	4
		lb	20

Valley green	very good	oz	4
Domestic hash	crumbly	oz	20
LSD	windowpane	oz	2.50
Mescaline	five portions	hit	3
Mushrooms	digestible;	lb	8
Yag	psychoactive	oz	3
Cocaine	five portions	oz	8
	excellent	oz	35
	for export	oz	45
Quaaludes	pharmaceutical	lb	400-800
Mandrax	pharmaceutical	one	25

BOMBAY, INDIA

Kerala grass	very potent	oz	1-1.50
		lb	16-20
Afghani hash	water pressed	oz	10-15
		kilo	225-250
Kashmiri hash	mixed with ganja	oz	15-20
		kilo	400
Thai sticks	pastels;	one	1-2
	every potency	oz	10-15
Cocaine	some; Australian	gm	60-100
	connection	oz	1200-2000
Opium	Burmese	gm	.50
		oz	6-10

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Lebanese hash	red and blonde;	gm	2-3
	good	gm	700-900
Moroccan hash	fair to good	gm	1.50-2.50
		lb	600-800
LSD	different sorts	hit	2-3
		100	150-200

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	fair to good;	oz	10-15
	improving	lb	100-150
Thai grass	stick shake	oz	50-100
		lb	500-950
Thai sticks	green/gold;	one	8-12
	excellent	oz	75-150
Heroin	pure; local pride	oz	90-100
		lb	1000

ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Cannabis indica	fresh; great	lb	2
Turkish hash		oz	5-7
		lb	70
Antonia hash	black; potent;	oz	8-10
	scarce	lb	100
LSD	increase in demand	hit	7-10
		100	100-250
Opium	domestic; mild	oz	3-5
		lb	60

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

Local hash	Kabul green	oz	1.50-2
		kilo	50-75
Water-pressed hash	merely good	oz	1
		kilo	30-50
Shirac hash		oz	3-5
		kilo	100-200
Mazar-i-Sharif	top shelf; fresh	oz	5-8
		kilo	120-200
	second shelf; fresh	oz	3-6
		kilo	70-150
Hash oil	thick, excellent	liter	600-800

KATMANDU, NEPAL

(low prices continue)			
Mustang grass	good	gm	.10
		kilo	65-85
Mustang hash	fair to good	gm	.20
		kilo	140-160
Gurkha grass	potent	oz	1.50-2
		lb	20-30
Gurkha hash	wonderful	gm	.15-.25
		oz	5-7
Local hash	better to be found	oz	.10
		kilo	75-150
Afghani hash	scarce	oz	25-40
		kilo	400-500
Gosainkund hash	very good	oz	15-25
		kilo	200-300
Tantapani hash	fine	oz	10-20
		kilo	150-250
Buddha sticks	tasty; best import	one	80-1.20
		oz	8-15
Hash oil	supply increasing	kilo	300-500
Opium	Chinese; excellent	gm	.30-.50
Indian opium	great	gm	.20-.25
		oz	7-10

KENYA

Tsavo	highland; good	arms	1.80-4.80
		kilo	18-24
Kisumu	grown on the	flts	1.20-1.50
	shores of Lake	arms	2.40-3
	Victoria; the best	kilo	18-24
Hashish	Paki or Indian; rare	gm	1.20-1.50
	and undesirable	oz	15-30
LSD	if available	hit	1.80-2.50
Opium	a Mombasa score	one	1.50-2
Mandrax	English	gm	.25
	methaqualone		
Miraa	speedy green plant; "kilo"		.50-1
	chewable		
Muritina	nasty-flavored	bottle	.15
	hooch		

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

Jamaican grass	regular; leaf	oz	4-5
		lb	35-40
Domestic	from Hawaiian	lb	50-100
	seeds; rare but		
	excellent		

Coli	excellent; reddish	oz	20-25
		lb	70-100
Wild bush	poor to fair	oz	1-2
grass		lb	20 or less
Local oil	experimental; fair	gm	1-2
		oz	30
Cocaine	good flake available	gm	25-75
		oz	550-800

LAGOS, NIGERIA

(dope is decriminalized)

Regular Nigerian	lgboo (healthy	3 gm	.25
	split)	lb	3.75-4
	delivered to U.S.	ton	500/lb

LONDON, ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	crumbly; green	oz	60
		lb	625
Lebanese hash	blonde; fair	oz	70
		lb	875
Afghani hash	fresh black slabs;	oz	70
	good	lb	875-1000
South African hash	resiny; excellent	oz	55
		lb	600
Nepalese hash	pressed fingers	oz	75-80
		lb	875-1000
Hash oil	black and thick	lb	250
LSD	blotter; fair	hit	2-3
		100	75-100
Cocaine	generally	gm	50-80
	stepped-on		
Mandrax	methaqualone	one	1-2
		100	75-150

MARRAKECH, MOROCCO

Kif	high altitude;	oz	4-5
	yellowish	kilo	100
Kif	commercial	oz	2-3
		kilo	50
Rif Mountain hash	plentiful harvest	oz	6-8
		kilo	150
Hash oil	green; fair	liter	1000

MAZATLÁN, MEXICO

Torreón violet	seedy; energizing	oz	3
		lb	30-35
Guadalajara green	fair to good	oz	2
		lb	15-20
Oaxacan buds	green/gold;	oz	4-6
	excellent	lb	30 and up
Guerrero gold	good to excellent	oz	3-4
		lb	30-40
Pueblo	mountain grown;	oz	4-6
	connoisseur	lb	40 and up
Culiacán	good red tendrils	oz	1-2
		lb	15-20
Oaxacan magic mushrooms	incredible	oz	4-5
		lb	30-50
Cocaine	Peruvian yellow	gm	30-50
	flake; smooth	oz	600-1000
		lb	6000-8000
Opium	bumper crop	gm	1-2
		oz	40
		lb	5000

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	grown from	oz	15-25
	Vietnamese Thai	lb	150-250
	seeds; shows		
	potential		
Nepalese hash	fingers, temple	oz	80-90
	balls; good	lb	900-1000
Indian hash	good	oz	70-80
		lb	800-1000
Afghani hash	black slabs	oz	90-100
		lb	1200
LSD	mostly blotter	100	300-500
Cocaine	poor to good	gm	80-110
		oz	1800-2100

MOSCOW, U.S.S.R.

Steppes grass	good	oz	40-50
		lb	400-500
Irkutsk hash	fair to good	oz	70-80
		lb	800
Tashkent hash	dark brown;	oz	55-60
	pungent	lb	600-700
Nepalese hash		oz	170-190
		lb	2000
Sugar-cube	Yugoslavian made;	hit	8-10
LSD	good	100	100-150

OTTAWA, CANADA

Domestic	poor to good	oz	15-25
		lb	100-250
U.S.	S.W. green;	oz	15-25
	fair	lb	150-275
Mexican	green bricks	oz	15-25
		lb	150-250
Jamaican	scarce, decent	oz	25-45
		lb	350-450
Colombian	commercial and	oz	30-60
	connoisseur;	lb	400-600
	both scarce		
Hawaiian	excellent	oz	150-250
		lb	2000-3000
Moroccan hash	soft green; fair	oz	90-140
		lb	1000-1400
Nepalese hash	some good fingers	oz	120-170
		lb	1300-1900
Domestic hash	the oil and	oz	90-130
	grass trick	lb	800-1200
Hash oil	red Lebanese	gm	25-35
		oz	350-500
LSD	blotter	one	2-3
		100	100-250

PARIS, FRANCE

Yamba	Senegalese	oz	30-50
		lb	250-500
Colombian	unavailable		
Mexican	high quality	kilo	1000
Moroccan	very tasty	oz	35-50
hash		kilo	800-900
Afghani hash	some two-toke	kilo	3-4
Chitral hash	hand pressed	kilo	1800-2300
hash		oz	70-100
LSD	rare	lb	1000-1300
		hit	3-5
		100	200-400
Opium	dreamy	gm	12-15
Morphine	excellent	gm	50-100

ROME, ITALY

Colombian grass	very rare	oz	70-90
		100 gms	250
Lebanese hash	mostly blonde;	oz	100
	good	100 gms	300
Afghan hash	thick black slabs;	oz	100
	good	100 gms	270
Moroccan hash	hand pressed;	oz	100
	decent	100 gms	280
LSD	blotter	hit	5
		100	350-400
	gray windowpane	hit	4
		100	300-350
Cocaine	average	gm	25-50
		oz	600-800
	some South	gm	50-100
	American flake	oz	800-1200
Speed		gm	50
		oz	1000
Smack	Thai white; strong	gm	100
		oz	2000

SOUTH AFRICA, RHODESIA, SWAZILAND

Durban weed	in Durban	oz	1-3
	in Johannesburg	oz	3-5
Swaziland	Swazi, Durban;	oz	1-1.50
	easy cop	kilo	20-30
LSD	blue microdot	hit	6

SUDAN

Congolese grass	makes brain	ball	.02-.05
	porridge; like	kilo	3.50-5
	opium		

TANZANIA, MALAWI, MOZAMBIQUE

Tanzania	Lake Victoria	oz	.25
		kilo	6-8
Malawi	powerful, but not	oz	.25
	overbearing	kilo	6-8
Zambezi	fair	oz	.50-.75
		lb	6-8
		kilo	15-20

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

Lebanese hash	blonde, red;	oz	25-40
	very good		
Local hash	fair to good	oz	20-30
		lb	250-400
LSD	mostly blotter	hit	2.50-4
		100	150-250
Mandrax	British	one	3
	methaqualone	100	150-250

TOKYO, JAPAN

Domestic grass	green and good;	oz	25-40
	scarce		
Thai shake	just good	oz	75-150
Buddha sticks	excellent; plentiful	one	20-25
LSD	windowpane;	hit	2-3
	blotter		
Cocaine	25-30% pure; poor	gm	10-25

TORONTO, CANADA

Domestic	U.S. and Canadian	oz	15-30
	grown	lb	160-275
Commercial Mexican	long brown-and-	oz	25-40
	green tops;	lb	200-235
	decent		
High-quality Mexican	some sinsemilla	oz	35-60
		lb	300-450
Commercial Colombian	watch for Jamaican	oz	30-45
		lb	350-475
High-quality Colombian	rare	oz	45-70
		lb	450-625
Thai sticks	scarce;	one	20-30
	connoisseur	oz	190-235
Moroccan hash	green; commercial	oz	85-110
		lb	1300-1750
Paki hash	brown outside,	oz	100-150
	green inside	lb	1600-1900
Lebanese hash	some good red	oz	120-160
		lb	1400-1800
Honey oil	reddish tint; good	gm	15-30
		oz	375-475
MDA	very good	oz	25-30
		gm	400-600
Cocaine	Peruvian flake	gm	75-125
	good	oz	1400-1900
	Colombian rock;	gm	90-130
	good	oz	1800-2200

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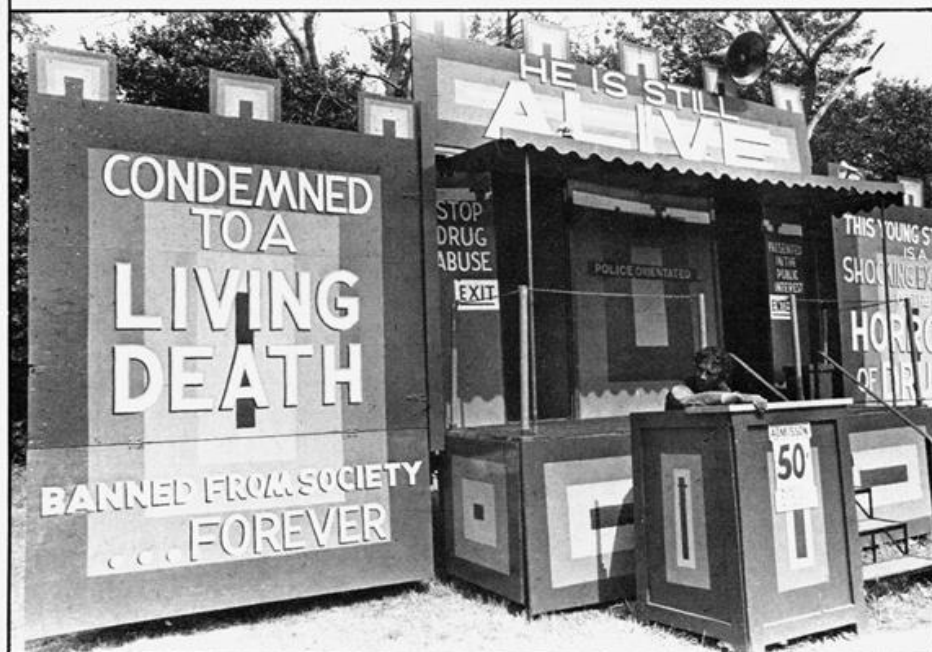
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SIDESHOW



Recently *High Times* received the best shots of booths since Booth shot Lincoln. Gary Wolfson sent in *The Thing*, with no explanation of its origin; Karen Horowitz of Philadelphia shot the photo below at the Union Fair in Union, Maine, on August 21, 1975. "I was intrigued by the possibilities of who or what was inside," Horowitz writes, "but I didn't want to support this ridiculous enterprise. I waited, instead, for someone to come out from the exhibit. A woman finally exited and reported that just a hip-looking dude was sitting inside and staring off into space."



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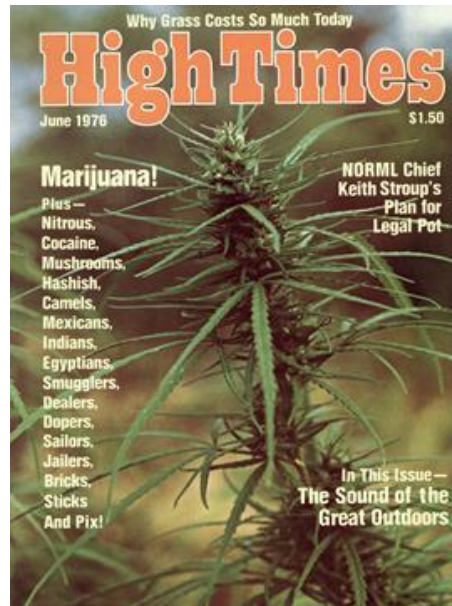
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High Times

JUNE 1976



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